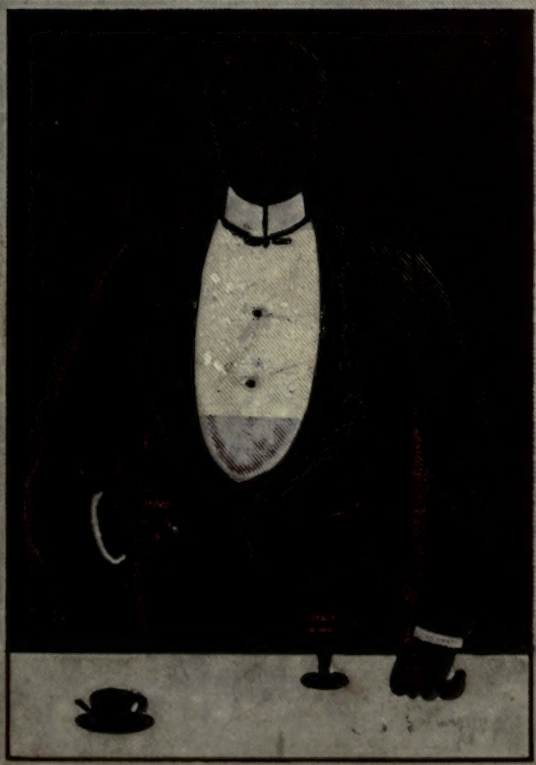
THE MAN IN THE STREET STORIES

Times



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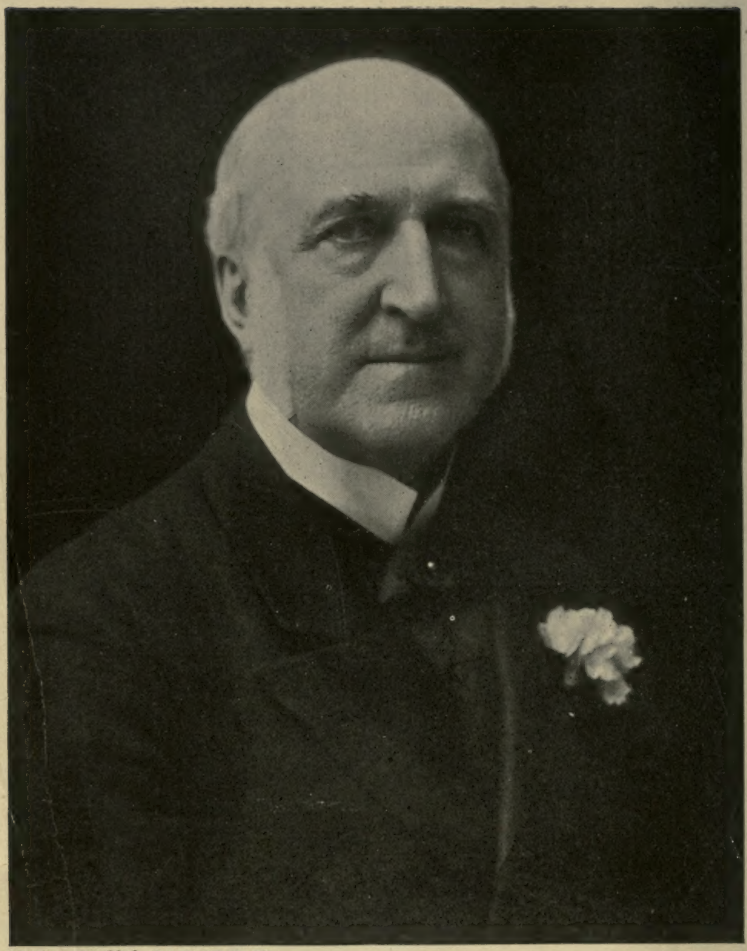

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Chauncey M. Depew.

New York Times

THE "MAN IN THE STREET" STORIES.

FROM "THE NEW YORK TIMES."

CONTAINING OVER SIX HUNDRED HUMOROUS AFTER-DINNER STORIES ABOUT PROMINENT PERSONS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

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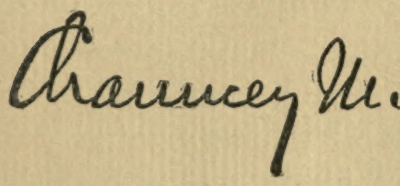
INTRODUCTION.

THE publication in some accessible and permanent form of the "Man in the Street" will be a welcome announcement to all lovers of good things and good fellows. It has been my observation and experience that incidents and accidents in life, crisply and attractively told, are more interesting than the inventions of the humorists. I have rarely failed to meet each day with some occurrence which aided digestion and promoted cheerfulness when given at dinner or during the evening. The busier one is, the harder his work and the greater his cares and responsibilities, the more he is dependent upon humor to lighten his burdens, freshen his mind and promote health and longevity. The benefactor who has been lauded for centuries because he made two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before held the highest honor in the ruder age of development, but in our concentrated and nerve-prostrating period, he has no place beside the man who makes a

worker laugh. The crop, not of chestnuts, but of lively adventures and encounters of wit, between well-known people can be gleaned day by day, but there has been heretofore no agency for gathering and distributing the harvest. The *New York Times,* with rare genius and discrimination, has done this beneficent work and won the smiles and gratitude of multitudes through the "Man in the Street." This open-eyed and discriminating gentleman has added to the gayety of nations and the happiness of mankind.



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THE PRIZE STORIES.

"The New York Times" in order to increase the interest in "The Man in the Street Stories" offered three prizes for the best stories each week, and the following are the best of the different Prize Stories.

FIRST PRIZE STORIES:

Nos. 230, 251, 294, 301, 335, 356, 387, 403, 431, 470, 495, 509, 539, 555, 582, 621, 622, 625, 633.

SECOND PRIZE STORIES:

Nos. 220, 237, 258, 289, 302, 345, 383, 414, 427, 441, 472, 496, 511, 534, 557, 598, 602, 614, 624, 626, 630.

THIRD PRIZE STORIES:

Nos. 212, 232, 249, 279, 325, 343, 369, 407, 426, 448, 481, 505, 507, 562, 571, 590, 615, 623, 627, 634.

THE

MAN IN THE STREET STORIES.

1. Mark Twain has always been known to exercise a certain diplomacy where the interests of others are concerned. Those who know the humorist well have had occasion frequently to observe the little devices by which he escapes injuring his own affairs while promoting those of some one in whom he may have taken an interest, whether sudden or of long standing.

Not long ago one called upon Mark Twain in an endeavor to ascertain certain inside facts which vitally affected the caller. The humorist received him courteously and was at great pains to explain that he could not talk about the things in question. It readily appeared to the caller that should the humorist himself appear to give the information a contract would be violated and pecuniary injury done the author. Nevertheless he persisted, feeling rather guilty the while, in showing the author his great interest in learning the facts.

"Well, my boy," said the humorist, "I, Mark Twain, can tell you nothing, but I'll see if I cannot find one of my friends about. If he knows anything about it he is of course at liberty to use his judgment about telling you. Excuse me a moment."

The author left the room without closing the door behind him. In a moment his voice came back to the caller through the open door:

"I am sending my very best friend in to you. Question him."

Then Mark Twain, with a perfectly grave face, re-en-

tered the room. Catching at the humorist's mood, the caller inquired:

"Are you a friend of Mark Twain?"

"The best he ever had," returned Mark Twain.

"Then perhaps you can tell me this and that," went on the visitor, mentioning the details of the sought-for data, "Mark Twain himself does not seem to think it to his interest to do so."

Mark Twain considered a moment.

"It seems to me that he is very foolish not to do so," said he. "It really would help him to have the real facts known. As I said before, I'm the best friend he's got, and so I'll atone for his errors."

And then this best friend that Mark Twain ever had told the visitor all he wanted to know.

* * *

2. H. C. Frick, on his return from Europe recently, was leaning against a post on the pier waiting for Secretary Gage's Customs Inspectors to finish going through his baggage. Near him a stalwart man, who had no dignity to maintain, as Mr. Frick has, was saying things about the inconvenience the officers were giving him in words that are usually represented in print by dashes.

Mr. Frick listened to the man with some interest, and then said with feeling to a friend:

"Supply usually follows demand, and I never heard language like that used as fitly as he used it, and I sometimes think it would be a great relief to be able to talk that way."

* * *

3. "The late Eugene Field was notoriously improvident, his chronic hard-upness being a sort of byword among his intimates," said an old friend of the poet recently. "But he managed to get a good deal of fun himself out of the paucity of his own resources.

"Once at one of those semi-public functions held in a saloon where every man is a host who has the price, and every man a guest who has a thirst, Field as usual went broke. There happened to be a hanger-on in the crowd, one of those whose considerable ambition is to say they

have shaken hands and touched glasses with a celebrity. Calling the poet to one side he said: 'Now I hope you'll take no offense, but I understood you to say you had run short of money. If that is true I would be glad to oblige you with a ten.'

"'How dare you,' snapped Field, affecting great indignation. 'I don't even know your name.'

"'Beg your pardon a thousand times," responded the other, 'I meant no offense, I assure you. I thought maybe you might be able to use the money. Please forget it.'

"Field was silent for a moment as if in deep thought, and then slowly drawled:

"'Forget it! All right, I will, on one condition.'

"'On what condition?'

"'On condition that you make it fifteen.'"

* * *

4. In the office of J. S. Bache & Co. a little knot of men was gathered the other afternoon, discussing the Morgan companies, the Steel Trust and the new shipping combine. Some were friendly, but two in particular—one a railroad expert and the other a newspaper man—were inclined to be critical and satirical.

"They ought to call it the Ocean Consolidated, to adequately represent the water in it," said the expert, decisively.

"Even then it is too late," ventured the other.

"Why too late?" queried a bystander.

"Don't you think it would have been a good wrinkle to consolidate the ocean before they tried to float steel?" said the other, whereupon the meeting broke up in disorder.

* * *

5. Frank McKee had drawn some currency from the box office of the Madison Square Theatre to pay extra expenses on a trip to New England one afternoon recently. He was standing in front of the theatre waiting for a carriage when a very old but most respectable looking man came up to him and said:

"Young man, can you tell me where I might get a five-hundred-dollar bill changed at this time of day?"

McKee looked the old gentleman over, and, being satisfied with the result, said he thought he could change it for him. The old man produced the five-hundred-dollar bill, while McKee counted out $500 in fifty, twenty and ten-dollar bills and handed them to the owner of the $500. The latter, however, without taking the money, said:

"Pardon me, but is there any one hereabout who will vouch for you."

McKee's first impulse was to become offended, but a second look disclosed so much uninformed gentility about the man that McKee referred him to the box office, where the man in charge gave plain evidence of his bewilderment that any one should ask for a voucher for the "Boss." But he vouched for him, and the old man came out to McKee, got the change, and walked away without so much as a "thank you."

* * *

6. Oscar Hammerstein can be found almost any night sitting on a chair outside his theatre on Seventh Avenue. He was enjoying a cigar one evening when he was approached by an actor who had been employed by him, but who had been on a long debauch, and who, in the parlance of the profession, "looked every bit the part, too."

Hesitatingly he asked Mr. Hammerstein if he would lend him $5, promising he would use it to sober up and get himself back to his old self. Mr. Hammerstein gave him the requested amount, and after profuse expressions of gratitude, the actor remarked:

"Mr. Hammerstein, this is the most lucid moment I have had in a month."

"I guess this is a 'lose it' moment for me, too," replied Mr. Hammerstein. Then he looked guiltily around, but he had been heard.

* * *

7. Ex-Assistant District Attorney John Schwarzkopf received a visit from a client sent him by a busy fellow-practitioner the other day that was rather embarrassing. The client, a rather pretty and well-dressed woman,

brushed briskly into his office and plumped down into a chair.

"Now, I want you—" she started, but brought herself up sharply. Then: "Were you not formerly in the District Attorney's office?" she asked.

"Yes," meekly from Mr. Schwarzkopf.

"I thought so. You prosecuted my father. Of course he was innocent and was acquitted. But as you were not clever enough to convict him you cannot be my lawyer," and with that she whisked herself out of the room.

* * *

8. While President Roosevelt's boys are diverting Washington society with their doings, President Hadley's children are as entertainingly contributing to the gayety of New Haven and the Yale campus. Some of the stories about Arthur T. Hadley, Jr., (and these are the ones most relished by the students,) have led him to be punningly referred to as the minus scion of a noble house.

One of them relates that he recently took possession of the bathroom, and patriotically reproduced the battle of Santiago in the tub with miniature warships of his own make. After a time his mother ordered him out, as she wished to take a bath. Young Hadley, however, unheedingly continued to loop the loop.

Opportunely his father arrived and commanded the boy through the keyhole to abdicate. The boy said nothing, but was too wise to oppose his father. Soon the water was heard running from the tub, the key turned in the lock, and out marched Master Arthur. Not a word did he say until he had opened the front door and provided an avenue of escape. Then his voice arose defiantly:

"Well," he shouted, "I came out for you, but I've got the plug to the tub with me, and the President of Yale College himself couldn't take a bath now!"

* * *

9. Prof. Hall, the noted psychologist and President of Clark University, tells the following story illustrative of the childlike faith and credulity of the negro.

It appears that Prof. Hall by invitation visited a negro church. The preacher was most earnest and impressive

in his eulogies of the Baptist religion. He was bent on instilling in the minds of the members of his flock the idea that the Baptist religion was the only religion.

With the recital of each virtue of that denomination he waxed more eloquent. Finally, leaning forward and with bated breath, he closed with this forcible argument:

"Brethern and sistern, I now tell you why de Baptist religion am de best. First, because it am; second, because dere ain't no odder religion, and thirdly and lastly, (with emphasis,) my brethern, it am de only religion because it am entered according to de act of Congress!"

This last assertion aroused and impressed his congregation completely. But it somewhat astonished Prof. Hall, who found later upon inquiry that the minister justified his declaration by the fact that on a Baptist tract that had found its way into his hands were the customary words, "Entered according to the act of Congress."

* * *

10. A party of politicians who recently returned from a trip to Halifax tell a story about Congressman William Sulzer, the "Henry Clay" of Tammany Hall. While roaming in the Queen's Gardens in the Canadian city an old florist pointed with pride to a handsome bed of flowers. They were arranged in the shape of an English crown, and at the side was laid out the union jack.

"You see that handsome bed?" said the gardener. "Well, the seeds for that bed were sent to me by one of the ablest statesmen in the United States. Congressman Sulzer of New York sent me the seeds."

The Tammany men could hardly restrain their laughter. Congressman Sulzer is fond of twisting the lion's tail, and now the story is being circulated in the Democratic Club that he sent specially to Canada seeds of the United States Government to adorn the Queen's Garden in Halifax and lay out a floral crown and union jack.

Congressman Sulzer has not got through explaining yet, for, of course, everybody refuses to accept the statement that he didn't know the purpose to which the seeds were to be put.

11. Charles Hinton, the illustrator, tells the following story of a feminine cousin of his who is afflicted with a most treacherous memory for names, and had therefore hit upon the ingenious plan of associating, wherever possible, people to whom she was introduced with current expressions or familiar articles. One day when she was introduced to a young man named Gallagher, she rejoiced, for she thought at once of "Let her go, Gallagher." A few weeks later she met the young man again and beamed joyously upon him.

"How do you do, Mr. Kelly?" she inquired solicitously.

The young man acknowledged his good health, but confessed to the name of "Gallagher."

"Why," responded the lady in confusion, "I was sure it was Kelly, because when I first met you I remember I thought of 'Slide, Kelly, slide!'"

* * *

12. One of the most interesting men on the Yale Faculty is Prof. Brewer of the scientific department. Men who have studied under him declare that there is no subject on which he is not a competent authority.

They tell at Yale of a student who once posted himself on some esoteric Chinese subject by reading a recondite encyclopaedic article, and, fully primed, sought to "stick" the professor. Prof. Brewer talked familiarly on the subject, but, to the student's delight, expressed views radically different from the encyclopaedia's.

"You must admit that you are wrong for once, professor," said the student, triumphantly. "I have looked the matter up, and So-and-So's encyclopaedia utterly disagrees with you."

"Very true," replied the professor, composedly, "but a great deal of new information has come to light that has changed my mind completely since I wrote the article for the encyclopaedia you mention."

* * *

13. Out at the country home of Clara Morris, on the Hudson, there has been trouble lately in the orchard. The orchard is just below Clara Morris' bedroom, and

from her window she can hear plots by marplots every time she listens.

These disturbances usually take place in the night, and the next morning the orchard is found to have been robbed. A few nights ago she heard whispering from below, then limbs of trees were gently shaken. Then came whispers again. She got up and stole to the window, and in her manliest and deepest voice said:

"Get out of there!" Silence. A pause. Whispering again.

"Get out of there—or I'll shoot!"

"Aw, Jimmie, pick up de bag. It's a woman kiddin' us."

And "Jimmie" took up the bag.

* * *

14. Col. Higgins, of the Salvation Army, is fond of his little joke. The other evening when it came to the collection part of one of his services he asked the audience why the Salvation Army was like a Jersey mosquito?

Nobody could answer him. "It's easy," he finally said. "The army sings around a while, then puts in its bill. So does the mosquito."

* * *

15. Eugene Devitt, a rising young member of the New Jersey Bar, recently had an experience with a would-be client from which he has not yet recovered. An elderly man carrying a large grip stepped into his office, laid the grip gingerly on the floor, and without even a preliminary nod delivered himself of the following in a deep, rich brogue:

"Oi'm in consthant peril o' me loife, an' exhpict to be blown to pergathory at ony moment. Ther's a conthracter blastin' rocks behint me house, an' he kapes th' murtherous exhplosives at me very doorsill, th' varmint. I want to sue him, an' hev brought me ividence along."

With that he opened his grip, drew forth a dozen dynamite cartridges, and laid them on the young lawyer's desk.

Mr. Devitt excused himself for a moment and did not

return to his office until the next morning. What became of the Irishman and his evidence he has not yet learned, but he has engaged an office boy, to whom he has given earnest instructions regarding the admission of certain classes of callers.

* * *

16. Mrs. Richard Mansfield (Beatrice Cameron) is responsible for a story which, while the giving of publicity to it may appear unpatriotic, in that it may seem to contain a reflection upon the National capital and its residents, is nevertheless vouched for as a fact. The actress was playing an engagement in Washington, during which she announced a matinée of Ibsen's "Doll's House."

This play of the Norwegian playwright realist deals with a heavier and more serious problem than any of his other plays, but the Washington theatregoers who made up their minds to see the performance evidently were unacquainted with its intent and purpose. When the curtain rose for the first act, Miss Cameron looked out on the audience composed principally of babbling, prattling, candy-eating children, with their mammas and nurses.

Miss Cameron was disgusted, but she struggled through the piece without applause, while the children wondered what it was all about and where the "doll's house" came in and its supposed flaxen-haired occupants.

"The next time I play in Washington," said the actress after the performance, "I'll increase my rêpertoire by adding 'The Three Bears' or 'Little Red Riding Hood.'"

* * *

17. It is very well known to newspaper men that Senator Platt is an easy man to interview—providing the interviewer can get hold of him. It is equally well known that the Senator at times would prefer almost anything else to being interviewed.

One evening when Mr. Platt and a group of well-known politicians were assembled at the Oriental Hotel,

at Manhattan Beach, it was rumored that the Gubernatorial slate was being made up. Naturally a small army of newspaper men were on the spot, and Senator Platt soon became aware of their presence. He came out of the dining room after dinner, bowed to the reporters, and in their hearing said to the group of politicians, "I will walk to the train with you."

The reporters gathered on the rear piazza of the hotel and planned a strategic move to corral the Senator so he could not escape. Soon Mrs. Platt, accompanied by the wife of another politician, reappeared without her husband.

"Where is Mr. Platt?" asked a half dozen of the newspaper men in unison.

"Why," replied the Senator's wife, "he's on the train going to the city."

The next train following carried a group of somewhat chagrined reporters.

* * *

18. Col. J. W. Vrooman believes that every man ought to have a hobby, to take his mind off business cares. He looked around for one and selected the New York Juvenile Asylum. With others, who had chosen the same hobby, he has been able to add to the pleasures of the 850 children of the institution and take a very close interest in their personal careers. Some one was good naturedly twitting the Colonel on his hobby the other day, when he won another ally to the cause by a story.

"When I was at the Republican National Convention," he said, "I was introduced by John Wanamaker to John J. Brown, a delegate from Illinois. He was talking of a Sunday school in which he is deeply interested, and I mentioned my hobby. The delegate turned to me and said:

" 'You need not talk to me about that, Col. Vrooman. I know all about it. I am one of the boys from the New York Juvenile Asylum.' He had been a homeless lad in New York, was cared for by the institution, sent West, found pleasant people there to adopt him, grew up with the country, and made a useful career for himself. I like my hobby."

19. Ex-Sheriff Dunn is very much pleased at having got the better of an auctioneer at one of the numerous book auction rooms now open all over the city. With a friend he went into one, just as the auctioneer put up for sale a set of Pepys's Diary in four volumes. Mr. Dunn said to his friend, loud enough for the auctioneer to hear him:

"I believe that I will bid on them." The auctioneer, who knew him by sight, replied quickly:

"I will lĕt you have them for what is in your pocketbook."

"Done!" said the ex-Sheriff, picking up the box containing the books and tossing his pocketbook to the man. The auctioneer opened the book and found in it one five-cent piece. As Mr. Dunn left the room he called after him:

"Don't you want your pocketbook?"

"No," said Mr. Dunn, "you can keep that in memory of me and the excellent bargain you have made."

* * *

20. County Judge Joseph Aspinall's reputation as a humorist on the bench is proverbial, but when off duty he rarely jokes. Hence it was that Assistant District Attorney Martin W. Littleton, the after-dinner spellbinder, was taken by surprise when the Judge calmly inquired:

"Martin, you're interested in athletics; tell me the name of the champion shot putter?"

"I'll have to pass that, Judge."

"Well, then, what's the matter with cannon?"

Mr. Littleton reeled from the impact, but quickly recovering replied: "Ah, yes, very neat. But, by the way, I see you are one of the entries in the big paper chase."

"Paper chase? What paper chase?" said the Judge unguardedly.

"The chase for greenbacks, Judge. Good-day! Glad to have met you."

* * *

21. Oliver Herford's wits work with or without a pen and his friends profit by many extemporaneous hits.

Some time ago Herford was present at an after-the-theatre stag supper in an uptown club. He had evidently had a busy day, for he complained that he remained awake, with difficulty. About the time he began his third cigar Herford indulged in a light doze, but, catching himself quickly, he leaned over to his neighbor and asked with well affected concern:

"Is this the same supper?"

* * *

22. President Stillman of the National City Bank was going up Broadway after the theatre one evening, with a friend from the interior, whom he had been entertaining. As they went by the passing crowd of properly gowned and groomed men and women, the friend said to Mr. Stillman:

"It's very attractive to watch the vast number of men one sees here who look so prosperous financially."

"That's very true," replied Stillman. "They are just like a lot of enterprises we know of, they look finely prosperous, but there is a small per cent. of them that pay attractive dividends."

* * *

23. Berry Wall drifted into the café of the Waldorf-Astoria one evening, wearing a top coat of Scotch plaid that was as startling as anything he ever affected in his palmiest days as "the most original dresser in New York."

At one of the tables was a party of men, among whom was an old-time editor. As Wall came in and the attention of the men was centred on him the editor said after the momentary silence the coat had caused:

"Fame is surely fleeting. There is Berry Wall with an overcoat that would have been worth three-quarters of a column in any newspaper ten years ago, and it probably won't get even a paragraph now."

* * *

24. That Thomas A. Edison is deaf is a fact well known to the public. Only his intimate friends, however, are aware that in his case deafness is more a psychological phenomenon than a physical condition. That which in-

terests him he can usually hear very well, but to that which does not interest him he can be as deaf as the proverbial adder.

Not long ago a specialist in diseases of the ear called upon Mr. Edison, and unfolded a plan of treatment which he was sure would restore his hearing. The inventor listened to his story with patience, as it was informative on several points. To the proposition that he submit to treatment, however, Mr. Edison opposed an emphatic negative.

"What I'm afraid of," said he, "is that you would be successful. Just think what a lot of stuff I'd have to listen to that I don't want to hear! To be a little deaf and be the only one who knows just how deaf you are has its advantages, and, on the whole, I think I prefer to let well enough alone."

* * *

25. "If stories about Mr. Roosevelt are in order I may narrate a little domestic incident," said a political friend of the President. "One evening at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were discussing an old programme which she had preserved, and both referred to the entertainment, saying how much they had enjoyed it at the time. The youngest child listened very closely and at length burst forth in genuine grief and disappointment.

"'Why didn't you take me?'

"'Hush, my dear,' said paterfamilias. 'That was before your mother and I were married.'

"They thought no more of the incident. A few days later the tot was telling some wildly improbable tale to the eldest. Mr. Roosevelt, who overheard the weird narrative, demanded sharply:

"'When did you do all that?'

"'Oh, that was before you and mamma were married,' replied the tot with the utmost gravity."

* * *

26. On the country place of Russell Sage a great many chickens are raised.

"What do you consider the best chicken feed?" asked a brother financier.

"Oh, pennies, nickels, and dimes," replied Mr. Sage with humorous gravity.

* * *

27. Joseph Jefferson, asked by one of his little friends to hear him recite his lesson in ancient history, put this question:

"Who was Atlas?"

"A giant who was supposed to support the world," answered the child.

"Oh, he supported the world, did he?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, who supported Atlas?"

The little fellow was nonplussed for a moment, but after a little thought said:

"I guess he must have married a rich wife."

* * *

28. Vernon H. Brown, who has many corporate interests and is agent for the Cunard Steamship Company, Limited, of Liverpool, is not only an American, but a Yankee. Many have, however, assumed because of his relations to the Cunard Line that he was born "across the herring pond." Once such a believer was promptly corrected. Mr. Brown was before a Congressional committee at Washington, which had a question of investigation before it. A member of the committee, who spoke with a decided German accent, remarked to him: "I suppose that you foreigners see matters in a different light——"

"My friend," interrupted Mr. Brown, "I don't know how long you have been in this country, but I was born in the shadow of Bunker Hill and first saw any part of Europe, when I was twenty-eight years old." Apologies were in order, and they were tendered and accepted.

* * *

29. A certain society woman who had taken offense at Harry Lehr on some trivial ground, undertook to hu-

miliate him in the presence of some fashionable friends. She waited for her opportunity, and then remarked, with a sneer:

"Mr. Lehr, will you please send a case of wine to our house? We are all anxious to help you along, you know."

"Same as last?" queried Mr. Lehr, calmly.

"If you please."

The Squire of Dames turned to his valet. "Make a note of some wine for Mrs. X.," he said. "One dozen sherry—dollar ninety-five."

* * *

30. A client recently asked Thomas B. Reed whether a jury could be relied upon to pronounce accurately as to the intentions of a man accused of crime. Said Mr. Reed:

"When I was a young man studying law I was one day asked to give an illustration from Blackstone on the very point. I quoted the well-known incident wherein the law which prohibited the shedding of blood on the streets of London would not apply to the act of a surgeon bleeding a man who had a fit.

"The reply was satisfactory to the questioner, but a fellow-student celebrated for keen, intelligent exceptions, put in his oar at once.

"'The surgeon would be guiltless,' he admitted. 'But how about the fellow with the fit?'"

* * *

31. When Ed Gilmore of the Academy of Music and Col. Jones of the Aquarium meet at the Fifth Avenue Hotel there is always something doing.

"I see that Senator Stadler was out gunning the other day," said the Colonel to Ed Gilmore the other evening.

"Yes?" said Gilmore. "Did he bag anything?"

"Bagged a pair of duck."

"You don't say! Where'd he bag 'em?"

"At the knee," said Col. Jones. "They were duck pants."

* * *

32. Al Adams, who is referred to as "the Policy King," is a tall, imposing looking man, and has a big fol-

lowing of men in the undercurrent of the city's life.

It is incidents like the following that have made him many friends. He was coming out of an obscure little clubhouse in Thirty-ninth Street, with some friends when he was approached by a man who had once worked for him. Adams recognized the man and said: "Hello, Mac, how are you getting along?" Encouraged by the kindly greeting, the man went up to Adams and said: "Mr. Adams, I wish you would help me get a job on the subway. I can't get work anywhere, and I'm in tough luck generally, because, about all I can do is shovel and things like that."

"Folks all sick and about to be dispossessed, I suppose," said Adams rather skeptically.

"Not a thing like that, Mr. Adams," answered the man. "No one sick, the old woman is washing for the neighbors, and the lads have appetites like goats; rent won't be up till next week; there's nothin' doin' but just plain hard luck in not finding work."

The originality of the appeal seemed to impress the big man, and he turned to one of his companions and said: "Can you fix him with Kearney? Yes, I'll write him an order." Which was done. Then Adams handed the man an order on one of the sub-contractors on the subway work. It had a cabalistic, political mark on it which meant that the man was really to be given a place. As Adams handed the petitioner the order he said: "There, you go; there's an order for work, and, when you are bending your back over your shovel thinking of the $2.50 you are earning every day, remember that there's worse luck than poverty."

* * *

33. President Robert C. Morris, of the Republican County Committee, has been pestered almost beyond endurance with office seekers who want him to use his influence to get them placed with the new Administration. To secure some relief he wrote to the Republican district leaders requesting them not to send any of their constituents to him, but to recommend to him such as they were most desirous of having appointed, and he would

see what could be done. One of the district leaders to whom he sent his request replied as follows:

"Your request reminds me of the story I used to read as a child of the little Dutch boy who, discovering a hole in one of the dams of Holland, thrust his body into it, and thus saved Holland from inundation. If you knew what I have done to keep back the flood of office seekers from you, I know you would thank me, and perhaps you would thank God."

* * *

34. A pretty little anecdote is going the rounds of the Roman press. An old lady, the widow of an officer, had for many years appealed to the Italian Government for a recognition of her husband's services, but had never received an answer. A bright idea came to her, she wrote to "Her Royal Highness the Princess Yolanda."

When the letter was handed to the King, he read it without a smile and then bade his Chamberlain take it to the Princess and read it to her. The Chamberlain went to the baby and gravely read the letter aloud to her, and then returned to the King.

"Well," said the King, "what did the Princess say?"

"Nothing, your Majesty."

"Very well. Silence gives consent, see that the lady's petition be attended to."

* * *

35. Justice Leslie W. Russell of the Fourth Judicial Department, was recently assigned to sit in Brooklyn, and, while there, earned the gratitude of the bench and bar in that borough. He "sat upon" a certain flamboyant attorney whose oppressively bombastic methods have been a source of great annoyance to those associated with him in the practice of law.

During the trial of a case a question of the admissibility of certain evidence had arisen. The flamboyant gentleman was reeling off argument after argument and finally gave utterance to a doctrine known to be entirely at variance with the law.

"Where do you find your authority for that?" asked Justice Russell.

"In the Justinian Code," replied the attorney. "I——"

"Stop just where you are; when you come before this Court you have got to quote modern law," said the Justice, "and I am going to deny your motion."

* * *

36. Charles de Kay, while talking with an Irish gentleman who was staying at the Waldorf-Astoria, asked the visitor if he put his shoes outside his door at night to be blacked.

"No," was the reply; "begorra, I feared they'd gild 'em."

* * *

37. "I had a tumble in my feelings not long ago, and it discounted the fall of Adam about 16 to 1," said Abe Gruber to a friend visiting him in his office.

"When I was a boy, I visited frequently in a certain suburb where I had a young friend and where there was a 'bang-up' hotel that fairly took my breath away. Some of the finest hours in my boyhood I spent in that town, and I remember in passing that hotel I often looked at it in awe, wondering if I would ever have money enough to buy a dinner there.

"Not long ago, on a Sunday night, I went to the same suburb—the first time in many years. I had to wait some time for my appointment, and felt hungry, and it occurred to me that now, perhaps, I had enough money to buy that long-hoped for dinner.

"I rang the door bell of the hotel—for, being Sunday, hotels in the place were officially closed—and a fat proprietor came out.

"'This way, right after me,' he said, and I followed him through one door after another, until we were in the barroom. About forty loungers were hanging about the long bar, which ran from end to end through the room. All that I might have forgiven, but just then the proprietor put his hand on my shoulder, and at the top of his voice, so that every head in the place

turned to look at me, shouted to a colored fellow at the lower end:

"'Here, Bill! Here's a New York gent wants somethin' t' eat. Fix him up, will ye?'

"And that was the place I had waited twenty years to eat in!"

* * *

38. Dr. Robert C. James told a story the other day on a friend of his, a Cincinnati physician, who in the last years of his life was so emaciated that he could have made a success as a "living skeleton" in a museum.

One day he saw a boy selling apples and called to him to bring him some. The boy started up the stairs, but opened the wrong door and entered a room where the doctor kept a small skeleton.

This frightened him so badly that he dropped his basket and ran as fast as he could to escape. The doctor picked up the apples and took them to his room to keep until the boy returned.

A few days afterward he saw the boy, and, leaning out of the window, called to him to come and get his basket and his pay for his apples, but the boy said:

"Naw, yer can't fool me; I knows yer even ef yer have yer clothes on."

* * *

39. A short time ago, Miles O'Brien, President of the School Board, and several friends visited a country school near New York by invitation of the Principal, who was also the only teacher.

The teacher called up the class to spell. One youngster spelled the word glass, but could not pronounce it.

"What is it that you put in the window to keep out the air and the rain?" asked the teacher.

A happy look stole over the boy's face and he blurted out, with the greatest assurance:

"G-l-a double s—dad's old breeches!"

* * *

40. Senator Depew was treading very cautiously on the icy pavement as a stout party sailed around the corner and struck a sliding track.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Dr. Depew, who feared that the man had broken a leg, and was much relieved to discover that he had not. "It is very fortunate that you did not fall with your legs under you."

"I should not have fallen had they been under me," retorted the unfortunate, acridly.

And Dr. Depew went chuckling on his way with a fresh one in his collection.

* * *

41. When Senator Beveridge of Indiana was asked by some one he did not know very well what had happened in the day's executive session of the Senate, he replied that he did not consider it right to make such matters public.

"But the other Senators all do it," objected his interlocutor.

"It must needs be that offenses come," said Mr. Beveridge, "but woe unto him from whom offense cometh."

* * *

42. "I have had some startling experiences in my time," said Coroner's Physician O'Hanlon, "but I haven't fully recovered from the shock of a surprise I had the other day. I was assigned to investigate a sudden death on the east side. The house I went to was a small tenement, and I walked up stairs to the second floor as I was directed. Seeing one of the floors to the apartment open I walked in and found myself in a room furnished with a bed, on which lay the form of an elderly man, apparently dead. Before proceeding with my examination, I thought it better to call some of the relatives, so I said in a loud voice, "Is any one about?" Before I had time to think the supposed corpse jumped to its feet and turning on me fiercely, shouted:

" 'How dare you invade a dacint man's home without knocking, ye spalpeen. Git out o' here!' I did not have the power of speech to reply or make any explanation but simply slunk out of the room. Another shock like that would have just about finished me."

* * *

43. Taking luncheon together simply to talk business has always been a favorite plan among men of

affairs, but W. H. Baldwin, Jr., President of the Long Island Railroad, begins his economy of time earlier in the day.

"When can we get together for a little talk?" inquired a friend of his, a well-known Brooklynite.

Mr. Baldwin thought a moment, as though running through his appointments for a day or two ahead, and then, quick as a flash: "Come down to breakfast at my house to-morrow morning—quarter to eight."

* * *

44. Tobe Sellinglam is a handy man for a well-known political leader in a Western town and has been the subject of a lot of space in the local newspapers where he operates. Tobe is counted a good fellow among his friends, but it is doubtful whether the committee on credentials in exclusive society would indorse him for membership.

He was sitting in the Waldorf café, on Thursday evening, while the Assembly Ball was being danced out upstairs. Some remarked about the splendor of the Assembly Balls, whereupon Tobe spoke up and said, "I guess they are quite spectacular, but say, they must be getting awful careless about who they let in, because a fellow here in the city whom I did some favors for out West sent me a card for the ball."

* * *

45. Lafcadio Hearn, who snatches the carmine and cerulean from the Japanese sky and transfers it to cold type, is very reticent as to the history of his life. There is no man living to-day, except possibly his farmer brother in the West, who knows the true story of the word painter's life. A gentleman who knew Hearn well in his earlier days tells the following story:

"It was in the days when Hearn first drifted to New Orleans and engaged in the restaurant business. Times were hard, and to cap the climax his partner absconded with the cash and the cook, leaving the prose poet on the street, penniless and destitute. He had to do something, and therefore, when he happened to read in

The Democrat, of a merchant who desired a clerk, he applied for the position.

"The merchant proved to be a very inquisitive person. He wanted to know everything.

"'Where were you born? How old are you? What has been your previous vocation?' These were some of the questions he asked, and Hearn answered them, because he was exceptionally anxious to get the job. But his patience, already considerably strained, broke completely, when the merchant, with 'a third degree' voice, concluded:

"'And now, Mr. Hearn, why did you leave Cincinnati and the newspaper business?'

"The word painter suddenly turned about and with a loud 'Oh, you want to know entirely too much,' he bounced out of the office, leaving the merchant petrified with amazement."

* * *

46. For the past few weeks the anteroom of Justice Jerome's chambers in Special Sessions has been crowded with office seekers. As a general rule the men who crowd into every available inch of space in the room wait for hours without uttering a syllable, occupying themselves with making mental criticisms of their neighbors and listening alertly for the announcement that it is their turn for an audience with the District Attorney-elect.

The other day a burly German bustled into the anteroom and startled the patient waiters by almost shouting:

"Vere is Yustices Yerome? I vish to see him in a part of a minute. I have to ask him for a job quick, right away. I am a practised Hawkshaw, a regular sleuth, no? I am a trailer, a bloodhound with such a keenness. In a veek I could run John Doe under ground. Quick, vere is de Yustice? I must see him before very soon."

Here the demonstrative Teuton was interrupted by Maurice, Justice Jerome's three-hundred-pound doorman, who in forceful English requested him to subdue his tones. As the would-be sleuth continued his ad-

dress, Maurice grasped him gently by the collar, and, Spanish fashion, marched him out of the Criminal Court Building, with the threat that if he returned he would be placed in close confinement.

* * *

47. Stories concerning the rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis evidently will never grow old. The latest concerns a visit which Alderman Michael Kenna, "Hinky Dink," recently paid to St. Louis. He wished to talk to a friend who lives in the suburbs of the Missouri city, and as he had a dime in his pocket for change called up over the telephone. He talked but a few minutes, and then asked the central operator how much he must deposit for the call.

"Fifty cents, please," was the answer, in a most confident voice.

"Fifty cents," gasped the Alderman. "What do you take me for? A man with coin to burn? Why, in Chicago I can call up hades for 50 cents."

"Perhaps so," was the answer, still framed in the most unruffled tone, "but that's within the city limits, you know."

* * *

48. Every regular theatregoer in New York knows of "Matches Mary" or "Matchless Mary," as she is better known by those who have had occasion to incur her anger. She is as much identified with the theatre district as the electric signs which make the day longer on Broadway, than any other place on earth. She is interested in plays, and always gets a symposium review from those who leave between the acts on the first nights. Of each one she asks: "How is it going; will it be a success?" She is interested because successes and failures have a great bearing upon her business.

One evening a short time ago it was snowing hard. The theatres were doing a light business, and the smokers in the audiences remained indoors. Mary was walking down Broadway when she met a well-known critic.

"Hello, Mary!" he called.

"Oh, hello, Mr. ——. This is a terrible bad night for our business, ain't it?"

49. Simplicity of mind was never more completely demonstrated than at the dinner table of Kubelik, the Bomemian violinist, one night recently.

The conversation turned upon the elements that most contributed to greatness. Since Kubelik understands most that is spoken in English, he is an earnest listener. Often, too, he makes most earnest efforts to join in conversation, without much result. His few English words are often the more forcible for their simplicity.

Upon this occasion he suddenly burst forth: "My fadder—he de greatest man." Everybody paused and regarded Kubelik. "He remain at things. He say I will—he then do. He be not taught—he know all. He play all instruments—so fine—so good—and—" Kubelik glowed with enthusiasm, and leaning forward raised his hand impressively and concluded: "He grow the vegetable as perfect as he play all the instruments."

Kubelik's English was not complete enough to define his idea of the elements of greatness, but there was no doubt in the minds of the people present as to what he meant. It was plain, too, that while he admired his father's genius, the chief thing to him was to "grow the vegetable."

* * *

50. The clergy of the Diocese of Long Island are chuckling over what they regard as a good joke on their recently chosen Bishop, the Rev. Dr. Frederick Burgess. It may be recalled that the recent convention at which Dr. Burgess was elected lasted from early morning until past midnight. Ballot after ballot was taken, and no clergyman had a majority. Finally, Dr. Burgess arose and made a motion to adjourn.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I move we adjourn. We've been here all day and all evening deliberating and voting continuously and we're all tired and in no mood for appropriate action. Anything we do now will be only a makeshift, and we'll be sorry for it in the morning."

The motion was not seconded and the balloting was

taken up again. About three minutes after Dr. Burgess's little speech he was chosen Bishop of Long Island.

Now his brethren declare that Dr. Burgess is neither "a prophet nor the son of a prophet." No signs of regret have yet appeared over that midnight action, which the Doctor raised his warning voice against.

* * *

51. Marshall Field, the Chicago dry goods merchant, hurried into the barber's chair of the United Express, on which he was a passenger. The barber, a negro, was aware of the identity of his distinguished patron. So he attended to the shave the merchant prince desired with all the skill and care at his command. He was rewarded with a substantial fee, and hastened to acquaint the other employés on the train with the fact.

"That Mist' Field is a mighty fine gemman," he announced; "just as nice a man as you'd want to meet. I've often been in his store in Chicago, you know, but, of course, I nevah met him socially befo'."

* * *

52. James J. Hill of railroad famè was standing in front of the cigar stand in the Waldorf-Astoria recently, and asked the man behind the cigars:

"Does any one ever smoke those big, thick cigars that come in the round glass bottles?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the cigar man, "they are very popular around Christmas time; but we don't keep them."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Hill. "Neither do I keep them. Some one who I thought had some regard for me sent me some the other day, and I didn't know whether any one ever smoked them or not. So I gave them to the chambermaid to decorate her room with."

* * *

53. Richard Harding Davis is to become a real farmer, or perhaps scientific agriculturist. He has been in New York recently, to close negotiations for the purchase of a farm in New Jersey. He will raise bull-

dogs, poultry, Jersey cows, and, of course, vegetables. The new farm will be known as the Van Bibber Farm, named after the character which first brought him to notice. This by the request of Mrs. Davis.

Discussing the change the other night, one of the party of friends dining with him said: "Dick, I sincerely hope you will never don overalls when you go farming."

"Why not?" asked the author.

"Well, if that fact gets noised about we shall see a parade of young men on the avenue all wearing blue jeans."

* * *

54. Charles M. Schwab was totally unconscious of the veneration which he excited as he left the Civic Federation Conference with Senator Hanna recently.

It was all because there was an Archbishop in the building, and the benignant expression on the clean-shaven face of the President of the Steel Trust led a group of typewritists to mistake him for the prelate as he passed through the corridor of the building, with his black overcoat closely buttoned, concealing his secular garb.

The elevator man told the girls that Archbishop Ireland was at the meeting in the rooms of the Board of Trade and Transportation, and when they hurried in from luncheon they waited in the corridor to catch a glimpse of the ecclesiastic when he left the conference.

When the ruddy-faced steel magnate appeared arm in arm with the Ohio Senator, one of the typewritists exclaimed:

"There he is! He looks like Father Kelly."

And with that, five devout Catholics reverently genuflected, and then hurried to the elevator to get back to their work, and no one spoiled their satisfaction by telling them of their error.

* * *

55. At the recent dinner of the Pennsylvania Society one of the guests, who was seated next to Augustus Thomas, the playwright and the President of the Mis-

souri Society, asked Mr. Thomas why the menu cards designated the dinner as "the annual festival."

"That's easy," said Mr. Thomas. "The menu cards were gotten up by a Philadelphia man, and every Philadelphia man who goes to an entertainment which lasts beyond 9 o'clock at night, regards it as a festival."

* * *

56. The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, who was recently called from Chicago to Brooklyn, was met by a friend in one of the big department stores while doing some holiday shopping.

"Good-day, Doctor, what are you doing here?" he asked.

Dr. Henson, who had been delayed for some time, replied: "I can best answer your question with the words of the text, Job xiv., 14, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

* * *

57 In the haunts of the bon vivant and the raconteur about the Brooklyn Borough Hall these nights many interesting anecdotes of Arthur J. Heaney, the politician-philanthropist-pawnbroker, who died recently, after a most picturesque career, are being told. One tale is told of Heaney which also involves two well-known Brooklyn men about town. The two "rounders" had been out all night and were "broke." They needed money. Both knew Heaney well, and were familiar with his peculiarities. One of the pair borrowed 50 cents, and, going into a hardware store on Court Street, bought a pair of ice skates with the money. Then the two went around to Heaney's pawnshop on Atlantic Avenue. Heaney himself was in charge. As was his custom, he showed no recognition of the visitors. One of the latter placed the skates on the counter.

"How much?" asked Heaney in a business-like way.

"Twenty dollars," returned one of the rounders, without so much as blinking an eyelash.

Heaney turned to his clerk at the entry book.

"Twenty dollars on a pair of new skates for a pair

of old skates," and he handed over the money and the ticket without a word.

That was one of Heaney's delicate ways of giving away money to his friends in need.

* * *

58. "I got called down in the New Willard the other night," said Representative Sulzer. "I absent-mindedly took a pipe out of my pocket and stuck it in my mouth without thinking. I was promptly informed by an attendant that I'd have to put it away."

"Why didn't you explain that you were an Englishman?" asked Representative Fitzgerald.

"I would have done so," said Sulzer ruefully, "only the man who called me down was an Irishman."

* * *

59. At a meeting of the City Committee of the Citizens' Union, the Rev. Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, was among those present. One of the members of the committee presented the name of a man for indorsement for Mayor Low's Cabinet and proceeded with a perfervid indorsement of his candidate's character. The gentleman whose name he presented, he said, could speak three languages; was a graduate of a prominent university, and his honesty and integrity of purpose would cause him to reflect great credit on his sponsors.

"Why," concluded the speaker, "the man is so honest that he left the ministry!"

Dr. Huntington led the hearty laugh that followed.

* * *

60. The other day several brokers received telephone orders to buy a certain stock, and notify Mr. Fish at a given telephone number. Calling up that number the response was invariably, "Which one is wanted?" Then followed this conversation:

"How many are there?"

"Several hundred, large and small."

"I want the head of the firm."

"Oh, then, you want Col. Jones."

"Col. Jones? No, I want Mr. Fish. Who in thunder are you?"

"The Aquarium!"

* * *

61. James R. Keene is an omnivorous novel reader. When not engaged in some social function he passes his evenings in his apartment at the Waldorf reading some novel, finding therein release and recuperation from the cares of his always busy day. He usually reads a novel in two sittings. Recently reading "To Have and to Hold," he was thinking over the trials and tribulations of the two lovers, while waiting his dinner in the café, when he was approached by a broker, who began to talk stocks in broker fashion, finally concluding by the inquiry:

"How do you think they will turn out?"

Now, Mr. Keene had not been paying the slightest attention to him, but had been thinking over the novel, which he would soon resume on returning to his apartment. Roused from his reverie, he musingly observed:

"Oh, they will be rescued."

The broker, taking the remark as "a bull point," soon spread the "tip" all over the place.

* * *

62. Some jolly young women in "sassiety" were poking fun at Harry Lehr for having married.

"What made you do it?" demanded one of them.

"I could not keep up with your fads any longer," explained Mr. Lehr with humorous raillery. "So long as you required merely Anglomania and eccentric receptions I did not mind, but toward the last you made me stay out all night in the slums with nothing but impossible east side meals for refreshment—and the more dismal it was the more swagger you thought it. You know the rest. As between matrimony and indigestion, I, of course, chose the least."

* * *

63. While George F. Baer, the President of the Philadelphia and Reading and the Jersey Central Rail-

roads, was lunching recently in a downtown restaurant with other railroad officials, who, like himself, entered the field of railroad management by way of the bar, the conversation naturally turned on their former profession.

"There is not half the satisfaction in a salary check that there is in a big fee," said one.

"But fees are sometimes disappointing," said President Baer. "I well remember the day when the size of a fee and its prompt payment was of pressing concern to me, and in those days I had a wealthy farmer for a client. I carried through some intricate litigation for him, netting him a considerable sum, and was calculating the amount I could reasonably charge for increasing his bank account by what in that part of the country is considered a comfortable fortune. I delayed sending him a bill, and one day he came to my office.

"'I have come to thank you for winning that suit for me,' the farmer said, and as he expatiated upon his gratitude it dawned upon me that he seemed to think I had served him out of friendship.

"Well, before I could suggest that my services called for a fee, he said:

"'Now I hope you won't feel offended if I show my appreciation by presenting a horse to Mrs. Baer. I've sent the horse around to your stable, so you can't refuse to accept it.'

"No, I wasn't offended," added Mr. Baer, "but to say I was disappointed would be a feeble way of putting it. I couldn't send the old man a bill after that, and so I put it down to profit and loss."

"It was a 'horse' on you," remarked the facetious members of the little group of railroad men.

* * *

64. A reporter had met Russell Sage recently, just as Mr. Sage had turned off Fifth Avenue to Forty-second Street, on his way to the Sixth Avenue station of the Manhattan Elevated. Mr. Sage, in reply to an inquiry as to the probability of any money stringency in Wall Street or elsewhere, had grown enthusiastic on the subject.

"It's all right," he said, emphatically. "There won't be any stringency. Why, the country was never so rich as it is at present. There is money everywhere—one might, indeed, say, in the language of the Street arab, that there is 'money to burn.' In all my recollection I never saw so great a supply of money and so well distributed. No," he repeated, "there won't be any money squeeze. We have all too much money to permit of that."

At this moment the elevated station was reached, and Mr. Sage and the reporter each proceeded to the newsstand under the stairway to buy a newspaper. Mr. Sage, with his own hand selected a paper, price one cent—what one it was doesn't signify—and then, with a nod of his head to the newsdealer, he said:

"I'll owe you for that."

The newsdealer answered, "Oh, that's all right, Mr. Sage," and smiled.

And the reporter, who had paid for his newspaper, smiled also.

* * *

65. Marshall P. Wilder, seeing a rotund German struggling to force himself through the turnstile at an uptown elevated station, advised the man to "go in sideways."

"I aind't got some sidevays," was the answer.

* * *

66. A number of years ago, when Gen. Patrick A. Collins, now Mayor-elect of Boston, was a rather obscure lawyer, he volunteered to act as attorney for a number of New England pilots who brought suits against the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company for refusing to comply with the law regarding pilots for their coal steamers, it being charged that the corporation used its own pilots indiscriminately at various ports. He took the case without a retaining fee and won it. The advertisement resulted in his being employed in a large number of damage suits against New York corporations, and his success in securing verdicts was so remarkable that he was advised by a friend to go to New York and open a law office.

His answer, characteristic of his birthright, was instantaneously: "I can make more money in New York by staying out of it."

* * *

67. Col. Clayton McMichael, whom President Roosevelt selected for Postmaster at Philadelphia, is a man of considerable belt measure. Recently he sat in a crowded street car, when a number of women entered. Col. McMichael, with his customary gallantry, arose, grabbed a strap, and watched two women squeeze into the seat he had given up. "There," he said, turning to a friend, "I can do something you can't do. I can give my seat to two women."

* * *

68. A prominent business man was recently treated by Dr. Cyrus Edson for a peculiar growth in his throat.

"Dr. Edson seemed very much preoccupied at times," said the patient. "I was much surprised when I called upon him one day without being recognized. I thought it rather odd, having paid him a small fortune in fees, that I had to explain that I wished him to look at my throat.

" 'Open your mouth," said the doctor.

"I did so, and the doctor seized my hand cordially. " 'My dear Mr. X.,' he exclaimed. 'Really, I didn't recognize you at first!' "

* * *

69. Mayor Patrick J. Ryan of Elizabeth, N. J., the first Democrat elected to that office in that ancient city for many years, sat in his office, on Broad Street, the day before election. A dark-skinned, sleek-looking young man was ushered in. Disposing himself in a comfortable chair, he spread out his hands and in a soft voice with a decided accent began:

"Meester Ryan, you be the next Mayor of Eleez'. You canna be beet."

There was a pause, during which the caller observed the ceiling contemplatively and Mr. Ryan observed him with an indulgent smile. The strange young man continued:

"The greata poet of England say: 'There is a tide in the life of men; if you taka in the flood lead on to election.' I controlla that flood. I controlla the Italiana vote of this ceety"—striking his chest violenty. "I sella you that vote for feefty dollar."

"Young man," interrupted Mr. Ryan, "we do not buy votes in this city, and even if we did, we would know that there are only six Italian voters in Elizabeth. I will give you three-quarters of a minute to get out of my office before I call a policeman."

The strange visitor rose languidly from his chair, bowed low, and, backing out of the office, said incisively:

"No more it ees the age of romance, but the abomination of fact and figure."

* * *

70. Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed was a victim of mistaken identity the other morning, according to a yarn told at the Lawyers' Club. The portly statesman was walking down Broadway, when he was accosted by a Wall Street operator who is fond of other games of chance besides those played on the Stock Exchange and who is wont to confuse faces.

"Hello, Pat!" was the operator's greeting.

"Sir!" exclaimed the ex-Speaker.

"You look as fresh as a daisy, old boy."

"Sir!" repeated Mr. Reed, with rising inflection.

"You must have won a pile last night."

"Sir!" thundered the man from Maine.

"Oh, come off, Pat! Don't you recognize your friends when you are down here?"

"You have made a mistake, Sir."

"Well, if you are not Pat Sheedy, I'll eat my hat."

"Do so, then," said the ex-Speaker, curtly. "I am Thomas B. Reed."

* * *

71. Bishop Potter recently threw light on the unique position of J. Pierpont Morgan in the conventions and general boards of the Episcopal Church. The Bishop was speaking to an assemblage of women at St. James's Church, Madison Avenue and Seventy-first Street, in

behalf of the work of the Church Periodical Society, and was making the point that much church literature was thrown away that the society could circulate to advantage.

"I used to throw convention journals in my waste basket," said the Bishop, "until one day I asked the daughter of the leading financial mind in the world what her father read. 'Old convention journals,' was her reply."

After the laughter subsided one of the officers of the Board of Missions remarked that the secret of Mr. Morgan's prominence in the councils of the Church was not his wealth, but his thorough mastery of the question of church finance and his familiarity with the financial condition of every diocese and of every important church interest. "That is what comes of studying old convention journals," was the gentleman's comment.

* * *

72. For some years past there has been about the Capitol at Albany an old man who peddles fruit. Some call him William, others Mike, and others still other names. It makes no difference to him what he is called so long as he sells his fruit. One of his regular patrons was Col. Partridge, Commissioner of Police of New York. As Col. Partridge was coming out of his office, that of State Superintendent of Public Works, he encountered the old apple peddler and was saluted thus:

"And, Colonel, I hear you are going away for good."

"Yes, Mike, I am going away, perhaps in a week."

"Sure," he replied frankly, "I'm glad of it."

In telling the occurrence later, Col. Partridge said that there was one thing about Mike, if he meant what he said, he was the first one to tell him of it in so plain language.

* * *

73. As Representative Lanham of Texas entered a Washington Street car, he tripped over the feet of a young woman. Her eyes flashed, and, without giving the Texan a chance to apologize, she delivered a philippic about his clumsiness.

"Madam," said the Congressman, as soon as he got

a chance, "it's really your fault. Your feet are so small that I didn't see them. You should get larger ones."

She forgave him.

* * *

74. Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation, never seems to wholly forget the days of his early struggles—those days when the wolf was not only at the door, but right at his throat. He was walking up Broadway, accompanied by two other gentlemen, after attending a session of the National Civic Federation, when he saw a respectable looking, middle-aged man standing at a street corner reading the advertisement pages of a newspaper.

"Looking for a job?" asked Schwab, abruptly.

"Yes, sir," was the brief reply.

"What trade?"

"Stonemason, sir; but I can't work at that in the frost, so I'm just looking out for something else."

"Good luck," said Mr. Schwab, gripping the workingman's hand, and then striding away, while the man gasped incredulously at the ten-dollar gold piece that lay in his palm.

* * *

75. Hugh McLaughlin and several of his friends were chatting together in the Willoughby Street auction room recently, when the conversation turned to Marconi's feat of sending a wireless telegraph message across the sea.

"There was a reporter in here to see me about that a few days ago," remarked Mr. McLaughlin. "He wanted to get my views on the subject for his paper."

"I dare say you gave him something interesting," said one of the group.

"Well," returned Mr. McLaughlin slowly, "I got right in line with Marconi, anyway. I gave the reporter a wordless interview."

* * *

76. Like the majority of successful men, Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, is a good judge of

human nature and understands how to find the persons he needs in his business. This is shown by a story told by the English novelist and playwright, Anthony Hope, of an experience of his with the American manager. Mr. Hawkins—who is Anthony Hope—had called upon Mr. Frohman in the latter's London office, which is over one of his London theatres. In the course of the visit Mr. Hawkins noticed a sign in the corridor outside the door which read thus: "No applicants for theatrical positions will be received in this office."

"If you don't receive applicants here," inquired the novelist, "where do you receive them?"

"Here," replied the manager sententiously.

"Yes, but that sign says that no applicants are allowed here?"

"Oh, well," said the manager with a sly smile, "I wouldn't give much for any one who allowed himself to be scared off by that notice."

* * *

77. Judge Henry E. Howland at the dinner of New York city bankers, caused a roar of laughter by saying that the greatest thing in New England is Boston, and that the greatest thing in Boston is the 5 o'clock train for New York. The Judge said that the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke was the responsible author of the witticism.

* * *

78. They are telling about ex-Senator Fred Gibbs in the amen corner at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. As snow, like rain, falls on the unjust as well as on the just, it snowed in the Ninth Ward one day last week, and the walks were sleety. A strictly pious and overserious resident of that bailiwick, who has many times and often been an admonisher of the sprightly ex-Senator, so the story goes, met Gibbs that day, as he was picking his way carefully along over the unstable footing of the sidewalk. The severe and upright constituent stopped and in solemn tones sprang this old one:

"The wicked stand on slippery places, Mr. Gibbs."

The ex-Senator bowed and picked his way onward. He had gone but a step or two when he heard a dull

thud behind him. He turned and looked. The solemn admonisher was sprawling on the pavement.

"Ah!" exclaimed ex-Senator Gibbs. "And the righteous are not so darned sure-footed!"

* * *

79. Vincent H. Perkins, for years the north town Supervisor of Chicago, hails from Kentucky, and has all of the Kentuckian's love for oratory in a political campaign. While the machine leaders are behind the scenes setting up the pins and pulling the wires which will insure success on election day, Perkins is out in the limelight before the enthusiastic multitude, waving the Star-Spangled Banner, invoking the memory of the fathers of the republic and touching off barrels of oratorical red fire. He would walk four miles to make a campaign speech, and he is never so happy as when he is within reaching distance of a table supporting a pitcher of water and a glass and is able to say: "Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens."

One cold night recently the Supervisor was on his way home when he was stopped by an old colored man who claimed to be a constituent.

"Mist' Pehkins," he began, "you all knows its gettin' pow'ful cold these heah nights, an' I'm got my Wintah ov'coat in pawn. Couldn't you all lemme have $2 to get it out?"

Mr. Perkins realized in a moment that he was face to face with a condition, not a theory, and that the memory of the barefooted patriots who bled at Valley Forge would not help a bit on that occasion, though invoked in his most masterly style. Therefore he temporized.

"Look here," he began, "I don't recall you at all. I don't believe you live in my district. What would I give you $2 for? Do you think I find my money?"

The colored man and brother did not hazard a guess as to where Perkins "got it," but dropped his request for a temporary accommodation from $2 to a quarter.

"But," persisted the politician, "I don't see why I should give you even a quarter. I don't know you."

"Mist' Pehkins," said the solicitor in amazement, "you

all don't know me? Why, I've listened to more'n fifty of youah speeches."

"That settles it," announced Perkins, "you've earned the money."

And the quarter was handed over.

* * *

80. At the dinner given by the sculptors to Augustus St. Gaudens in the galleries of the National Arts Club the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, being called on to speak for the Church, remarked:

"I acknowledge that nine clergymen out of ten do not know the difference between a basso relievo and a basso profundo."

* * *

81. "It is better to give than to receive," began a clergyman the other day, addressing Mr. Andrew Carnegie as he descended the steps of the Lotos Club.

Mr. Carnegie scented a petition for a donation, and as he makes it a rule to select and investigate his charities for himself, tactfully observed as he passed:

"I have found that rule works both ways. I'll frankly admit that I have found great pleasure in receiving as well as in giving. I like to give, but in my own way—perhaps it is a selfish pleasure, but I can't help it."

* * *

82. Nat Goodwin was lounging in the smoking room of a London hotel with Pat Sheedy recently when Mr. Andrew Lang, the literary critic, stopped to greet the comedian. The conversation turned upon matters literary, and before Mr. Lang departed he had made some allusion to Theodore Watts-Dunton, the celebrated pre-Raphaelite.

"What's Dunton?" queried Sheedy, who was rather mystified.

"It's a gag from Weber and Fields," replied Goodwin, sparring for time.

"I never heard it; how does it go?"

"Why—Weber says to Fields Watts-Dunton? And Fields replies, 'You say it not right; don't say Watts-Dunton. Say it so: Watts-Ditten!'"

83. A story is told of an elderly lady, very prominent socially, who, while riding in the elevator of a downtown building, asked the elevator boy to stop at the fourth floor. He forgot the request and landed her at the top floor of the building. The indignant lady reprimanded the boy severely, and the boy replied:

"Madam, I did not see you."

"Well," said the woman, "you are the first man I ever met who could not see a woman."

* * *

84. George Ade had been for a visit to the old home, at Lafayette, Ind., and returned to Chicago reeking with Hoosier stories. One of them relates to a "street fair" recently held in that place. Many of the freaks of the Fair Midway boarded with the keeper of a cheap hotel, who consequently was at liberty to visit, without charge, any of the exhibits. One morning, after the fair had been running a few days, a country boy appeared at the hotel and told the proprietor that he and his "pap" had brought a load of hay to town for the animals in Bostock's show, but the load upset.

"Had yer breakfast?" inquired the landlord.

"Nope. We started 'fore sun-up."

The man insisted that the boy take breakfast right then. The boy did so, but protested that he was afraid "pap" wouldn't like it. After breakfast the man said:

"Ever seen Lulu, the wild girl?"

"Nope. Hain't been t' town sence last Fall."

"Better come an' see her. Won't cost a cent."

"But 'pap' won't like it."

"Oh, never mind. It won't take long."

After they had seen Lulu they visited the two-headed boy, the skeleton man, the switchback railway, the animal show, each time the boy warning the man that "pap" wouldn't like it, but each time being overruled by his generous guide. At last, toward sundown, the boy positively balked at going in to see the girl with the elephant feet, on the score that he was sure "pap" wouldn't like it.

"Well, by the way, where is your pap?" asked the man.

"He's under the load of hay."

85. Thomas M. Patterson, the new Senator from Colorado, is principally known in his State for the frequency with which he changes his politics. Within the last eight years he has been a Democrat, then a Populist, and then a Democrat again, besides supporting independent local tickets at various times in Denver. In Washington this Winter they are telling a story of something that happened in Denver once. A young and green political canvasser had been put on to canvass the election district in which Mr. Patterson lived. He rang the bell of the magnificent Patterson home at the corner of Pennsylvania and Eleventh Avenues, and of the sable servitor who appeared demanded the name of the occupant.

"Mistah Tom Pattahson," responded the colored boy.

"What are his politics?" asked the canvasser, adhering strictly to his list of printed questions.

"Why, laws-a-massy, boss," said the serving man, "I don't know. He ain' been home since breakfast."

* * *

86. A group of men prominent in the financial world were talking in the Lawyers' Club last week about getting on "the warm side" of Russell Sage, when a prominent operator said:

"Well, it's my opinion that the man who gets on 'the warm side' of Uncle Russell will want a fur-lined overcoat and earlaps, and then he's likely to be frost-bitten."

* * *

87. The business methods of publishers came up for discussion at a recent literary gathering. William Dean Howells and Mark Twain were present.

"The spirit of the age is strenuous," said Mr. Howells. "And in order not to be behind the times the publishers modify the verbiage of the circus poster with scant politeness."

"They do," assented the humorist. "My publisher speaks of advertising my next book as a story by Mark Twain, with no further comment. But he shan't make a holy show of me with his vulgar advertising simplicity. I shall insist upon a street parade at the very least, because I am a modest man and dislike to be made conspicuous."

88. As Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles stood reviewing the Memorial Day parade a reporter whose impressions of the man had been gained at banquets where the commander of the army wore evening dress, was so struck by the imposing appearance of the General as to venture a remark as to how his uniform changed him from a dapper elderly gentleman to a formidable warrior.

"Which illustrates," replied the General, "that if clothes do not make the man, the uniform goes a long way toward making the officer.

"And this reminds me," he added, "of an experience out West, when I was a Colonel. I had put a lot of recruits in their first uniforms, and told them that I expected every one of them to honor his uniform by behaving like a Major General.

"'An' who'd do th' fightin', thin?' inquired one of the recruits, who had not yet learned to listen to his superiors in silence."

* * *

89. When Bishop Potter expressed himself as well satisfied with the progress made by the present city administration as he was starting for Europe on Wednesday, one of the party, who seemed to sympathize with Dr. Parkhurst's criticisms, said:

"Do you really think the city has been purified?"

"Why, no," said the Bishop. "I never regarded Mayor Low as the advance agent of the millennium."

* * *

90. Gen. Miles, chatting in the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria before going upstairs to the New England dinner, was complimented by a lady on his uniform, alluding to one he wore at a recent reception in Washington. The General smiled pleasantly, observing, jokingly:

"I really think that I am getting too much red tape about me just now, don't you?"

* * *

91. Charles Francis Adams tells this story about Mayor Low of Greater New York:

It happened, according to Mr. Adams, in the second

term of Mr. Low's administration as Mayor of the City of Brooklyn. He was known then as the reformer and a man of advanced ideas. He was standing talking to Mr. Adams, when accosted by a young man wearing a cape coat of many colors, the costume of the day, which was most extremely English.

Mr. Low did not know the half-tipsy fellow, who came arm in arm with the man, conspicuous owing to his dress, but he was acquainted with the latter, a gay blade of good stock and a well-meaning, honest man. The Mayor bowed to him, and then, to his great surprise, was patted on the back in a manner altogether too familiar. At the same time the young man was patting his inebriate friend on the back.

"You two ought to know one another," he said. "It might help solve the excise question. My friend knows more ways of getting the goods when the saloons are closed than any other man in Brooklyn, and I thought you might want to question him." Mr. Low managed to preserve his dignity and to be saved by friends from further annoyance.

"I sometimes wonder," said Mr. Adams, "whether Mr. Low does not now and then remember the incident as he is again confronted with this vexatious excise question."

* * *

92. De Wolf Hopper and Fritz Williams—the long and short of it, Marshall P. Wilder says—are great chums. One overhearing their chat while strolling on the avenue or sitting on a hotel sofa would be attracted into listening even against his thought. It is on these occasions that the two comedians invent and rehearse scenes and acts. The other night after leaving the theatre, they rehearsed in the Gilsey House a "bluff" they had devised by which, in one scene of a play, they were to get away from a saloon to be kept by Weber without paying for their drinks, and so victimizing the bartender, Fields. Overhearing this rehearsal, an "amateur detective," who didn't know the comedians, followed them to Shanley's and gravely informed the proprietor that the comedians were two beats, volunteer-

ing the information that he had better look out for them or they would "bilk him out of their bill."

* * *

93. John R. Proctor, President of the Civil Service Commission, was talking about President Roosevelt's marvelous ability to get things done—to grasp the root of a question at a glance—as shown in his work as a member of the Civil Service Commission, in which Mr. Proctor was associated with him.

"I remember on one occasion," he said, "I had occasion to consult Mr. Roosevelt about a certain question set forth in a foolscap page of typewritten matter. I handed him the paper, but he immediately began talking about something entirely different, simply glancing at the paper now and again in an absent-minded manner as he talked.

" 'Come, now, Roosevelt,' I said at last, 'read that paper and let me have your opinion.'

" 'I have read it,' he replied, 'and I approve entirely of your position.'

" 'You have read it? When did you read it?'

" 'While we were talking.'

" 'But that's impossible. I've watched you the whole time, and you haven't had a chance.'

" 'Well, if you don't believe me, I'll tell you the contents of the paper,' and therewith he began and gave me a summary of the whole matter, which was absolutely correct and exhaustive. I couldn't have stated it better myself."

* * *

94. Former Congressman Adams tells this on his law partner, Former Assistant District Attorney McIntyre:

"Mr. McIntyre defended a man who was charged with some criminal offense, and the matter was carried through two or three courts. The conviction was finally sustained, and Mr. McIntyre presented a bill for services for $1,000. The convicted man said the bill was too high. Mr. McIntyre was very much offended at the man's attitude. "I feel very much annoyed about this matter," he said to Mr. Adams. "I think the charge was very reasonable—don't you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Adams, "I think that your services were worth the amount charged, but I think the man could have been convicted for less."

* * *

95. One of the "characters" of Chicago is Inspector Mox Heidelmier of the police force. "Mox," or the "Burgomaster," as he is called, is a stocky little Luxemburger, in charge of the welfare of the "Nord Seit," where so many of his fellow-countrymen live.

Not long ago he had occasion to use a telephone at a public pay station. He told Central that he wanted the East Chicago Avenue Police Station, giving the number. The answer came back.

"Drop in a mide, please."

"Vot's dot?" said the Inspector.

"Put in a ten-cent piece."

"Dot's a yoke, aid id? I put me no money in. I'm on de bolice force."

"That makes no difference."

"Oh, don'd id? Meppe you don'd know who I vas. I'm Insphdor Mox Heidelmier. I'll show you my stahr, see!" and the indignant Inspector proudly held up to the telephone his silver star.

* * *

96. President Ingalls of the "Big Four," or "Three C.'s," call it what you may—the full name is Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis—is nothing if not forceful in his conversation; and everywhere among railroad men his aphorisms are the subject of comment. A group of these railroad officials at the Waldorf the other night, were discussing several of Mr. Ingalls' utterances in respect to the prosperity of the country when one of them said:

"The brightest thing I ever heard along that line from Mr. Ingalls was his reply to a reporter who asked his opinion of the situation. 'My boy,' said Mr. Ingalls, 'if this keeps on for another year we'll all be wearing diamonds on our night gowns.'"

"Which reminds me," said another official, "that I

told Senator Depew the same story and was greeted with the reply:

"'Yes, but who'll give us the night gowns?'"

* * *

97. At the dinner given by the Greenroom Club of Chicago to Sir Henry Irving, the English actor, explaining his inability to respond properly to the toast in his honor, recalled an incident many years ago in London, when he sat next to Sir Charles Russell at a banquet. Sir Charles leaned over and said that he was down to propose Mr. Irving's health in a few minutes, and that he was at a loss to know what to say.

"Well," said Irving, "I should not think that a man so used to public speaking as you would be at a loss for words. Language should come very easily to a man who made so eloquent an address before the Parnell commission as you did."

"But," protested Sir Charles, "on that occasion I had something to say."

* * *

98. Anent the excitement of speculation in the Texas oil fields, George McRae, who is at the Waldorf-Astoria, tells of the discomfiture of a speculator from St. Louis, who wanted to drive a close bargain. The St. Louisan selected a well for purchase, and it was offered him for $15,000. He demurred at the price, and finally one of the officials of the company selling the wells, remarked:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will pay me 10 cents a barrel for all the oil produced there for thirty days you can have the well."

"Agreed," said the man from St. Louis, and he signed an agreement.

The well produced 10,000 barrels daily for the next thirty days, costing the St. Louis speculator $30,000.

* * *

99. A would-be philosopher was discussing with H. B. Kirk, a millionaire merchant of New York, the qualities in young men that make for success.

"What do you find hardest to get out of your men?" he asked.

"A day's work," was the grim reply.

100. One of the New York State Representatives in Congress who served with ex-Speaker Reed, relates this incident:

"When Mr. Reed was making the Parliamentary fight which resulted in the adoption of the Reed rules for counting a quorum in the Fifty-first Congress, the violence of debate was greater than at any time since reconstruction days. Toward the close of the struggle Gen. 'Joe' Wheeler of Alabama had mounted his desk and was making remarks which members of both sides thought might end in violence.

"Several of his colleagues were standing near by, angry, flushed, under their breath declaring that it was time to 'pull the Speaker out of the chair.' Mr. Reed's partisans were just as hot, and crowded to the 'well' to be ready if any muscle were needed. Confusion reigned in the entire body.

"Right in the thick of it Representative Martin of Texas made his way to the steps leading to the Speaker's seat, and lifting his coat tails showed to Mr. Reed the butt end of a revolver protruding from a hip pocket.

" 'Do you want it?' asked Martin.

"Just then the little orator from Alabama, with clinched fist, shouted at Mr. Reed: 'Your ruling is the most damnable ever made in your chair. It is nothing short of revolution. It ought to bury you so deep that Gabriel's trumpet won't waken you.'

"Mr. Reed leaned over then and replied to Martin, with his usual drawl: 'No, not yet. The gentleman has simply risen to a question of order, and is now stating it.'"

* * *

101. Gen. Horatio C. King, a guest at the Republican Club dinner to Mayor-elect Low, did not expect to speak, but Gen. Tremain, the master of ceremonies, did introduce him. Gen. King arose and said that while he had not expected to say anything publicly, long experience in public speaking had taught him to apply in his own life the paraphrase of a certain verse of Scripture made by a little girl of his acquaintance.

This little girl was in a Sunday school class, and had

been coached to quote to her teacher on the following Sunday the verse, "Let your light shine." By frequently repeating it to her the child seemed to get the words indelibly in her memory. When the time came to repeat the verse to her teacher, however, it had faded from the child's mind. She thought for some time. Then her face brightened.

"I have it," she said. "The verse is, 'Always keep the gas turned on.'"

* * *

102. Samuel Hessberg, Albany manager for the financial house of J. S. Bache & Co., has an office boy who was recently confirmed in the Catholic Church. Mr. Hessberg did not have time to go out for lunch the other day, but, instead, sent the boy to a nearby restaurant for a club sandwich. The lad brought the food back, and as he handed it to Mr. Hessberg said:

"When I got up to the restaurant, Mr. Hessberg, it came to me that to-day was Friday, so I got a sardine sandwich for you."

Mr. Hessberg smiled, and ate the sandwich. But he hasn't heard the last of his enforced observance of churchly dietary rules.

* * *

103. At the recent dinner of the Pennsylvania Society of New York ex-Attorney General W. U. Hensel of Pennsylvania told the incident of the reconciliation of Don Cameron and Allan G. Thurman. They sat and talked a long time, and when they were about to part Thurman remarked:

"Well, Cameron, if I pass St. Peter I will tell him that when you come along he must let you in. I will tell him you are a good fellow, Cameron."

Thurman paused for a moment and then added, reflectively: "And I will also tell him he had better let you in or you will make a devil of a fuss outside."

* * *

104. The Treasury Department official whose duty it is to destroy worn-out Government currency—"greenbacks"—is named Magruder. He came out of his of-

fice the other day as the closing hour arrived, and met in the corridor a friend with whom he stopped to chat a moment.

"Well, Magruder, how much money have you burned up to-day?" asked the friend.

"Oh, about $10,000,000," replied Magruder, in an off-hand way. "By the way, old man,'" he added, as an afterthought, "have you got 50 cents about you that you don't want? I'm dead broke."

* * *

105. One of the intelligent guides in the State Capitol at Albany took a party into the Court of Appeals Chamber, and, throwing his arm about to have the eye follow it and take in the rows of oil paintings of distinguished jurists which are set into the paneled sides of the room, said:

"These pictures, ladies and gentlemen, are of diseased Judges; all now dead."

* * *

106. The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, derives much enjoyment from the criticisms of his sermons which he hears from time to time. He has an artful way of calling forth there expressions, and enjoys telling of some very frank replies he has received. He recently asked a young parishioner, who is an attentive listener:

"Well, Dorothy, how did you like my Advent sermon?"

"It was very peculiar, Doctor," replied the precious eleven-year-old. "You read so many texts from the Bible."

The doctor missed from the services a stern-faced but kindly old woman of New England stock and sought her out.

"I have not seen you at church lately," he said.

"The fact is, Doctor, I have been going to St. ——'s."

"Don't you like St. George's?" the clergyman asked.

"Yes," was the hesitating reply, "but there is not enough hell fire in your sermons. You are too easy on sinners."

107. W. L. McLean, who publishes The Philadelphia Bulletin, narrates the following apropos of the smallpox scare in the Quaker City:

"A police officer, whose beat lies in a very tough neighborhood, one day passed beneath a window and was struck from above with a heavy stick. He looked up and recognized his assailant, a thug who had threatened him for many months.

"'Just for that I'll club you to a jelly!' yelled the officer, starting for the door.

"'You can't get in!' retorted the thug exultantly. 'This house is quarantined!'"

* * *

108. Berry Wall and James G. Blaine have both been very fortunate in speculation in Wall Street, and both look like winners, to use racing parlance, as they saunter up the avenue.

"Oh, well," observed a friend to Mr. Wall in the Waldorf, "you have so many friends who can give you tips."

"Never made a cent on a tip in my life; in fact, quite the reverse. I went broke once on points from good friends who were anxious to make my fortune for me."

"Well, you have good inside information."

"No; I simply studied the situation, and bought on a rising market, and sold as soon as there was a decline."

Mr. Blaine, who had been listening to the conversation, climed in at this point by observing:

"My father's friends have been most kind to me and have given me points on which I have made money, but this waiting for tips is like waiting for dead men's shoes. I follow the market, and when there is nothing doing I do nothing. It is better to do nothing than to be active and lose money. I am contented with the nimble shilling."

* * *

109. Here, according to an artist just returned from Paris, is James McNeill Whistler's latest:

A group of American and English artists were discussing the manifold perfections of the late Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy.

"Exquisite musician. Played the violin like a professional," said one.

"One of the best-dressed men in London," said another.

"Danced divinely," remarked the third.

"Ever read his essays?" asked a fourth. "In my opinion they're the best thing of the kind ever written."

Whistler, who had remained silent, tapped the last speaker on the shoulder.

"Painted, too, didn't he?" he said.

* * *

110. President Roosevelt has received so much mingled applause and adverse criticism for personal independence that he is never surprised when an office seeker attempts to bolster his case by deft allusion to that characteristic. One politician who began with the usual flattery met with a mild correction.

"When they tell me I am independent I always think of the Irishman in a certain narrative," smiled the President. "He wished to be recognized for independence and hit upon a scheme for making it known. He selected a crowded public square in his native town for the demonstration, took off his hat and threw it down upon the pavement to accentuate his remarks. Then he shouted wildly:

"'Everybody! Everybody!'

"People swarmed around him and he finished.

"'Everybody,' he declared, 'can go to the divil!'

"It seems to me," concluded the President, "that he showed how independence may sometimes be stretched to the point of nonsense."

* * *

111. John Temple Graves, whose fame as an orator is not confined to his home place in Georgia, enjoys illustrating certain possibilities of American office seeking with this story:

"A railroad train was rushing through one of the country towns of North Carolina on a sultry Summer day. As the train whirled around a curve a yellow dog jumped up from the side of the track and ran after the

train a short distance. A farmer passenger on the train watched the dog thoughtfully until the train had lost it to sight. He then leaned over to his neighbor across the aisle and said:

"'Mister, what d'ye suppose that 'ar dog would 'a' done with this here train if he'd 'a' caught it?'"

* * *

112. Living at Oswego is Martin O'Mela, a jovial and witty commercial traveler, who bears a striking resemblance to Richard Croker. In his travels through New York and adjacent States, Mr. O'Melia, being a practical joker, as are most men of his trade, has gulled or amused thousands of people both in public and private by impersonating the Tammany chieftain. At an up-State picnic last Fall, Mr. O'Melia, who was solemnly introduced as "Richard Croker of New York," gave a stirring address. His speech was a scathing arraignment of political corruption and a mock heroic eulogy of reform and reformers. At its close a sturdy old gentleman whose rich brogue betrayed his nativity, hurried up to the speaker and said:

"Forgive me, Misther Chroker, for Oi've wronged yez in th' phast, but begorra, iv Oi iver h-hear a man sphake agin' yez again, Oi'll bhrake his hid."

As a sequel to the incident, during the past campaign, the echoes of which reached even to Oswego County, the old man was the hero of several sanguinary conflicts, and established in his neighborhood by his victories Mr. Croker's reputation for all the political virtues.

* * *

113. John W. Mackay is in the habit of looking out of his window in the Postal Telegraph Building down Murray Street with a serious, thoughtful face, occasionally illuminated by a smile.

One of the old employés in the office tells the story of this almost daily incident when the great financier is in town and comes to the office.

"One day," he says, "I asked Mr. Mackay whether he was ruminating or looking down the street."

"Down the street," replied Mr. Mackay, continuing,

"down Murray Street there—beyond Church Street—that big store there was the site of the house I passed my boyhood in before I ever dreamed of going to the Pacific Slope. I had no thought then of anything but marbles and tops. I never thought I would have an office in the neighborhood later in life—and be the man I am.

"It is almost soothing and comforting to me to look out of this window on the old spot. I sought out the old spot the first time I revisited New York, and this view is one of the reasons for my selecting these offices.

"Ah! me, I wish I could roll back the years to those old days. I have more cares now and fewer joys—then everything was in the future; now it is in the past, and serious now when then it was all fun!"

* * *

114. Ex-Assemblyman Fred Ware and Frank Butler were dining together recently at the Marlborough. Ware reached over the table with the evident intention of putting some ice in his Burgundy.

"Hold," said Butler, arresting his arm. "There are some crimes that can never be committed in my presence. A man who puts ice in his Burgundy would paint an etching."

* * *

115. Roly-poly and rotund is Capt. Lemly, Judge Advocate General of the navy; but he is not sensitive about it. Attacks on his motives and his official conduct he doesn't like, but nobody can irritate him by making fun of his personal appearance. "A joke's all right, and I can stand anything so long as it's funny," he declares.

"Good morning, Captain," said an acquaintance, meeting the fat little officer as he trudged down the Navy Department corridors in Washington the other day, lost in meditation and with his arms full of papers.

"What's that? What's that? What did you call me?" tartly answered the Captain, roused from his reflections.

"I called you Captain," answered the acquaintance, in a surprised and rather aggrieved tone.

"Oh! That's all right. I thought you called me Gen-

eral," said Lemly, mollified. "I'm getting tired," he explained, "of having people take me for Shafter."

* * *

116. A friend of Edward Lauterbach, a gentleman from a rural district, came to the city recently to present a legal matter to the lawyer. The rural client had never consulted Mr. Lauterbach before, and he had never been to New York before. He sought 22 William Street, in which building Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson have an office. The rustic saw the sign carved over the entrance to the building, "Farmers' Loan and Trust Company."

"Do you know where Edward Lauterbach's office is?" he asked a man coming from the building.

"Why, it's in there," said the man.

"Oh, no, it isn't," replied the rustic. "Ed Lauterbach's no farmer."

* * *

117. Henry Shaw, a Yale man, brings from Paris a story of how he secured the autograph of Emile Zola, the French novelist. He wrote a letter to Zola complaining of the non-payment of a bill for some wine which Shaw claimed to have furnished. By the next mail he received the coveted letter, in which the author strenuously denied having purchased the wine.

* * *

118. A very dapper young man walked to the desk of James Smith, the clerk of one of the parts of the Supreme Court, the other day, and looked intently at the clerk, who was writing. Mr. Smith looked up after a few minutes and exclaimed.

"Well, what are your symptoms?"

The young man started: "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but I observed a striking resemblance in you to the man who used to milk father's cows down on the farm. By the way, could you kindly tell me when the case of Evans vs. Evans will be set down for trial?"

Mr. Smith humbly attended to the dapper young man's wants.

* * *

119. Senator Quay of Pennsylvania is not a laughing man. He rarely lets anything move him beyond the twin-

kle in his eye, but a Florida farmer's impression regarding him made him "let loose." The Senator, returning from a fishing trip to his bungalow, at St. Lucie, Fla., rode in an accommodation train, and the farmer sat beside him and questioned him. Quay's knowledge of countryside gossip proved limited and discouraging.

"Don't belong in these parts, do ye?" said the farmer. "Don't know much abaout Floridy, do ye?"

"I have been here several times in my wanderings," said Quay.

"And what might be the reason ye air wanderin'?"

"I am trying to ameliorate the condition of man—the inner man," replied Quay, solemnly.

The farmer moved to another seat and remarked to the man beside whom he sat: "Talked to thet feller back thar a good bit 'fore I found out he was one o' them dern faith healers."

* * *

120. A man appearing in Judge Newburger's court in General Sessions the other day was asked by the Court, when he took the stand:

"Will you kindly tell us your name?"

"Nitt," replied the witness.

Judge Newburger, suiting the action to the word, knitted his brows and, tapping the bench with his gavel, repeated:

"Will you kindly tell us your name, Sir?"

"Nitt," smilingly reiterated the witness.

The gavel descended with a resounding whack and the Court exclaimed:

"I fine you $50 for contempt of court, Sir."

The witness then explained that he had been christened Jeremiah Whitmore Nitt and resided at 413 Maple Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

* * *

121. Clinton Fiske has a friend, an Englishman by birth and an American by force of circumstances, who has been in this country long enough to absorb the American idea of humor. Last Summer he was in London on a visit, and happening to have business with a man on an

upper floor of a tall building, took the "lift" to reach his office. The elevator was one of those excessively deliberate British affairs, and its snail-like progress annoyed the Americanized Briton. The only other occupant of the car was a middle-aged Englishman, with a manner of peculiarly English seriousness. The man from America ventured to address him:

"I think I could make a great improvement in this lift," he said.

The Englishman looked seriously interested. "How?" he asked.

"Why," the other man went on, "I'd make it go faster by a simple little arrangement. I'd stop the lift altogether and move the building up and down."

The Englishman looked slightly more interested.

"How?" he asked.

* * *

122. Edward Lauterbach, who is mentioned as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, has two sons, who are extremely proud of him, and who talk a great deal about him.

"You would think," said a friend of the family the other day, "that those Lauterbach boys were saying a continuous prayer. They begin every other sentence with 'our father.'"

* * *

123. When Eugene Field, that prince of good fellows, passed over to the shore that he used to sing about so sweetly, he left his family many removes from affluence, and his daughter Mary, a bright, talented girl, but by no means the greatest elocutionist in the world, put on the breastplate of courage and went out as a public reader. She won many large audiences in different literary centres of the country, many who bought tickets being moved to do so out of sympathy for the young woman who was alleged to be making such a brave fight against poverty, and by love for the father, whose gentle genius was mingled with such a generous passion for spending the last dollar that burned in his pocket.

One who had spent a dollar which she could not really afford, to hear Miss Field read, was greatly interested a

year or two later to meet a young woman from Chicago who was an intimate friend of the poet's daughter.

"Tell me about her," she said. "I hear she is going to be married. Did she make a living out of her reading?"

"Oh, yes," said the Chicago woman. "It was a grand success. Why, Mary Field told me that for the first time in her life she was able to have all the new clothes that she wanted. And, do you know, she has made the largest and most complete collection of beer mugs in the West!"

* * *

124. Charles B. Page, one of the Republican members of the Municipal Bureau of Elections which spent many hours listening to the protests and counter-protests in the Belmont-O'Grady contest for the regular Democratic nomination for Congress in the Seventh District, that resulted in favor of Perry Belmont, said after the hearing with its allegations of fraud and mutual recriminations, was over:

"Well, this is the first Democratic convention I ever attended. I wonder if they're all like this one. What a nice time you Democrats must have when you get together."

* * *

125. J. J. Hill's residence on Summit Avenue, St. Paul, Minn., is the most imposing in the entire Northwest, and its chief attraction is the art gallery, one of the best in this country. Mr. Hill is a connoisseur and spends his money freely on good pictures.

F. A. Murray, managing editor of The Wall Street Journal, was frequently sent to interview Mr. Hill in the days when he was a reporter on The St. Paul Pioneer Press. On one occasion Mr. Hill showed Mr. Murray his famous collection of pictures, taking the pains to explain their respective merits.

"And now," said Mr. Hill, after an hour in the gallery, "I want to show you the best picture of all." He led Mr. Murray to a rear door, opened it, and waved his hand toward the beautiful City Hall on the Mississippi's

banks, the moonlight blending with the gas lights and glimmering through the trees.

It was truly the most beautiful of pictures, but it seemed almost wonderful to the newspaper man that a practical railroad man should so regard it.

* * *

126. A new political star has arisen in Chicago in the person of Opie Read, the Southern novelist, who has accepted the invitation of an aristocratic Hyde Park ward to head the Republican ticket for a seat in the City Council. Mr. Read says his conversion from long-cherished belief in the Democratic party is complete, and a series of novelties in the way of cornering votes is expected before the Aldermanic election two months hence.

The Republican candidacy was offered Mr. Read upon the strength of his support of McKinley during the Presidential election of 1900. When he came out for sound money, he was sent by the Republican National Committee on a tour of the West in Mr. McKinley's interests. It was a trip that will long be remembered as one of the most entertaining and enlivening of the campaign. In due time Mr. Read presented a formidable bill to the Republican managers for settlement. Senator Hanna, as chairman of the committee, was a trifle nonplused by an item for several hundred dollars, entered simply, "To expenses in Denver." With a smile he turned to Mr. Read:

"Don't you think Denver comes pretty high for a two-day stand, Mr. Read?"

"I reckon as much, Mr. Hanna," was the immediate rejoinder; "but did you ever play poker in that pesky town?"

Mr. Hanna laughingly confessed he had not, and paid the bill.

* * *

127. Secretary Devine of the Charity Organization tells a curious story illustrative of the checkered character of the New York population.

"A woman came over a few years ago," he said, "from a country that furnishes us with a rather small quota

of immigrants. After living for a while in a crowded quarter among her own people, a spark of ambition was roused in her, and she declared that she was going to learn the language of America; that she would not be confined all her life to her own people, but would be able to talk with the citizens of the country which had become her home. She began the study of the language. It was hard work, and it was three long years before she had mastered the new tongue sufficiently to converse in it. Then she turned up at a settlement on the lower east side one day, and told the workers her story in the new language, much to their surprise and amusement.

"She had learned the German language."

* * *

128. At a recent conference between Gov. Odell and several State Senators in Albany, Senator Armstrong told this story at the expense of Senator Brackett, who also was present. Senator Armstrong happened to be in Saratoga and took advantage of his opportunity to call on his colleague, Senator Brackett. So he went to an office which contained the Senator's name on the door, and which proved to be richly furnished. He found a rather old man in charge, and learned from him that Mr. Brackett was absent.

"These are rather sumptuous offices," said Mr. Armstrong. "Mr. Brackett must be getting along nicely."

"Yes," replied the man, "he gave $35,000 to a college the other day."

"To make thirty-five-thousand-dollar presents requires quite a little income."

"Yes; but he got $100,000 from a big power company up north recently."

"It does not take long to use up $100,000 in making thirty-five-thousand-dollar presents," added Mr. Armstrong.

"Well, you know, Mr. Brackett has been a Senator for five years," innocently responded the old servitor.

* * *

129. Major Frederick H. E. Ebstein, the new Second Deputy Commissioner of Police, possesses at least one ac-

complishment which promises to make him popular with his associates in the department in Brooklyn. It is that of story telling. The Major has a great fund of tales of life in the army, and tells them in a dry, easy way, which lends them a peculiar charm. He was talking a day or two ago of the experiences of the American soldiers when they landed on the coast of Cuba preparatory to operating against Santiago. The landing place was overrun with giant land crabs, which bothered the soldiers a great deal. One night a Captain in Major Ebstein's regiment—the Twenty-first Infantry—was lying on the ground in his tent reading by the light of a candle he had stuck into the sand. He was suddenly disturbed by a peculiar noise, and looking around, saw one of the giant crabs crawling over the sand toward the candle. Reaching the candle, the awkwardly gaited crustacean coolly stretched out a big claw, snapped it about the prize, and to the great amazement of the watching officer, crawled slowly away with it to a corner of the tent.

Major Ebstein paused at this point in the story, took a long pull at his cigar, and reflectively blew smoke rings into the air.

"Well, what happened then?" asked a listener.

"Oh," responded the Major, slowly, coming out of his reverie; "the crab settled down comfortably on its hind legs, blew out the light, and leisurely proceeded to eat the candle."

* * *

130. Now that the victims of a recent automobile accident are sufficiently recovered to deny the truth, all of the truth about them is coming out.

The matter was far more serious to Mr. Gerry than was at first supposed. When he lay unconscious, one of the ladies, who had come from the Meadow Brook Hunt Club, leaned over Mr. Gerry and tenderly wiped his face with her handkerchief. Presently the doctor said:

"He is regaining consciousness."

The lady started to move.

"No! No!" said Gerry, weakly. "It's only for a minute. I'm going off again, I assure you. Don't go."

131. At a dinner on the yacht of a prominent member of New York society, an Englishman, who was present on Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht when he was entertaining King Edward, was discussing the accident which on that occasion seriously threatened the lives of all on board.

"People little know," he said, "how nearly England came to losing her King. It would have been impossible had it come to the worst to have saved all, and if it had become necessary to make a choice, whom should we have saved, the ladies of the party or the King?"

All were silent pondering the ethics and morals of the question. No one ventured to offer a solution of the difficulty. The continued silence became embarrassing, when a young American woman relieved the situation by proposing:

"Why not let God save the King?"

* * *

132. Charles S. Drummond, of the Electric Traction Company, arrived from London recently, and started for British Columbia. On the way he met with a railroad accident. As usual, the serious situation was not without its comedy. As the car in which Mr. Drummond was sleeping keeled over and rested upon its side, and Mr. Drummond was clinging to the edge of his berth, he heard a feminine voice from out of the depths of the opposite berth—which was now below him, say:

"Please, Mr. Drummond, won't you take off mother? She is dreadfully heavy."

* * *

133. Among the Robert Fulton relics on exhibition last month in the rooms of the Society of Mechanical Engineers was a finely done miniature of the great inventor, painted by a French artist in 1797, during Fulton's professional sojourn in France. Reposing near this miniature was a two-dollar bill of the series bearing the portraits of Fulton and S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. These articles were loaned to the society by the widow of the late Robert Fulton Blight, grandson of the inventor of the steamboat and famous throughout clubland as a bon vivant and wit.

When the Government concluded to adorn the new issue of two-dollar bills with the portraits of the country's two greatest inventors, Robert Fulton Blight was asked for the loan of a miniature of his grandfather from which to make the die. He complied, and in reply to the thanks of the Government, wrote:

"I am more than glad that my grandfather is to be placed on the two-dollar bill. I will now see the old gentleman's face oftener than if he were placed on a twenty."

Mr. Blight was presented with the first new bill struck from the die.

* * *

134. Clinton Zimmerman has just returned from a visit to Ohio, and on his journey out there, he went into a little railway station to have dinner. At the end of his order he said:

"Bring me a demi-tasse, also."

The waiter stared. "What's that?" he asked.

"A small cup of coffee," Mr. Zimmerman exclaimed. "A small cup of black coffee—see that it's good coffee, please—demi-tasse means half a cup."

"Aw, g'wan," said the waiter. "I ain't a-goin' to bring you no half cup. We don't sell nothin' less than five cents here."

* * *

135. Irving Bacheller, the author, speaking recently of the surprising manner in which the faculty of attaching faces and names occasionally manifests itself, recited an interesting experience of his own.

"I was going down the street a few days ago," he said, "when I came face to face with a gentleman who showed no sign of recognizing me.

"'Good morning, Mr. Murray,' I said, stopping him; 'you don't seem to remember me?'

"'No,' he replied, 'I don't recall ever having seen you before.'

"'Well, I will tell you where we saw each other. It was one morning nineteen years ago, in Middlebury, Vt., at the little hotel where, having become stranded on my

way down from the North, I had taken a job to 'tend the billiard room. I remember you were so good as to give me a cigar on that occasion, and I now take great pleasure in returning the compliment,' and therewith I handed him a cigar."

* * *

136. General W. D. Synman, head of the Boer delegation in this country, was "reminiscing" the other night with several other veterans of the South African war, and finally the conversation turned on the question of being scared in battle.

"I was never frightened but once," remarked one of those present, "and that was before the beginning of the first fight I was in; but after the first volley had been fired I was all right; that seemed to break the ice."

"Well, I don't know how it may be with others," said the General, who stands over six feet, and is proportionately broad-shouldered, "but I could never seem to get used to it; I was just as badly frightened in my last battle as I was in my first; and what is more, when I looked around at the faces of my comrades, I found they were just as white as I knew mine was. With me the ice refused to break."

* * *

137. During the heat of the recent controversy between Controller Edward M. Grout and Hugh McLaughlin over the methods of certain of the local Democratic leaders, Mr. McLaughlin was one of a group in the Willoughby Street auction room discussing the trouble. The aged leader expressed himself as to the things said by Mr. Grout, and then put on his overcoat preparatory to going home.

"We may differ greatly as to some things political," he said, picking up his cane, and starting for the door, "but I will say this much for Edward M. Grout—he certainly was the best Borough President Brooklyn ever had."

The others looked at each other in surprise at this, and Mr. McLaughlin had gotten half way down the steps before it dawned upon them that Mr. Grout, up to that time, had been Brooklyn's only President.

138. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of St. Nicholas, has amused and instructed more than one generation of girls and boys, not only by the magazine, but by her own books and stories, and from time to time proof comes to her of the tenacity with which youthful impressions persist even after youth has passed away. Mrs. Dodge, however, has also from time to time assisted struggling lads in a more tangible manner by obtaining positions for them, or even by loans of money, and she occasionally finds it difficult to know on the instant to which class the well-dressed man belongs, who has just been presented to her, and who proceeds to acknowledge his indebtedness to her.

"I am very happy to have this opportunity of meeting you, Mrs. Dodge," remarked a gentleman recently on being presented to me," said Mrs. Dodge, in speaking of the matter. "You know, I am one of your boys."

"I kept closely watching him," said the author, "and was wondering what I had done for him, whether I had ever got a position as office boy for him, but, of course, one can't very well ask a gentleman whom one has just met such a question. However, in the end I found out that he had simply meant that he had read my books as a boy, and that they had been of influence in molding his character."

* * *

139. A young lawyer from the South appearing before Justice Blanchard in the Supreme Court on a motion a few days ago became entangled in complications of his own creation and was floundering along in a hopeless attempt to extricate himself, when the Justice, who never misses an opportunity to assist a tyro in difficulties, interrupted:

"If the learned counsel will go back and repeat a little of what he said I will be better able to pick up the thread of his argument."

"I noticed you couldn't," rapidly stammered the young attorney. "It is a very complicated point of law, but if Your Honor will give me your close attention I will en-

deavor to make it so clear that even Your Honor can understand it."

* * *

140. One of the city's Mrs. Malaprops recently invited several friends to meet a certain Mr. Howells. One of her prospective guests asked whether he was to have the pleasure of meeting the famous Mr. Howells.

"Oh, no indeed," said the hostess. "This isn't the Howells who writes. In fact, I think he has never done anything at all. He's quite infamous."

* * *

141. A surprising thing happened on New Year's Day. A newsboy was found, or, rather, found himself, who did not know Richard Croker by sight. The ruler of Tammany Hall was walking alone down Madison Avenue at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with long overcoat and silk hat, and busied, doubtless, with cheerful thoughts befitting the occasion, when the boy in question appeared.

"Paper, sir? paper?" he cried, advancing toward Mr. Croker; "extra! all about the change in the city's government. Tammany out of power and the Reformers in! Paper, sir?"

"No, no!" said the owner of Wantage, impatiently waving him aside. "I don't want it; go 'way!"

"All about the downfall of Richard Croker, sir," persisted the youth; but the sharpness of the look from the gentleman with the silk hat and the long overcoat brought him to sudden and final silence.

* * *

142. A story has arrived from Paris about the President of the French Republic, who has recently visited the Czar of all the Russias. Emile Loubet, in the tale in question, divides honors with a young officer of the Élysée, who chanced to be one of those about the luncheon table of the President one day not long ago.

Turning suddenly to the younger man, Loubet had asked: "You know the people. Am I popular?" And almost breathless from surprise, the other had answered; "I do not think so, Monsieur le President."

There was a moment of embarrassed silence around the board, which was broken by the host's asking pleasantly:

"You have, of course, good reason for that unwelcome opinion; can I not share it?"

"Monsieur le President," went on the officer, who had got hold of himself a little by this time, "my father told me once that he realized M. Thiers's popularity only when he saw his portrait in gingerbread in all the booths at the fair in the Place de Throne. I have not yet seen your picture in that guise, Sir."

And as the laughter broke forth President Loubet is reported to have said:

"Thank you. I had not thought of that."

* * *

143. Americans have not the reputation of Europeans for gallant speeches, yet there are many occasions when they earn the envy of the people who are more given to saying pretty things. At a recent private dinner at which Seth Low and his wife were guests, one of the diners said to the new Mayor:

"You must be proud to be the husband of the first lady in New York."

"I am proud," said the Mayor, gallantly, as he glanced tenderly at his wife, "to be the husband of Mrs. Low."

On a similar occasion recently the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James paid a graceful compliment to his wife.

It was at an informal dinner, at which the guests were intimate friends. Some one proposed that each in turn should answer the question:

"If you were dead and could come back to this world in another body, who would you prefer to come as?"

When it came to Mr. Choate's turn, he said: "I would prefer to come as Mrs. Choate's second husband."

* * *

144. One incident of the late Senator William J. Sewell's public career has not been rightly understood," said an officer of the New Jersey National Guard at the Union League Club.

"Although some unpleasant comments were made because he sought, obtained, and then declined an appointment as Brigadier General, Senator Sewell would never permit his intimates to give the public the explanation of his action.

The Senator was really eager to round out his life by active military service such as he rendered during the civil war, and it was understood that he would be sent to the front. But after his appointment as a Brigadier had been announced the President sent for him.

" 'You will have to decline the commission,' said President McKinley, explaining that the exigencies of the situation in the Senate made his vote and influence in that body necessary to the administration.

" 'I have set my heart on taking to the saddle once again,' said the Senator, 'and New Jersey will send you one whom you can depend upon to take my place in the Senate.'

" 'But a new man cannot fill your place on the Military Affairs Committee,' said the President.

"General Sewell was reluctant to relinquish his ambition, but the President, in his gently compelling tone, ended the interview with: 'Your Commander in Chief needs you where you are.'

"Senator Sewell went to his hotel and wrote his refusal of the commission he so much coveted. It was not until months afterward that he explained to his intimates that in so doing he was merely obeying orders as a soldier.' "

* * *

145. An interviewer tried to get some material from Richard Mansfield the other day.

"You have had a long and remarkable experience, Mr. Mansfield," he said, "can't you 'reminisce' a little, and give me a few anecdotes?"

"Yes, I have had some experiences," admitted the distinguished actor, "but I hope that I have not yet reached my anecdotage."

* * *

146. Governor Shaw, of Iowa, the recently appointed

Secretary of the Treasury, tells this story of a personal experience while trying a case in an Iowa court. A boy about fourteen years old had been put on the stand, and the opposing counsel was examining him. After the usual preliminary questions as to the witness's age, residence, and the like, he then proceeded:

"Have you any occupation?"

"No."

"Don't you do any work of any kind?"

"No."

"Just loaf about home?"

"That's about all."

"What does your father do?"

"Nothin' much."

"Doesn't he do anything to support the family?"

"He does odd jobs once in a while, when he can get them."

"As a matter of fact, isn't your father a pretty worthless fellow, a dead beat and a loafer?"

"I don't know, sir; you'd better ask him. He's sittin' over there on the jury."

* * *

147. Peter "Dooley" Dunne was in an uptown restaurant when a very young man in the party insisted on telling stories, any one of which was old enough to vote. After the party had listened for a long time to these hoary anecdotes, Peter turned to an acquaintance and said:

"Is it not strange that one so very young should tell stories so very old?"

* * *

148. Said John C. Fisher, editor of the Cairo (Ill.) Citizen: "I cannot read the stories of Russell Sage which appear in the newspapers without feeling that that gentleman is misjudged, and that his eccentricities are magnified, and for this reason:

"Away back in the early seventies, perhaps a few years before, a young man was appointed Surveyor of Customs for the port of Cairo. At that time a great many steel rails were imported, and they were brought up to that point from New Orleans by river, although the

duty on them was paid at the St. Louis office. This young Government officer felt that he was entitled to the commission upon the duty collected upon these rails. Some of the shipments were consigned to Russell Sage, so he wrote Mr. Sage a letter explaining the situation, stating that he was a young man with a family, etc. No answer ever came, but the next shipment of rails which came paid duty at the port of Cairo. That Government officer was my father, George Fisher, now dead. This incident, to my mind, makes me believe that Mr. Sage has a sympathetic nature which, many would have it, has never been discovered."

* * *

149. A newspaper man who desired to interview the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour was, by a servant's error, shown into Mr. Balfour's study while another visitor was with him. With a foolish want of tact, the reporter tried to induce the leader of the House of Commons to talk while this third person was still in the room.

"Will you," replied Mr. Balfour to a query of the newspaper man, in his sweetest, gentlest manner, "be so kind as to go outside the door and close it?"

* * *

150. Edward Corrigan, the Western turfman, has learned by experience when it is advisable to "scratch." He recently invited the two Waldo boys, who act as his jockeys, to join him at a dinner at the Hoffman House. The younger lad concluded to do his own ordering, which included oysters, soup, and a mallard duck, the cost of the bird being $3.50. The item caught Mr. Corrigan's eye and he ran a pencil through the fowl order and remarked:

"We won't start Mallard to-day, my boy. I'll just scratch him."

And Johnnie didn't get his duck.

* * *

151. When President Roosevelt was considering what he should do in reference to the Federal appointments

in the city of St. Louis one of Congressman Joy's constituents who wished to pick the winner in the rivalry wrote to the Congressman in a non-committal vein. This not proving satisfactory to Mr. Joy, he asked that he be addressed another letter. His constituent then wrote with much frankness, admitting his position in these words:

"I am standing on the spot directly between two bandwagons. I have my hand on the tailboard of each, and I am ready to swing into the one that pulls off with the spoils."

The surprising candor of his constituent so pleased Mr. Joy that he answered the letter with the suggestion: "Look well at your feet, to see that you do not slip on the thin ice beneath them and miss both bandwagons."

* * *

152. Ex-Attorney General Simon W. Rosendale and Rufus W. Peckham, Justice of the United States Supreme Court, were former law partners. Recently Judge Peckham was visiting his old home in Albany, and naturally dropped into the familiar old law office. He and his former law partner joked, as usual. Then Mr. Rosendale assumed a serious air, and said:

"Do you know, Rufe, I am in favor of the passage of a law doing away with the Saturday half holiday?"

"What has gotten such an absurd idea into your head?"

"Because the Saturday half holiday is in violation of the Ten Commandments—'six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work'—and the Commandments antedate even the Constitution, to say nothing of the half holiday law."

* * *

153. The Rev. Dr. Burgess, of Brooklyn, the newly elected Bishop of the Diocese of Long Island, can both enjoy a good joke and tell a good story. At a meeting of the Clerical League last week he told to the "brethren" this tale of a reporter from a daily paper who was unduly eager for a "beat."

It may be remembered that the convention at which a

Bishop was elected was a stormy one, and that Dr. Burgess was, in common parlance, a "dark horse." The voting began at 2 P. M., ten ballots were cast, seventeen names were voted on, and adjournment was not reached until 1.20 the next morning, when Dr. Burgess, whose name was not presented until after midnight, and on the night ballot, was elected Bishop. It was thus 3 o'clock before the special train bearing the delegates reached town, and 4 o'clock when Dr. Burgess got to bed—himself the most surprised man of the lot.

Ten minutes later—that is, less than three hours after this election—the night doorbell of the Grace Court rectory began to ring, and when a night-robed form leaned from the second-story window a voice below sent up the absurd query: "Will you outline your policy as Bishop?"

The doctor, in that mild manner which is his own, explained how it would be impossible just yet to say as to his policy, and ended by asking, "Why, do you know what time it is?"

But the reporter, eager for an "interview," was ready with another question, and called up, "How old are you?"

The two questions must have been spoken at the same instant, for when the answers came they also came together, meeting in mid-air. The phrase resulting was of such a nature as to shock the sacred stillness of the sleeping heights, for the conjoint answer—the time, 4.11, and the Bishop's age, 44—framed the historic "policy" numbers, "4, 11, 44."

* * *

154. In the office of Theodore Burt Sayre, at the Empire Theatre, an original aphorism is pasted on the wall. Thus:

"If you don't want what you can't have, you will always have what you want."

A caller suggested that the saying smacked of cynicism. "Not at all," returned Mr. Sayre. "Reverse it and you will have the certain philosophy of the contented man."

Reversed according to the hint, the words read: "If you have what you want, you don't want what you can't have."

The caller made another objection. "Should you have what you don't want, can you have what you do?"

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Sayre. "But if you don't want what you don't want, you can have what you can have."

The caller was much interested. "Suppose you don't have what you can't want," he began, but the playreader interrupted:

"You are 'gagging' the part," he frowned, "and that is not allowed."

* * *

155. While in Chicago Clinton Fiske had guests at luncheon in one of the most popular restaurants of the city. Mr. Fiske's order included potatoes Parisiennes.

"What's that you said?" asked the waiter.

"Potatoes Parisiennes," repeated Mr. Fiske.

The waiter looked puzzled. "Say, boss," said he, confidentially, "do you want them potatoes boiled or fried?"

* * *

156. H. H. Kohlsaat, the baker, of Chicago, who is also in the newspaper business and a few other things, is a Trustee of Chicago University. Some one the other day wondered what his connection with the university was.

"Custos Rotolorum—Keeper of the Rolls," was the reply.

"Oh," said the first man, "I thought he sold them."

* * *

157. Dr. Parkhurst was on his way to the Astor Library. Turning into Lafayette Place, he was stopped by a seedy young man, who was gloomily gazing at a rough board sign. He hailed Mr. Parkhurst, speaking with a pronounced foreign accent:

"Please, vill you be so good?"—pointing to the sign. "Vat says it?"

"It says that operators are wanted on fine pants up stairs," said Dr. Parkhurst. "Are you out of work, my dear man? Too bad." Without waiting for a reply

Dr. Parkhurst pressed some coin into the man's hand and hurried on.

The point of this story involves the conduct of the young man, who gazed at the money with a wide, astonished grin of joy. Plainly he had asked his question in perfect good faith; but having thus stumbled upon an unexpected Pactolus, he was little inclined to leave its golden shores. He stood before that sign for the rest of the day, and stopped every passerby with the same timorous inquiry—and with uniform success. His face beamed and his eyes shone; verily, America was a land flowing with milk and honey.

At length Dr. Parkhurst was coming away from the library. The young man, who did not at first recognize him, queried plaintively: "Please, sir, will you be so g——"

Mr. Parkhurst interrupted sharply: "I told you this morning what that sign says!"

Only for the moment the impostor was abashed. Then he drew himself up. "Vat do you know about id?" he demanded, with the insolence of riches. "You can't read yet, you four-eyed fake!"

And with a contemptuous swagger he strode away.

* * *

158. At the Tilden Club Thursday night Frank H. Brooks was among those who walked up to shake hands with ex-President Grover Cleveland.

"Mr. Cleveland," said Mr. Brooks, "I am very glad to see you. I owe to you the only political honor I have had in my life."

"How was that?" asked Mr. Cleveland.

"You appointed me Consul to Trieste."

"Ah, indeed! How did you like Trieste?"

"I didn't go there. You afterward changed the appointment to Consul General to St. Petersburg, the salary of the Trieste Consulship not being such as I could accept."

"Well, how did you like St. Petersburg?"

"I didn't go there, either. Family reasons compelled me to decline that appointment also."

"Shake hands again," said the ex-President. "I have had some honor in my time, but never before, to my knowledge, have I had the distinguished honor of shaking hands with a Democrat who refused two offices."

* * *

159. Robert Mackay, the poet-editor encountered a bard of his acquaintance on Broadway just emerging from a mineral water shop, yet obviously in a state which only more or less recent alcoholic stimulation could account for.

"Hello, old fel'," hailed the Bacchanalian, "come along and have a glash of vichy with me. It'sh great, this—hic—mineral water! I drink noshing else."

"Well, that is singular," mused the editor. "Then you must be water-tight."

* * *

160. J. M. Roseberry Long, a young member of the New York bar, was visited the other day by a would-be client, who laid before him a complex problemn which he desired to have incorporated in a suit for $100,000 damages. The visitor was an elderly man, past sixty, of rubicund countenance and enormous girth. He drew from his pocket a small leather-covered notebook, refreshed his memory, and said:

"Five years ago I bought a small farm of 1,000 acres down in Texas and started to raise chickens. I bought the farm on a mortgage from a man who owned the adjoining farm. He also raised chickens. I bought a setting of prize Brahmas—12 eggs, at $1 apiece. Out of the setting were hatched two hens and one rooster, very valuable birds. When half grown they strayed to the farm of my neighbor. When I went to call for them he claimed that they were his, and refused to give them up. I have evidence that in the course of one year those two prize Brahma hens laid 350 eggs, the market price of which had risen to $2, making a profit on those two hens of $750. The rooster was exhibited at a county fair and took a $250 prize, making a profit of $1,000 on the three birds. The mortgage on my farm came due. I was $1,000 short and could borrow no money. The

mortgage was foreclosed, and I had to get out. In the following year oil was struck on that farm, and before the oil gave out $99,000 worth was taken out. My contention is that through the conversion of the three prize Brahma fowls I was defrauded of $100,000. That's as clear as daylight, isn't it?"

Mr. Long told his would-be client that before going any further in the matter he desired to consult the authorities. He is still consulting.

* * *

161. The author of that vaudeville top-liner classic known to an admiring matinée world as "Skinny's Finish," is a versatile young man named Taggart, who is also a writer of popular songs. From his facile pen flowed that well known lyric, "The Moth and the Flame," the theme being taken from Clyde Fitch's emotional play of the same title. In the course of a recent "shop talk" at the American Dramatists' Club, Mr. Taggart was telling of the arduous practice it had cost him before he could write badly enough to strike the music publishers' fancy, and he mentioned "The Moth and the Flame" as the lowest depth he had sunk to—and the most successful.

"How did you ever get Effie Shannon's permission to dedicate the song to her?" asked a fellow dramatist.

"Why, by not allowing her to see the words," was the frank reply.

* * *

162. Marion Crawford was at the Astor Library one day in search of certain preparatory material for a novel, and was in the heat of a careful explanation with one of the librarians, when their confab was suddenly interrupted by a dashing young woman. With feminine circumlocution, she informed the attendant that she was writing a romance of ancient Egyptian life, and wanted to know where she could find some data about Rameses II.

"Look up drawer 'R,'" replied the librarian.

"Oh!"—with an eloquent gesture of fatigue—"it is

so much trouble for a stranger. Would you"—coaxingly—"assist me, please?"

The librarian looked at Mr. Crawford, in whose eyes there was a merry twinkle; then he walked with the lady over to the drawer and made out a list of volumes referring to the old mummy. The young woman thanked him profusely.

"And do you know who I am?' she concluded.

The librarian confessed his ignorance.

"Well"—breathlessly—"I am Miss Smith, author of 'Sam Jones's Niece's Husband."

"Is that so?" replied the librarian. "By the way, do you know who the gentleman I was talking to when you interrupted us is?"

"No"—with languid interest—"perhaps some rich gentleman with a taste for books, but no knowledge of them."

The librarian could not repress a smile.

"Oh, no," he replied, "that's only Mr. Marion Crawford, the author of 'Mr. Isaacs' and a score of other novels."

* * *

163. Edwin Markham, the poet, dwells on Staten Island near the outskirts of that arid tract known as Prohibition Park. The great brewery belt closely adjoins, however, and as the same trolley line traverses both sections, any given car going that way is likely to carry passengers of widely divergent opinions regarding the theory and practice of "temperance." The first time he went home on one of these cars, the author of "The Man With the Hoe," was accosted by a gross person who looked stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox, as it were:

"This car to Brohibition Bark goes, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the poet, politely. "But Prohibition Park is some distance further on. We are just now passing the Four Corners, I believe—yonder is the big brewery. You pass that, and keep right on——"

But the stolid passenger had gone down with a great shout, and left a lonesome space against the sky—not without first muttering:

"Dot's it! Dot's Fier Gorners. I gehen no furder past—I gots me oudt for Eckstein's Brauerei."

164. Edwin Gould, the new President of the Seventh National bank, is having some amusing experiences through his violation of the traditions of his family. While his brothers can only be seen by appointment or by diplomatic negotiations with their secretaries, the new bank president sits at a desk separated only by a brass railing from the public part of the bank, and is thus easily accessible to all who enter the place. Mr. Gould was going through the mail that his secretary had placed before him the other morning, when a man who affected an air of importance entered the bank, and going over to Mr. Gould's desk, said:

"Please tell Mr. Gould that Mr. —— wants to see him."

Mr. Gould, somewhat taken by surprise, looked up and did not answer immediately.

"I say, I want to see Mr. Gould," snapped the visitor, impatiently.

"He will be at leisure in a few moments," said Mr. Gould, quietly, repressing a smile.

"Tell him that Mr. ——, president of the —— Manufacturing Company is here," commanded the stranger, after waiting a moment.

"Very well," said Mr. Gould, going rapidly through the pile of letters.

"See here, young man," said the visitor, raising his voice, "my time is precious, and I want you to take my message to Mr. Gould without delay."

"I am Mr. Gould; what can I do for you?" said the bank president, quietly, as having disposed of the last of his correspondence he swung around in his chair, his face not betraying his keen enjoyment of the collapse of the man who had come to negotiate a loan for his company.

* * *

165. Try as he may to curb it a sort of fellow feeling for an unfortunate will crop out in Broker Melville P. Hall. He was clambering up the Cortlandt Street station the other day, when he met an unfortunate trying half-heartedly to force his way through the up-surging crowd. An indescribable something made the broker stop and

speak to the man, who had an air of "having seen better days" about him. A moment's conversation revealed the fact that the man had been ejected from the station for trying to get a ride uptown without the necessary ticket. Mr. Hall gave the bit of human driftwood a ticket, accepted his thanks, and the pair were lost in the crowd.

Circumstances threw the pair of chance acquaintances together in the rush for seats. Then Mr. Hall learned from his derelict friend that he had been employed by a Western firm, with which Mr. Hall was well acquainted, until he had saved $5,000. This he invested in a hardware business in Alabama, only to fail and lose all.

"I tried to cheer him up," says Mr. Hall, "told him not to be discouraged, and wound up by saying: 'Brace up, old chap, you know "it's a long lane that has no turning."' He looked at me, and half smiling at my words of encouragement, said:

"'Thank you, stranger; thank you; that's a good old saying; but you see the trouble with me is that I seem to have left the lane, and reached the boundless pra-ra-rie!'"

* * *

166. Andrew Carnegie, on returning from his estate in Scotland, told the following story of a conversation between two of his gillies:

It was a cold wintry day and the blustering wind was making hard work of it for a Scot who was toiling up the hillside, when he met a friend attired in the national costume. Feeling the keen bite of the wind, he shouted:

"Hoot! Sandy, been't ye cauld wi' th' kilts?"

"Na, na, mon, but I'm kilt wi' th' cauld."

* * *

167. That gentleman who is one of the most talked of literary celebrities in town is no less celebrated for the game of tag he has made the public play with his name. At first the surname took on a hyphenated prefix, and his friends had to learn to say the whole mouthful in addressing him. Then he suddenly dropped the surname and kept the prefix. He explains that all these

steps were necessary in order that he might get back to an only-original name which some ancestor had to hide in the ancient wars. So old friends now have to use three thinks before they accost him.

The other evening at a dinner this author's charming wife said to Oliver Herford after a joyous chat with the humorist:

"I really don't think you remember me."

"Yes," said Herford; "your face is familiar, but your name often gets away from me."

* * *

168. Ex-Judge Horace Russell at a recent dinner told a story about a one-time client of Ambassador Choate. The opposing lawyer made a remark about the length which Mr. Choate's client seemed to be willing to go in his testimony.

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Choate, "it is beginning to look as if my client had sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and a blanked sight more."

* * *

169. Col. William Greene Sterett of Texas, Washington, and the world in general used to sit in a poker game in his native State, where it is related the passions of the players were frequently expressed by violent means. Casualties in Texas poker games were not uncommon in those days. The enemies of Col. Sterett relate with glee that on one occasion, just as the morning sun was reddening the horizon, the warrior emerged from the game and into the street with a haggard and harried look. A friend, or perhaps an enemy, meeting him at this crisis, clapped him on the back and said jovially:

"Well, Col. Bill, how much did you lose?"

"Not very much," replied Col. Bill wearily. "Eight dollars and an uncle."

* * *

170. C. E. Knoblauch, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and who was one of the Roosevelt

Rough Riders in the Cuban campaign, is one of the wits of the Exchange.

During the break in American Sugar Trust stock a short time ago the issue had dropped over a dozen points in two days and the professionals in Wall Street and on the floor of the Exchange had been badly hit. While the excitement around the trading post was at its height, and when everybody was feeling bluest, Knoblauch, a dark lantern in hand, put in an appearance, and with much ado elbowed his way through the excited crowd, endeavoring at the same time to clear a space for himself.

"Wait a minute, boys," he said, "wait a minute."

The worried brokers momentarily suspended their operations.

Then Knoblauch very gravely dropped to his knees on the floor, and with the aid of the lantern proceeded to grope about. The brokers, mystified, looked on for a short while, until one of their number, more impatient than the others, demanded to know "what the dickens are you doing, Knoblauch?"

"Oh, nothing much," was the serene answer. "I am simply looking around for $3,000 one of my friends lost in Sugar. But"—and here the prostrate broker heaved a sigh—"it doesn't seem to be here."

And before the other brokers could realize that they had been the victims of a practical joke Knoblauch had disappeared.

* * *

171. Gov. Odell and Capt. "Joe" Dickey, who are real brothers in affection, have played the game of politics together for so many years that each can anticipate the moves of the other. Before the last election in Newburg, where both live, there suddenly sprang into existence a "citizens' party," which proclaimed that it was going to "smash the Odell ring" in the town.

"I don't know anything about it," said Gov. Odell when asked about Newburg's new political party, "but," he added with a wink, "I would not be surprised if Capt. 'Joe' was organizing the enemy."

He was right. Capt. "Joe" had organized the enemy,

and so effective was his work that on election day the enemies of Odell were in two camps—the Democratic and the Citizens—and the Republicans had a walkover.

* * *

172. Nat Goodwin, the actor, has a remarkable memory for faces and has frequently boasted among his friends that once he has seen a man and talked with him, even for a few minutes, he never forgets that man's face. This highly developed faculty was put to a triumphant test the other evening soon after the return of the actor from his European trip.

He was seated with a party of friends in a Broadway café, when his attention became riveted upon a well-dressed man sitting at a table a short distance away.

"There's a man whose face is as familiar to me as though I had seen him but yesterday," remarked the comedian to his friends, "but for the life of me I cannot place him in my memory."

None of the party remembered ever having seen the stranger before, and Mr. Goodwin, after worrying over the thing and cudgelling his brain for a time, could stand the suspense no longer and went over to the stranger.

"Pardon me, sir," said the actor in his most polite tones, "but I feel as if I knew you well. So stupid of me in forgetting your name. I am Mr. Goodwin—'Nat' Goodwin—and I trust your memory is better than mine and that you can recall where we have met."

"Certainly, Mr. Goodwin," replied the stranger with a profound bow. "I have the first chair at ——'s shop up here on Broadway. I shaved you yesterday."

"Ah, so you did; so you did," replied the comedian in far away tones. "I am glad to meet you again."

Then Mr. Goodwin went back to his party and called for "something all around."

* * *

173. Receiving an unexpected call from an out-of-town friend whom he wished to entertain for the evening, and wanting to save the time that it would take him

to go home and dress, Col. "Bill" Crerand called his house up on the 'phone. He was answered by a new servant girl, one just over from Ireland.

"Send my dress suit case and hat box down to the Republican Club," he said, "and tell Mrs. Crerand when she comes in that I am going to dine out."

"All right, sir," replied the servant.

Col. Crerand found his dress suit case and his hat box at the club all right, but they were empty.

* * *

174. W. J. Arkell complains that most really funny things happen outside of the comic papers and don't get rounded up and brought in. One morning he was at the telephone in his office, apparently having trouble of his own trying to communicate with somebody.

"What? Speak up! Can't understand a word! Say, give me that all over again, please!"

Then he turned to those about him and said:

"I'll bet the wires are crossed again. This telephone service is getting worse and worse."

Another fruitless effort, and then a sudden light broke in upon him:

"Well, that's the limit! Do you know what's the matter with the wire? The fellow at the other end that's trying to talk to me stutters!"

* * *

175. In the dark and smoke filled depths of the Park Avenue tunnel, while accompanying the Coroner's jury on its tour of inspection of the New York Central's tunnel, State Railroad Commissioner Baker told this story. Some one had asked the time, and the reply was "ten minutes to twelve."

"That reminds me," remarked Col. Baker, nimbly sidestepping to let the Southwestern Limited rush past, "of the Western railroad man who tried to get a free ride on an Erie train. The Westerner, when asked for his fare, had no pass or credentials to show, but produced his switch key.

"This was almost enough for the Erie conductor, and

he was turning away when a sudden thought struck him. Turning to the Westerner he asked: 'What time is it?'

"The Westerner pulled out his watch and replied: 'Ten minutes to twelve.'

"'Aha,' said the conductor, 'pay your fare, you fakir. You're no railroad man. It's eleven fifty.'"

* * *

176. One evening not long since, at a banquet at a prominent club there were present three men—very young indeed—who were "feeling" their dress suits in much the same way that a bantam rooster is supposed to feel his first pair of spurs. They concocted a scheme by which to entrap the Lion of the evening—Senator Chauncey M. Depew—seat him in a corner, and, by surrounding him, to put themselves on exhibition. The Senator acquiesced willingly, and at once began to delight the hearts of the young would-be Lotharios by telling them in quick succession four stories. Over three of these they went into convulsions, but the fourth failed to produce the desired result.

Two hours later, when the speaker of the evening rose to the occasion, he told three good stories to the company, making a decided hit with each, but omitted the other, which, until he tried it on the boys, he had intended to tell also. After each of the three stories he might have been seen to glance benignly toward the three crestfallen youths, who after each story became a little more shamefaced.

Ever since that evening there is one phrase which no one of those three youngsters likes to hear. It is: "Trying it on the dog."

* * *

177. The "bulls" of Congressmen never appear in the Congressional Record. The wildest freaks are toned down into correct and glowing rhetoric before they get into print, and so the country loses some of the most interesting things said by its representatives. Yet some of Col. Hepburn's remarks about the Nicaragua Canal bill deserve a better fate. Thus he declared that there

was "a trend in the air" in favor of the Nicaragua route. Wouldn't a trend that got into the air be apt to collide with Sir Boyle Roche's rat?

In the same debate Col. Hepburn spoke of "the wafting of the sailing vessels that desire to cross the continent." An unappreciative listener suggested that Col. Hepburn had "prairie schooners" in mind.

* * *

178. "I read everything that Richard Harding Davis writes," declared Francis Wilson. "And I like it, too. But I must tell a story on him and abide the consequences. It happened while the author was still fighting for a foothold in the literary world. He had been invited to a luncheon and sat next to Maurice Barrymore. The conversation turned on the necessary qualifications for greatness in literature. At length young Davis cut in:

"'Pshaw,' he remarked; 'all one needs to be a great writer is just plain, common sense.'

"Barrymore assumed a look of sympathy. 'Why do you struggle?' he queried softly."

* * *

179. Ambassador Joseph H. Choate is known among newspaper men as one of the most difficult of men to interview satisfactorily. A veteran in the business told Mr. Choate the other night of his first assignment as an interviewer, which was with the present English Ambassador.

"I was but a 'cub' at the time, and was delighted with my assignment to see you. On the way to your home I had thought out a number of profound and important subjects on which to make you talk, and was quite confident of my ability not only to impress, but to positively awe, you with my precocious knowledge upon the great questions of the day. You opened the door yourself, I remember, and when I disclosed my identity and purpose you received me graciously and directed me to your study. For nearly an hour I talked with you, and, though I managed to ask my questions, I did

not realize until later in the evening that those carefully-thought-out questions had gone unanswered. With great enthusiasm I rushed back to the office. The old night editor listened to me attentively, while he puffed his long pipe, and when I was finished said:

"'I thought you were sent to interview Choate?'

"'I was,' I replied.

"'Well, you young fool, can't you see that Choate has interviewed you instead?"

"And Mr. Choate smiled and said: 'Tush, tush, my friend, you do me too great an honor.'"

* * *

180. A German summoned for jury duty before Justice Blanchard in the Supreme Court the other day, asked to be excused.

"Why do you wish to be excused?" asked the court.

"Vell, Your Honor," replied the man, "I dond konw goot English ven I hear it."

"I guess you will do," said Justice Blanchard with a twinkle in his eye; "you won't hear much good English here anyhow."

* * *

181. "We may freely accord Russell Sage the distinction of being one of the most unpretentious of our great men," said Mr. J. Edward Simmons. "Nevertheless I once saw him in Nassau Street with just the suspicion of a swagger. As he came out of his office building an irrepressible street urchin ran along the curb, howling to a comrade:

"'Hi, Dinny, your Uncle Russ is wearin' a new hat!'

"Mr. Sage straightened up perceptibly—no doubt with secret pride."

* * *

182. The child was four years old, logical, persistent, and curious. The mother endeavored, in all possible conscientiousness, never to depart from any statement once made the child as fact. One afternoon this conversation occurred:

"Mother, where is your grandmother?"

"In heaven, dear."

"Oh!"

Silence and apparent absorption in toys for a full hour. Then:

"Mother, didn't I come from heaven?"

"Of course."

"Well, mother, it's awfully funny that I doesn't remember meeting your grandmother there!"

* * *

183. Ex-Congressman John S. Wise of Virginia, now of this city, is a warm personal friend of President Roosevelt. Being in Washington a few days ago he visited the White House and was promptly accorded an interview. In the course of the conversation the President is said to have suddenly remarked:

"Now, John, you are a very observing man and know pretty near what is going on. Tell we what the people seem to think of my Administration?"

"Oh, Mr. President," Mr. Wise replied, "the opinion seems to be that you will go down to posterity as a Washington."—

"I am delighted to hear that," the President is said to have answered interruptingly as he grasped Mr. Wise's hand and shook it heartily. But as he released his hold Mr. Wise continued:

"But whether it will be as a George or a Booker T. I am not prepared to say."

* * *

184. Gen. John A. Logan once relieved an embarrassing situation as promptly as he ever vanquished a foe. His jet black locks combed down smooth over his cheeks and cut across in a straight line at the base of the neck, made two sharp corners, one on either side his head, whose ebon folds totally concealed his ears.

Once, when a transient guest at a hotel, he was seated in the dining room opposite a lady and her little daughter of four or five years. Well bred silence was preserved, but the child looked "Black Jack" over with in-

terest. What passed in her mind became apparent when, after a week's absence, he was again seated at the table with the same lady and her daughter. In the interim the General had had his hair so cut that it exposed the lower part of the lobe of his ears. Hardly was he seated in his chair before the child's eyes were fairly glued upon him. She wriggled in her seat, then hitched her mother's arm violently, and said in a stage whisper:

"Mamma, he has got ears. I can see them."

"Yes," exclaimed Gen. Logan with a twinkle in his eye, "I have got ears, my little maid, and they hear."

The child's mother blushed crimson and attempted to stammer out an apology, but the General turned to her and said, with a smile that rendered his swarthy features radiant:

"Madam, pray do not distress yourself, I can assure you they are not asses' ears."

* * *

185. That a long study of so dry a subject as law does not banish all sense of wit and humor was shown the other day by Prof. George W. Kirchwey, the new Dean of the Columbia University Law School. He had not finished his lecture to a particularly unresponsive class when the bell announcing the end of the hour sounded. The pupils immediately gave plain indications that they were anxious to leave:

"One minute, gentlemen," said the Professor, "I have yet a few more pearls to cast."

* * *

186. One of "Abe" Gruber's constituents who had been out of a position for some time came to him recently with the request for a loan of $10.

"I have a job in sight," he said, "that I can land with the aid of a ten-dollar note."

He got the ten all right, and after thanking the lender for that and past favors, went out with a smile on his face.

But he came back very soon wearing a look of deep dejection and wanted another ten, saying:

"I was walking down the street with the ten in my mouth, where I had put it for safe keeping, and a-thinking of this job, when all of a sudden I swallowed it."

Mr. Gruber, reaching in his pocket, handed the man a quarter and said:

"Here, go down stair, buy some ipecac, swallow it, and see if you can't make the X raise."

* * *

187. During the recent political campaign ex-Representative Driggs of Brooklyn addressed an Italian campaign club. In default of a knowledge of Italian, Mr. Driggs phrased his remarks in simple language, spoken slowly, and paused slightly at the end of each argument. To his surprise, no less than his pleasure, his Italian listeners gave the closest attention, and applauded at the proper places, shouting "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech Mr. Driggs retired to the rear of the platform, and, seating himself by the side of the Chairman, whispered to him that he was delighted with his reception and said he had spoken to no more intelligent audience in his life. The one thing that surprised him was the ready applause.

"Ha-ah!" replied the Chairman, drawing himself up and striking himself on the chest proudly. "Me fix all-a that. Me hol' up one-a finga, evera man say-a 'hurra.' Me hol' up two-a finga, evera man say-a 'viva.' Me hol' up three-a finga, evera man say-a 'bravo.' Me hol' up whole-a hand, evera man say-a 'hi-yi' like-a hell. Me fix all-a that."

* * *

188. Philanthropy, that darling of his heart, lately played a pretty trick on Andrew Carnegie. A few mornings ago he and another gentleman—his secretary, presumably—left the Carnegie house, in Fifty-fourth Street, and stepped toward a carriage standing at the curb. They had moved but a few paces when, coming from nowhere in particular, a wretched, ragged woman interrupted their advance.

"God bless you, gentlemen," she said, holding forth her hand. Her voice was irresistibly pathetic.

Unbuttoning his coat, Mr. Carnegie drew a coin from his waistcoat pocket, and, without glancing at it, handed it to the woman. The carriage door was opened, and Mr. Carnegie placed one foot on the step. Then he drew back—in deep thought, apparently. He turned quickly to the woman.

"Here, my good woman," he said fumbling in another pocket, "let me have the money I just gave you."

For a moment the woman regarded him with eyes anything but pathetic. Then, opening her hand, she glanced at the coin which he had given to her.

"Oh! It's a keepsake, is it!" she exclaimed, boldly.

"Yes. It is nothing to you."

"It's nothing to me, but it's everything to you. What'll you give me for it?"

Mr. Carnegie surrendered to his undignified predicament. "Very well," he answered, though visibly annoyed. So, handing the woman a bill, he received the keepsake in exchange.

"She's a slick one, that," said a University Club "cabby," who had observed the incident. "She hangs round here every day, an' I'll bet she knew who she was up against."

* * *

189. Clyde Fitch, the playwright, was recently approached by a young man who, ambitious to become a playwright, asked him what he considered to be, in playwriting, the best line to success.

The playwright thought for a moment and then answered:

"Well, as for myself, I have found the Clyde line the best."

* * *

190. This story is told of the Rev. C. W. Millard, who is Presiding Elder of the New York Conference.

For several years he had a servant in his family who was a devoted Roman Catholic. Her love and devotion to them made the question of salvation a serious one.

One day as Mary passed through the doctor's study he looked up and said:

"If I should die to-night, Mary, what would become of me?"

After thinking seriously for some minutes, she replied:

"An, shure, I don't know, but I think the Lord would save you for your ignorance."

* * *

191. A young man whose features and flashing eyes betokened great earnestness, was summoned before Judge McCarthy of the City Court the other day for jury duty. He immediately asked to be excused. When the Judge asked him what excuse he had for not serving, he replied:

"I believe it is a rule of the court that the jury is the sole judge of the facts and the court of the law—that the juror should only weigh the facts as presented by the evidence, not taking into consideration any of the rules of law governing the case; wherefore, all lawyers are exempt from jury duty."

"But are you a lawyer?" asked Judge McCarthy.

"No, but I have been a close student of the law for many years."

"I am afraid that I cannot excuse you if you are not a lawyer," said the court, smiling.

"But," continued the young man, with great earnestness, the color mounting to his temples, "I am sure if your Honor knew as much law as I do, your conscience would not allow you to serve on a jury."

After the bench and bar had recovered from this naïve outburst the Judge told the young man that if it was a matter which affected his conscience so deeply he would excuse him, and a very much abashed youth left the courtroom.

* * *

192. When the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis was a seminary student it is said that he prided himself on being more proficient in modern languages than his fellows. When it came his turn to say grace in the "mess

room" he persisted in saying it in French until he was cut short by the gruff remonstrance of a wild Western theologue: "Oh, here, Hillis, cut that."

"I suppose you object to what you don't understand," retorted Hillis.

"It ain't that," replied the other, "so much as that I don't believe the Lord himself knows what you are saying."

* * *

193. A couple of young men prominent in several of the best clubs of this city have been quite diligent in consulting the authorities and diagnosticians of poker since last September, when they encountered a new hand. Having suddenly decided to go hunting in the Adirondacks, they went there the last night but one of the close season. As the sleepers were all full they had to spend a night in a coach or stay over in Utica. The New Yorkers saw little choice between a Utica hotel and a Mohawk and Malone coach, so they decided to make the best of the night's ride, seeing they would begin shooting so much the sooner. On the train they found an acquaintance bound for the Sanitarium for Consumptives at Saranac. He introduced them to a friend, and the four sleepless, weary wights began "a little game." As the party was to break up at Saranac, they started what they decided should be the last pot just as the rays of the red sun were breaking through the heavy mists of the lower lake. There were no chips and the piles of coin and paper assumed quite inviting proportions. That last jackpot was a big one.

The game was called just as the train stopped. At the show-down there were three "full houses."

"Well, gentlemen," said the consumptive as he calmly pocketed the money, "I guess it's mine. I have a hectic flush."

* * *

194. Otis Skinner boarded the street car with a friend. As the conductor made his way toward them Mr. Skinner rummaged in his pocket for carfare, with the resultant discovery of a dime and a ten-dollar bill. He glanced at the dime, and immediately and hastily

secreted it in his pocket, proffering instead the ten-dollar bill to the conductor. The man of fares was indignant. He looked at the bill without touching it, and then at the leonine head of the actor.

"Here," said he, gruffly, "you ain't no woman, be you?"

"I hope not," said Mr. Skinner, meekly.

"Well, then, what you givin' us that thing fer?"

"Because I haven't anything else," he said, with dogged determination.

The conductor exploded internally and boiled over. "Then you'll have to get off and get something," said he sternly.

At this moment the friend, who had been watching the incident with amazement, intervened by paying Mr. Skinner's fare.

"Now, Skinner," said he, when the conductor had gone back, "perhaps you'll tell me why you made all this row?"

Mr. Skinner extracted the dime furtively from his pocket and said, in a low, mysterious tone: "'Sdeath, man; see you the date upon this coin?"

"I do," replied the friend, "it's 1899."

"Exactly," replied Mr. Skinner. "Our little girl was born that year, and my wife and I have made an agreement that every coin from a quarter down minted that year that comes into our hands shall be put away for the baby. That's the reason I wouldn't let this one go. That baby has nearly a hundred dollars in the bank now," concluded Mr. Skinner, proudly.

* * *

195. It is told of Col. Abraham Gruber that when he was very young and looking for employment he passed a lawyer's office, where he saw a sign reading "Boy Wanted." He removed the sign and rushed up to the lawyer with it, placing it on his desk.

"Why did you bring up that sign?" asked the lawyer.

"Why keep it out any longer? I am going to take the place," said young Gruber.

* * *

196. The underground railway does not necessarily

mean "fifteen minutes to Harlem" to everybody, but it took an imaginative German, newly arrived in America and walking with Mr. Samuel Untermyer, to remind us of it.

"Well, what do you think of New York, anyway?" asked Mr. Untermyer of his friend, after a drive about town.

"Vy!" replied the new-comer, "it looks one dampt peeg hole."

* * *

197. H. H. Rogers, President of the Amalgamated Copper Company, is in Wall Street reputed to be one of the "closest" of men in respect to information as to probable stock market movements. As witness:

A young man very close to Mr. Rogers and his family, happened, in a friendly chat some weeks ago with the Amalgamated President, who is known to be interested also in the Sugar Trust, to mention that he had several hundred shares of Sugar Trust stock which, as it stood, netted him about $900 profit.

"I am told," he ventured, after setting out the fact that he had this profit, "that it is going considerably higher. What do you think, Mr. Rogers?"

The gentleman addressed chewed the cud of silence for a moment before answering:

"Well, $900 is quite a sum of money for a young man like you."

The "young man" took what he considered to be the hint conveyed, and the next morning at the market opening sold the stock and took his profits.

All that remains to be said is that the price at which he disposed of his holdings was the lowest, not only for that day, but the lowest since recorded, the stock now being a dozen points higher. And the young man is wondering now what Mr. Rogers, who is credited with being one of the factors in the advance in the stock, really meant.

* * *

198. The late Frank H. Peavy, the so-called "Elevator King" of Minneapolis, on whose life an insurance company has lately paid a policy of $1,000,000, was a great

friend of the Minneapolis newsboys, and never missed a chance to aid them. One Sunday afternoon he arranged to address them in St. Mark's Church, and one section of the edifice was well filled with the little fellows who had responded to his invitation. He spoke on thrift, and dwelt long and earnestly on the evils of gambling. To emphasize his remarks he wound up with an anecdote and pointed his moral with:

"I'll bet a dollar none of you fellows would do like that, would you, boys?"

He was quite at a loss for a moment to account for the roar of laughter that greeted this remark, but when light came he joined in the laugh as heartily as the rest.

* * *

199. Edmund Lyons, who is now with the Kyrle Bellew company, was a boyhood friend of Arthur W. Pinero, the English playwright. He tells of Pinero's first appearance on the stage as Darch, with Ada Cavendish, in a play called "Miss Gwilt," founded on the Wilkie Collins story of "Armadale."

"Pinero," says Mr Lyons, "was the crudest recruit I ever saw, and he never improved much. We roomed together, and Pinero, realizing that he possessed no histrionic talent, was often discouraged, and many a night after the performance I returned to the rooms to find him in tears.

" 'I think I was born for a barrister,' he often said, and one day he came to me and announced he would follow the profession of his father. He joined the Birbeck Debating Society down in Fleet street, and was continually at me to come there and hear him. I went one night after the performance and heard the would-be orator expound his views on a question of great political moment. Nearly all those present were asleep.

" 'Ed,' he said to me when we returned to our lodgings, 'what do you think of me?'

" 'You are a bad actor,' I replied. 'but I never saw you put people to sleep before.'

"Pinero never went back to the debating society again. He suddenly turned to me and said:

"'Ed, I think when a man's a failure at everything else he is a born playwright.' A few months after he had a one-act play produced, which was the beginning of his successful career."

* * *

200. Senator Quay seldom admits that he has been outwitted, but he was in such high good humor after the recent Pennsylvania Convention that he told a story on himself.

"When Pattison walloped us," he said, "there were five men contesting for a Marshalship—one of the few plums I had to dispose of. I had really picked the man, and was trying to get the others off the field, when the five came at me.

"'Gentlemen, the returns speak for themselves,' said I. 'Losses everywhere! None of you deserves office.'

"'But I increased the vote in my district 50 per cent.,' said a Berks County Dutchman.

"'If that's so, you can have the office,' said I, remembering that the few Berks County Republicans had nearly disappeared under the Pattison landslide.

"We looked at the returns and found his district had cast nine Republican votes.

"'Isn't that 50 per cent. better than six votes?' he asked, pointing to the figures for the previous election, and I had to confess that it was and gave him the office.

"The man had married into a Democratic family, and had brought his relatives into the fold."

* * *

201. To hundreds of visitors who go each Summer to the Adirondacks, Paul Smith is a familiar and interesting character. His keen wit, his shrewd observations, and his quaint phraseology make his stories unique and entertaining. Here is one, as he told it last Summer:

"Well, no, I don't go to meetin' very often, but, I tell you, I got pretty well paid once when I did go. Folks kep' urgin' and teasin' me to go till I couldn't make no more excuses, so one Sunday mornin' I went. I didn't pay much attention to what was goin' on till I see 'Doc' standin' in front of me, holdin' out a silver platter.

" 'What's that for, "Doc," ' I whispered.

" 'Oh, this is the contribution plate,' he says, 'and you must put on whatever the Lord prompts you to give.'

"So I fished around and pulled out a crumpled dollar bill, smoothed it out nice, and laid it across the platter.

" 'Thank you,' 'Doc' whispered; 'the Lord'll reward you tenfold.'

"Well, after meetin' I walked along down to the boat-house, where some of the boys wanted me to play poker with 'em. 'Well, boys,' I says, 'I've been to meetin', and I don't know just how it'll work but I'll try you a hand.' Everything just came my way, and purty soon I found I'd won thirteen dollars. So I took them thirteen bills in my hand and went up to where 'Doc' was sittin' on the piazza, and I says:

" 'Look here, "Doc," you said the Lord would reward me tenfold, and here's thirteen. Guess I'll go to meetin' agin.' "

* * *

202. About twenty-five thousand people tried to be present at the Knights of Columbus ball in Madison Square Garden last week. There not being room for all, some of the less favored were denied admission at the door.

One Irishman, who unfortunately must be nameless here, asked Capt. Michael Sheehan to let him in. Capt. Sheehan said he couldn't do so, as there were no seats left.

"But who are you who denies me admission?" insisted the Irishman. "Are you Saint Peter that you can shut me out?"

His wit secured him admission.

* * *

203. Mark Twain, relating several incidents of his travels in India, told the following story anent the pomposity of the Judge of the Bombay High Court:

"A Judge, whose bearing denoted that never for an instant could he forget his judicial distinction, was walking up and down the platform of a small railway station just before taking his seat in the train. A few

minutes after the train had drawn into the station a perspiring Englishman rushed on to the platform and said to the Judge:

"'Is this the Bombay train?'

"The Judge, looking over the head of the questioner, remarked coldly:

"'I am not the Station Master,' Whereupon the Englishman retorted, with considerable heat:

"'Then, confound you, Sir, why do you swagger about as if you were.'"

* * *

204. While the momentous affairs of the Nation are being dealt with at one end of the White House, at the other end of the stately old mansion there is the natural, unaffected life of a typical American family, and now and then Washington society folks enjoy the stories that come from the nursery where the children of the first lady in the land romp as strenuously as any other youngsters.

One evening during the Christmas season the Roosevelt children had a feast of sweetmeats, and when Mrs. Roosevelt came into the nursery in the morning she found Kermit paying the penalty of over-indulgence.

"And how is sister?" asked Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Oh, she don't know she is sick yet," groaned Kermit. "She's not awake yet."

* * *

205. "John B. Stanchfield, clever lawyer as he is, once had to 'go way back and sit down,'" began a man at the Engineers' Club.

"At the time of the Johnstown flood that storm extended into New York, so as to put the whole 'southern tier' under water. Big Flats, on the Chemung, suffered like all the rest, but the townspeople said it was the Erie Railroad's fault; so they went down to Elmira and told Stanchfield to bring suit.

"The trial progressed swimmingly until they started to prove that a certain highway was high and dry, when the evidence showed it in a depression seven feet lower than the flooded adjacent lands. Stanchfield called a resident, who swore he had walked that road during the flood and

'didn't notice no water.' Stanchfield was turning convincingly to the jury when the opposing counsel bobbed up. 'If the court will permit a digression,' said he, with a pleasant smile, 'this witness's testimony reminds me of a story about a patient mule on the Erie Canal, so ready to do whatever was required of him that they hitched him at the tail of the team. Rounding a bend one day, the lead mule paused to kick a fly off his ear, the boat keeping on by its momentum. Just then the driver boy woke up and said things. The leader started with a jerk, and the slack tow rope, trailing in the water, suddenly tautened, causing the patient mule to side-step into the canal where the water was seven feet deep. But he did not notice it, your Honor, any more than this witness did, gentlemen of the jury, but just went calmly on, walking underneath the water and breathing through his ears."

* * *

206. The late Judge Smyth, so much better known as "the Recorder," used to have a reminiscence of another lawyer who now enjoys much distinction at the bar, and for a time rejoiced in judicial honors, but who was at the time the managing clerk of a law office on the same corridor with that of the future Recorder.

"I met him in the hall one day," said the old Judge, "and he was evidently very much agitated. I inquired the nature of his trouble. Almost weeping, he answered, 'I have been discharged, discharged without a word of explanation, after five years of faithful service. It is very hard.' And then he quite gave way, and added, in tears, 'And you know, Mr. Smyth, you know what affidavits I have made for that man.'"

* * *

207. President Roosevelt returns from his cross-country rambles with an appetite which has not escaped notice by those who are close to him. Hoping for similar good results, Wu Ting-Fang, the now celebrated Chinese diplomat, lately resolved to try the exercise, and, in company with servants, accordingly set forth for a long walk. On the way back the party encountered the

President, who was agreeably impressed by the manner in which his healthful example was being followed by the ingenuous Chinaman.

"My walk has benefited me vastly to-day," said Mr. Roosevelt. "I am quite ready for a brace of quails on toast."

"So am I," smiled Wu. "Only I shall prefer my brace to be turkeys."

* * *

208. Two Englishmen were discussing with Mark Twain the old topic of American humor as not appreciated by foreigners.

"But are the English really so obtuse?" asked one of them.

"Obtuse! You can't get an idea into an Englishman's head with a surgical operation," declared Mark Twain.

The questioner remained in solemn thought for a moment. Then he broke into a hearty laugh.

"Quite a delicious joke!" he exclaimed. "Though, of course, if you were to open the Englishman's skull you would kill him, would you not!"

Mark Twain turned to the second Englishman. "What did I tell you? He wants to know whether it wouldn't kill him!"

The countenance of the second Englishman was like a blank wall. "Wouldn't it?" he queried.

* * *

209. This is the story of a Parisian gown and a dinner the other night at the house of Richard Watson Gilder. One of the guests, the wife of a former Judge of the Supreme Court of this State, was so late that the others, despairing of her coming, sat down to the table. As they waited for the first course to be served the attention of all was centred on the gown which one of the women wore. It was a remarkable dress, complicated in design, startling but exquisitely correct in its combination of colors. In a word it was a dress which could only have been devised by some Parisian modiste, and it was regarded with all the polite interest which could properly be subtracted from the feast of rea-

son and flow of soul which is wont to characterize the dinners at the home of the editor of The Century.

Just as the soup was finished the doorbell rang, and presently the tardy guest was announced. There was a suppressed gasp as she entered the dining-room. She is a woman rather noted for her good clothes, and she wore—the identical design of dress, down to every shading of color and minuteness of trimming, of which the other woman, so far, had been the proud possessor. There was an awful silence—for the gowns were extraordinary—then a titter and a laugh rippled around the table. There was nothing for it but to compare notes. Both gowns had indeed come from Paris.

"And they swore to me," said the first woman, "that the design was exclusive."

"When did you order yours?" asked the wife of the ex-Judge.

"In the early Autumn."

"The tardy guest smiled a tired smile of conquest. "I selected mine last season," she said.

* * *

210. Father Joseph Stadelman of the Jesuit foundation of St. Francis Xavier, devotes himself to work among the blind and the deaf and dumb. He says that, contrary to the general impression, the blind are peculiarly happy and fond of jokes.

Illustrative of this, not long since a blind acquaintance of his, whose remaining senses, like that of all blind, are exceptionally keen, was in a room where were some lady visitors. Finally, one of the ladies left.

"What remarkably white and perfect teeth that lady has!" laughingly remarked the blind man.

"Why, how do you know?" asked Father Stadelman.

"Because for the last half hour she has done nothing but laugh!"

* * *

211. In answer to the summons of the telephone bell in the home of Capt. Bangs of the Twenty-third Regiment Mrs. Bangs called "Hello!"

A very impatient voice answered: "I want Doctor B."

"Well?" said the lady.

The man (still more impatiently:) "Is this Doctor B.?"

"No."

"Can't you put some one at that telephone who has some intelligence?"

"There's intelligence enough at this end, but no doctor," came the reply.

Then the smart man discovered he had called up the wrong number and was profuse in his apologies.

* * *

212. Although Gen. Wade Hampton cannot hypnotize "fish," as was ridiculously asserted by some papers a few years ago after his most successful play with rod and reel and "fly" in Colorado, he does have the faculty of attracting supposedly wild birds until they, after a few days' feeding near him, will come to his hand, perch on his shoulder, and even take seed from his hand without fear. Of none of these chance acquaintances was he more fond than of a crow that was an exceeding fluent talker and was owned by a neighbor.

"One morning," said Gen. Hampton, "I was sitting on my piazza when Jim, as the crow was called, came over for a call. He had been there for some time when a flock of crows alighted on a fence near the front of the house. Feeling a little bored, and perhaps a little homesick in the belief that 'birds of a feather should flock together,' Jim eyed them longingly and then went and joined the jolly, chattering crowd. They received him with no surprise nor unusual demonstration. But when the intruder put on his best company manners, turned his head to one side and said 'Good morning' in a most polite way, there never was a more startled, frightened, or unceremonious crowd of crows ever seen. Away they flew, not as crows usually fly, in a compact body, but helter-skelter, here, there, everywhere as fast as they could go, leaving poor Jim the sole possessor of the rail fence."

213. Col. Alexander B. Andrews of Raleigh, N. C., First Vice President of the Southern Railway Company, is about sixty-five years old and is in the very best of health. When quite a boy he entered the Confederate Army, and at the battle of Malvern Hill was shot through both lungs. He was removed from the battlefield to a dwelling house near by, and the doctor came and examined the wound, did what he could for him, and left him to attend to others. Soon after the doctor left Col. Andrews called his landlady and told her that he was hungry and desired something to eat. The lady stepped to the front porch, here the doctor had lingered, and told him what his patient said.

The room in which Col. Andrews was lying was situated next to the porch, where he could hear the conversation between the landlady and the doctor. The doctor told the landlady to give Col. Andrews anything and everything that he wanted to eat; that it would not hurt him, for he would be dead anyway by the next morning. Col. Andrews heard all of this conversation, and when the lady went back into his room she carried a waiter with a bountiful supply of all the good things to eat that she had. Col. Andrews looked at the waiter and then said to the lady:

"I heard what the doctor said, but I have no idea of dying, and I confidently expect to live to see the grass growing on the grave of the doctor."

And he has done so. When Col. Andrews had fully recovered the doctor told him that he had overturned all the precedents theretofore existing as to wounds of the lungs, and that by all the rules that obtained at that time as to gunshot wounds he ought to have died.

* * *

214. The Rev. Madison C. Peters tells a story of a Brooklyn youth who was given two nickels, one for the Sunday school collection and one for himself. He lost one of the nickels and was very much annoyed, but finally told his father it was all right, as it was the Lord's nickel he had dropped.

215. He had come early to the Tuesday evening session of the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations, at which the work of the settlements was to be discussed, and had very literally "slipped" into one of the pews of the Broadway Tabernacle near the door, unnoticed by the few persons who were seated nearer to the pulpit. With his head between his hands, he appeared to be engaged in silent prayer when the Rev. Gaylord S. White began his address on the methods of the Union College Settlement in New York. But halfway through the speech he sat up and began to nod, if not emphatically, at least continuously.

"We need," said the speaker, "to get nearer to men, to take them by the hand—"

Then the new-comer arose carefully, and, pointing a shaking forefinger at the Chairman, mumbled:

"Say, ole fel', me fren's a'rite"—he extricated himself from his surroundings, after tripping over a prayer cushion and scattering a pile of hymn books, and advanced unsteadily down the centre aisle, with hand extended—"let's shake han's, let's all shake han's."

Here Dr. Laidlaw, the obliging Secretary of the federation, grasped the outstretched palm, and led its owner quietly and soothingly toward one of the side doors. The visitor went willingly enough, but turned at the exit for one final word:

"He's a'rite, tell yer, he's a'rite. Know it, 'cause I'm a Pres—er—Presterian myself."

* * *

216. George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad is notoriously fond of apples. It's a cold day indeed, when he hasn't a dozen or so of Pippins, Spitzenbergs, Northern Spies, or Russets stowed away in reserve in the pigeon holes of his office desk.

One day last week he was negotiating for a fresh supply in a fruit store adjacent to the Grand Central Station. The place was in charge of a boy; and Mr. Daniels, examining critically the baskets of fruit exposed for sale, observed that bad apples were rather freely sprinkled among the good.

"Yes, sir," explained the boy; "in filling up a lot of baskets the boss generally gets 'em mixed."

"Doesn't he do it on purpose?" persisted the buyer.

And the boy's answer was: "No, sir; he does it on Sundays, as a rule."

* * *

217. Passing through an Irish neighborhood in a carriage, the ears of Mrs. Patrick Campbell were assailed by some loud voices in a political argument in front of a corner saloon. Mr. Bertram, her manager, and Mr. George Tyler, Jr., of the Liebler company were also in the carriage.

"Gracious! What is the meaning of it?" demanded the actress, nervously referring to the noises.

"Those are our hyphenated citizens," said Mr. Tyler.

"And what are those, pray?"

"Pat-riots!"

* * *

218. A wealthy young man, on his way to Europe for the first time, dropped into conversation with F. Marion Crawford, who has no small reputation for globe-trotting. Said the beginner:

"No doubt the American abroad can make his way about on a very small stock of foreign language."

"Only one phrase is really necessary," replied Mr. Crawford.

"What one is that?"

"'How much?'"

* * *

219. Richard Harding Davis relates this incident, which happened while he was acting as correspondent during the English-Boer war.

A regiment of Scottish Highlanders, noted for their bravery in action, during the heat of one battle were suddenly seen to break ranks and run in all directions. The officers as well shared in the stampede, and apparently made no attempts to urge the men under them into line. Their behavior was a surprise to everybody on the field, and after the battle was over the Colonel of the regiment was summoned before Gen. Roberts.

"What the devil was the matter with your regiment?" asked 'Bobs.'

"Well," replied the Colonel, "there is not a man in the regiment afraid of a Dutchman's bullet, but we were steered into a field literally infested with wasps' nests, and you know, General, we were all in kilts and with bare legs."

* * *

220. The comparatively few persons who have had the pleasure of hearing ex-Gov. Black make an after-dinner speech on an occasion when he did not feel that his tongue was bridled by political expediency or polite necessity, have marveled at the biting sarcasm of the lean and lank Trojan whom Senator Platt saw fit to make Governor for a term, and then turned down in order to nominate the present President.

Ex-Gov. Black's intimates, however, know and admire him for his ability to "hit the nail on the head" with few words. His ability in this direction was never better exemplified than at the Saratoga Convention at which the Platt machine defeated him for a renomination.

Beaten in the convention, Gov. Black sat in his headquarters in the United States Hotel talking with a few of his lieutenants over the supposed friends who had brought about his downfall. Senator Depew, direct from the convention hall, where he had spoken for and voted with the anti-Black forces, entered, and approached the Governor with extended hand.

"Ah, my dear Governor," he said, "just called to pay my respects."

"Indeed," replied the Governor, looking Mr. Depew squarely in the eye and paying no heed to the proffered hand, "Since when did you resume payment, pray?"

* * *

221. Edward Everett Hale is a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. There is a tradition in a certain chapter house that he was sitting one night with a lot of young fellows in the "drawing room" of that house when the talk turned to stories of insobriety. For a

long time he listened, but at last he gathered himself together and told this story:

"I had a friend who was very much addicted to the festive bottle, and in my college days it was no infrequent occurrence to be obliged to pilot him home. He always was very talkative when in that state, and ready to quarrel with anything.

"One night, coming along the street, we passed a big clock. It was just striking three. Bill listened to it and then he shook his fist at it and shouted: 'Shut up, you idiot, don't you think I know how late it is?'"

* * *

222. Bishop Conaty, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, while on a visit to Brooklyn recently, told of a priest's experience in a small New England town. The clergyman was just about to retire for the night when he heard a knock at his door. He called, "Come in," and a negro presented himself, and said, rather shame-facedly:

"Father, there is a girl outside. May I bring her in?"

Assent having been given, he disappeared for a moment, and returned with a white woman, and informed the scandalized priest that they wished to be married.

He was shown the door with promptness, and the girl was severely admonished on the course she was pursuing.

Fifteen minutes later there came another knock, and on opening the door the priest found himself again face to face with the would-be colored bridegroom.

With great indignation the priest said:

"I thought I sent you about your business before!"

The darky paralyzed him with his reply:

"Yes, I know you did, Father James, but Mary and I have talked it over, and we thought maybe you would look at the matter differently if you knew I was willing to turn Irish."

* * *

223. "Speaking of James J. Hill," said a St. Paul man, at the Holland House, the other evening, "I can tell you a story of him.

"It was away back in the eighties when the late lamented Harry Ives was Mr. Hill's private secretary, and Mr. Hill was giving away pigs of purest breed to the farmers of the Northwest in order to encourage stock-raising along the line of the Great Northern Road, and thus build up its traffic. The State fair was in progress in St. Paul, when, one September morning, Ives opened Mr. Hill's mail and found a letter from a farmer, which read as follows:

"'Mr. J. J. Hill:

"'Dear Sir—I went to St. Paul and to the fair, as you told me. I looked for you at your office, and also at the fair grounds. I found plenty of hogs of your species, but could not find you anywhere.'"

* * *

224. Former Lieut. Gov. John C. Underwood of Kentucky told a story at the Canadian Society dinner at the Arkwright Club, about a negro in his employ who was married four or five times, every time receiving as a gift $5 from his employer. The sixth time the servant appeared Mr. Underwood said: "This thing has gone too far, Sam; this time you have got to get married in the regular form. I will get you a license from the County Clerk which will cost $1.50, which sum I will deduct from the $5 I am going to give you."

Sam demurred, but finally consented to have the license procured. He came to Mr. Underwood's house in the evening and when the certificate was read to him it contained the name "Mary Ann Jones," the name of a woman to whom Sam had been paying attention.

"Land's sakes, Marser, Mary Ann Jones ain't de woman. It's Sarah Jenkins I wants to marry."

Col. Underwood replied that he would arrange it all right and would take out another license, costing $1.50, which sum he would deduct also from the $5.

"This is getting too expensive," cried Sam. "I tink you better leave de paper like it am. I did wanter marry Sarah Jenkins, but dere ain't $1.50 difference 'tween dem, so I reckon I'll take Mary Ann Jones dis time."

225. Alfred H. Curtis, cashier of the National Bank of North America, is winding up the business of the Bank of the State of New York, of which he was formerly cashier. A few days ago an uncouth countryman went into the office and said to Mr. Curtis:

"My sister owns twenty shares of the stock of this bank and they tell me you are going out of business."

"It has been decided to liquidate," said Mr. Curtis.

"And they tell me you are only going to give $170 for each share."

"Yes, that is the liquidating price."

"Well, say, young fellow, didn't this stock sell for $270 last Summer?"

"Yes, that was the market quotation," said the cashier.

"Well," put in the countryman, as he brought his fist down on the office railing, "I want to know who got that money."

* * *

226. One morning Judge McCarthy of the City Court showed unusual irritation at repeated interruptions. At length he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I ask your favor again and again for less noise. At the same time I must say that unless you grant the amenity I shall evoke the power of the strong arm of the law as exhibited by the court officer." The Judge's eyes twinkled at his own last words and his Honor laughed best. "Counsel," continued the court seriously, "should save all confusion of conversation by consulting together before they meet." And then the lawyers laughed last.

* * *

227. An opponent of ex-Congressman Wise once closed an argument on a certain bill then before the House with the following:

"In a crowd I once saw a man who towered above the rest like a redwood above sage brush. His name was Short.

"Another I knew so thin that the Summer breezes

blowing in his face kept flies from alighting on his back. His name was Stout.

"A negro I know blacker than the crime of '73, and his name is White.

"Ah, Mr. Speaker, we know that nature delights in these sarcasms, for is not the principal opponent of this measure called Wise?"

* * *

228. Henry Morgenthau, President of the Central Realty, Bond and Trust Company, was visited the other day by a lady well known in philanthropic circles. The porter at the door said Mr. Morganthau was busy. The lady then wrote on a card the following message and handed the card to the porter to give to Mr. Morgenthau: "I must see you. Please name time and place."

The porter timidly approached Mr. Morgenthau and said, as he handed him the card: "I hope there is no trouble. Can I do anything to help you?"

* * *

229. Senator Daniel of Virginia was at one time counsel for a small Southern railroad. At a point on the line where it crossed a prominent highway they had an old negro watchman, whose duties consisted in warning travelers of the approach of trains. One night a farmer's wagon was struck, causing a bad accident. The railroad company was of course sued for damages, and at the trial the old darky was the chief witness for his employers. He answered the questions put to him in a clear, direct manner. Among them was the query as to whether he surely swung his lantern across the road when he saw the train coming, to which he replied:

" 'Deed I did, Sah."

The railroad company won the suit and Mr. Daniel took occasion later to compliment his witness on his excellent testimony. The old fellow was profuse in thanks, but before they parted bluntly said:

"Lordy, Marse John, I sho' was skeered when dat lawyer gin to ax me 'bout de lantern. I was afeared he was goin' to ax if it was lit or not, 'cause de oil in it done give out some time before de axdent."

230. Presiding Justice Van Brunt of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court is a man of rare good humor, and yet withal a Judge who can call an offending lawyer to account in a manner that he is not likely to forget. The Presiding Justice met his match, however, in a young lawyer who appeared before his august bench last week.

It was a simple cause that the young lawyer pleaded, but his heart was in it and he believed that he was entitled to a reversal of the verdict that had been rendered against him. He was armed with all the authorities, and he quoted from them copiously. The honorable Justice yawned as he presented his case in this elemental fashion.

"Pardon me," interrupted Justice Van Brunt after a time, "but I would suggest that you get down to the merits of your case."

"Presently, your Honor, presently," responded the young lawyer with forensic eloquence, yet he continued with renewed earnestness to expound the law as he saw it.

"Let me suggest to you," said Justice Van Brunt, interrupting again, "that you get down to the merits of your case and take it for granted that the Court is familiar with the elementary principles of law."

"No, your Honor, no," declared the young lawyer, with absolute sincerity. "That was the mistake that I made when I argued this case in the lower court."

* * *

231. Col. Nate Salsbury, partner of Buffalo Bill in the Wild West Show, was at a dinner party the other night and related some amusing incidents of the show's tour in Europe. Major John M. Burke, the famous advance agent of the entertainment, was also present at the dinner, and Col. Salsbury told several jokes at the Major's expense.

"Why, do you know," said Col. Salsbury, "when we arrived at Madrid the first thing we saw was a gigantic statue of Christopher Columbus. To my surprise Burke went over and taking off his hat knelt before the statue,

"'What are you doing there, John?' I asked.

"'Paying my respects to the great original American advance agent,' replied Burke."

* * *

232. J. Pierpont Morgan is the hero of an anecdote repeated at a recent meeting in the headquarters of the Steel Trust, and if not apocryphal, illustrates a bent of humor hitherto unsuspected in the banker.

While in London he visited the Bank of England with a large currency note for which he wished to obtain gold. The teller examined the note and handed it back.

"You have not indorsed it," said he, glad of an opportunity to occupy an attitude.

"Is this not payable on demand?" asked Mr. Morgan, simulating surprise.

"Yes, if indorsed"—haughtily.

The magnate frowned. "I am very careful whose notes I indorse," said he, with a mock severity.

"Do you challenge the Bank of England?" gasped the clerk, gazing at the visitor as upon a blasphemer.

"If you are solvent, why do you want my name on your paper?"

The glare of suspicion which accompanied the words was too much for the clerk; he stared speechlessly.

"Very well," continued the magnate, with vigor. "We will let it go to protest."

The petrified clerk looked alarmed about it, but could offer nothing in reply except a mumbled and ridiculous assurance that the bank was not in distress. Then Mr. Morgan smiled and indorsed the note.

* * *

233. Senator W. A. Clark is an enthusiastic collector of paintings, especially of the nude. Not very many months ago he received a number of friends at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Culver. Especially for that occasion the Senator had bought what he declared a fine little piece of nude art, daintily framed and set conspicu-

ously on a mantel so as to catch at once the eye of any person entering the room.

The Senator had personally picked the spot where to place his new acquisition and was not a little surprised to find a short time afterward that a huge bouquet of roses had been carefully placed so as to hide the picture.

The owner of the picture removed the bouquet, but within ten minutes, as he passed the spot to cast a loving glance at his pet, there was the bouquet again.

Twice more the operation was repeated. Then the Senator decided to lie in wait to catch the culprit. Before long he discovered the miscreant in the maid in waiting at the door.

"Please, sir," she explained, blushing pink, "I thought what 'ud the people say if they saw a thing like that starin' them in the face as soon as they came into the room, an' I thought I'd like to save the repitation of the house."

* * *

234. Representative Bartholdt of Missouri sat down near Representative Joy of the same State in the cloak room at Washington the other day. Leaning back in his chair he upraised his feet and placed them carelessly on the edge of Mr. Joy's chair, obscuring materially that statesman's view. Mr. Joy regarded his colleague's large brogans with aversion and mentally computed their area.

"I don't see," he finally said, "why there is any necessity for including in the Urgent Deficiency bill an appropriation for fortifications."

Mr. Bartholdt took his feet down with a hurt look and wandered sadly away.

* * *

235. Col. C. L. Colqueen of Louisiana was halted on the street one day by a gentleman who evidently did not know him.

"Can you tell me," asked the unknown, "who is the best lawyer in town?"

"I am, sir," replied the Colonel without hesitation.

The man looked surprised.

"Excuse me," he said, "I should like to have you prove it."

"Don't have to prove it, sir," thundered the Colonel. "I admit it."

* * *

236. Some Westerners were telling stories of political campaigns in the lobby of the Hoffman House.

"I heard a good one on Senator William M. Stewart of my State," said a Nevada man. "You know, Mr. Stewart doesn't spend much of his time at home—he only goes out there about once in every six years, when it comes time to have himself elected back to the Senate.

"In the course of his last campaign he presided over a mass meeting in Virginia City, and as Chairman he had to introduce each speaker in turn. With complimentary phrases he presented to the audience the first three, and then arose to introduce the fourth.

" 'Gentlemen,' said the Senator, 'I have the distinguished honor of presenting to you my boyhood's friend, a man I have always known as a staunch follower of our National principles and as a speaker of conspicuous ability. Rarely has it been my pleasure to sit on the same platform with him in recent years, but I know of old the ringing notes of his voice and the sterling sense of his words. I introduce to you the Honorable —the Honorable—the Honorable—'

"The Senator paused. His memory had forsaken him, and it was not a situation in which quick wit was an effective asset. Finally, after a painful pause, he turned to the Chairman of the Campaign Committee and whispered:

" 'What did you say the feller's name was, Bill?' "

* * *

237. "Speaking of boastfulness born of pride in home," says Hamilton W. Mabie, "I was once in a smoking compartment with a man from New York, another from Chicago, and a third from New Jersey. The New Yorker was boasting of the Empire State Express, which he said went so fast that the telegraph

poles slipped past seemingly as close together as the teeth in a fine comb.

"'That's nothing,' said the man from Chicago. 'There is a train from my city to Milwaukee. Nothing like it. I started to cross a bridge on the road and heard the train coming. Having great presence of mind I made a leap in the air and the train was gone when I came down.'

"'That's a fast train,' said the New Jersey citizen. 'The Jersey Central flier is equally fast, but makes better time, because it starts fast. My wife was on the platform to bid me good-bye in Jersey City. I opened the window to kiss her and by the good name of the land of mosquitoes I kissed a strange woman standing on the platform at Newark."

* * *

238. Nicholas Murray Butler and Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia University were having a conversation, and Prof. Matthews was giving his ideas as to plagiarism, from an article of his own on that subject.

"In the case of the first man to use an anecdote," he said, "there is originality; in the case of the second, there is plagiarism; with the third, it is lack of originality; and with the fourth it is drawing from a common stock."

"Yes," broke in President Butler, "and in the case of the fifth, it is research."

* * *

239. Augustus Van Wyck was entertaining at the Democratic Club a few evenings ago a well-known Southerner who was one time mentioned prominently for Governor of Mississippi. They were interrupted by another member of the club, a well-known German brewer. The club was almost deserted, and the German was lost for company. After being introduced, he drew up his chair, summoned "buttons," and, addressing Mr. Van Wyck, said:

"Mr. Van Vyck, this vas getting to be a great coun-

try, ain't it? I chust read in the papers dot the United States have bought the Danish Vest Indies. Now, Mr. Van Vyck, you vas a great statesman; ven do you suppose dot this country vill stop growing?"

Mr. Van Wyck nudged the Southerner, and replied: "It will stop when the United States will be the only Government on the face of the globe."

The German reflected for a moment, and again asked: "Vell, Mr. Van Vyck, vot do you think vill become of Germany?"

"Why, Germany will be known as 'The Territory of The Rhine.' If she's real good, we may consider her for Stateship."

The Southerner roared with laughter till he found the tables turned on him.

"Vell, vot is to become of the great Emperor Villiam?" the German asked.

"Why, that's easy, too," replied Van Wyck. "We're going to make him Governor of Mississippi, where he won't do any harm."

* * *

240. Mr. Motorman on Broadway car No. 213 was trying to make up time going uptown as darkness was setting in. As he approached Duane Street, with bell clanging, an old white horse, drawing a covered delivery wagon, ambled on the track and stopped.

"What in the blankety-blank-blank do you mean by stopping there, you blank-blank-blankety-blank," roared Mr. Motorman, bringing his car to a sudden stop. "Blank your blankety-blank-blank-blank-blank for a good for nothing blank-blankety-blank. I've got a good mind to get off this blank-blank car and kick your blankety-blank head off."

Mr. Motorman's language was something awful, and when the passengers began to laugh at his wrath, he jumped from the car and fairly leaped forward to annihilate the driver of the delivery wagon. But there was no driver there.

The chagrin of Mr. Motorman as he realized that he had been pouring his wrath out upon a runaway —or rather a walk-away—horse, and his sheepish look

as he led it to the curb, put the passengers in such good humor that he had to clang his bell to drown their merriment.

* * *

241. A game of poker at Delmonico's had lasted well into the night when one of the party, the late Col. John R. Fellows, ordered a plate of sandwiches. The familiar triangle variety was served and disappeared instantly. A hungry shout went up for more.

"More sandwiches, waiter," said Fellows.

"Yes, sah! How many, sah?" returned the waiter.

"Well," said Fellows, with a calculating air, "judging by the size of your sandwiches and the size of this bill, I should say about $2,000 worth."

* * *

242. Bishop Potter was returning to town one Sunday night recently tired with many duties done in the northern part of his diocese, when a friend, who had just boarded the train, handed him a fine basket of trout, the result of a day's sport, with the remark that he thought the Bishop had worked the harder of the two and deserved the catch.

On Monday morning the Bishop was met by his housekeeper, who inquired at once, "Oh, Bishop, how will you have those trout served which you caught yesterday?"

* * *

243. De Wolf Hopper hasn't the reputation of making very many funny remarks off the stage, but occasionally he "drops a hit," as his friends of the Lambs' Club term it. He was driving in the Park the other day with one of these friends. They approached an automobile containing a very fat woman, and a very little man. On the rear of the horseless vehicle were the initials, "M. W. A."

"I wonder who 'M. W. A.' is," said Hopper's companion.

"Oh, those letters don't stand for anybody's name," replied the actor. "They stand for 'My Wife's Automobile.'"

244. At the reception given by the Presbyterian Union, at the Hotel Savoy, at which the guests of honor were the Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer and the Rev. Dr. Robert MacKenzie, these two ministers poked a little quiet fun at one another in the course of their respective speeches, but the former captured the audience with the following story concerning the latter:

"The first time I heard of Dr. McKenzie," he said, "was from a Western lady who had come East with her little daughter. Speaking of her former pastor, she said to me: 'Let me give you an idea of how popular Dr. McKenzie is with the children. One evening, as my little girl sat on the hearth rug at my feet, she looked up at me and said very fervently: "Mamma, I love Dr. McKenzie so much."

"'"Do you, my dear?" I replied. "What makes you love him so much?"

"'"Because he's quite different to any of the other ministers who come here," she answered. "You see" —cheerfully—"he has no morals."'"

* * *

245. When the big Church Charity Foundation Fair at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, was being organized recently, Mrs. J. Elliott Langstaff, the Directress, called upon various churches of Long Island to ascertain the form of contribution which they would make to the fair.

At St. Augustine's, which has an exclusively colored congregation, she suggested to the pastor that a series of plantation tableaus, to be given by members of his flock, would be entirely appropriate. The matter was referred to the colored congregation. After some deliberation, a committee waited on Mrs. Langstaff and reported thus:

"If you are willing, our congregation will take charge of the cloak-rooms, dressing-rooms and kitchens, act as waiters, and so forth, but if we took any other part people would say we were trying to break into society!"

* * *

246. Prof. Henry Morton, President of the Stevens

Institute of Technology in Hoboken, once had a church experience with two students.

One Sunday a pair of freshmen wandered into the church, not knowing that it was President Morton's place of worship.

They kept quiet, and seemed properly devout throughout—until the time the collection box was to be passed, when they saw to their horror that Prof. Morton himself was passing the box.

"Got any money?" said Paulsen to Inglis.

"Quarter. You got any?"

"No."

Nearer and nearer came the collection box.

Finally, when it was but one pew away, Damon Inglis rose to the needs of Pythias Paulsen.

"I'll stake you, old man—that'll be all right; watch me," he whispered and as the box appeared before him he made sure to catch the President's eye. Up went the quarter conspicuously between Damon's thumb and forefinger; then he dropped it and, with a sweep of the hand toward his companion, he held up two fingers.

"Two," said Damon, and the Professor understood.

* * *

247. One evening a party of eight sat at one of the round tables in the palm garden of the Savoy Hotel. Four of the party came from the far West. After the opera had been discussed the conversation turned to the homes of the visitors, and the lady from Denver said:

"It is all very nice here, but where can you find another place like Denver? It is no wonder that people want their physicians to send them there."

"Isn't our place beautiful, also?" asked the man from Salt Lake City. "See the advantage we have there; it's the only place in the world where a Jew is a gentile."

* * *

248. State Senator Timothy Sullivan has a ready judgment of men, and sometimes expresses it in a forcible offhand way. While President Roosevelt was Governor of New York Senator Sullivan was a day

laborer in lawmaking. He and the Governor had crossed each other, and it is to be presumed, as neither is of a mild and giving nature, that the crossing had not been a love feast. One morning Senator Sullivan and a friend were toiling up the Capitol steps when they met the Governor coming down. His step was light and buoyant and he seemed to be greatly pleased with something.

"The Governor looks happy," Sullivan's friend remarked.

"Yes," said the Senator, turning to look after him, "he has probably just had a fight."

* * *

249. Not long ago Judge Dickey of the Supreme Court, who hails from Newburg, was holding court in Brooklyn. The lawyer for the defendant in the case before him occupied the time of the court by asking practically the same question over and over again. Judge Dickey called his attention to this fact once or twice, and finally became provoked and said to the lawyer:

"You have gone over that ground time and time again, counselor. Your questions suggest 'crabs' to me—they always go sideways and do not get ahead—and I do not like crabs."

The lawyer pleasantly replied:

"Well, I'm sorry that your Honor does not like crabs; and I most respectfully differ with you in that respect, as well as others. For my part, I like crabs, but I do not like lobsters, especially lobsters à la Newburg!"

* * *

250. The return of Père Hyacinthe to Rome and his preaching to great Protestant congregations recall an unpublished episode of his visit to San Francisco years ago. He then spoke only French, and a local journal sent to interview him Piercy Wilson, an eccentric Englishman, who had been bred for the Church, but who had made a specialty of the theatres and the turf.

After the general talk on his visit and his impressions of California, the conversation shifted to religious top-

ics. The intimate familiarity of the reporter with theological questions seemed to amaze Père Hyacinthe, and when the interviewer rose to go, he said, with the puzzled look still on his face:

"Pardon me, but you have shown such astonishing familiarity with questions that only a theologian usually understands that I should like to know with what special department of your newspaper you are connected?"

"Oh," said old Wilson, with dry humor, "I'm the horse reporter!"

* * *

251. Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian Premier, was on a speechmaking tour of Ontario during the recent bye-elections in that province and the Province of Quebec. The elections were bitterly contested, and efforts were made both by the Liberals and Conservatives to stir up race and religious prejudice. A Quebec Liberal, whose acquaintance with Sir Wilfred was only political, sent this telegram to his leader:

"Report in circulation in this country that your children have not been baptized. Telegraph denial."

To which dispatch the Premier sent this reply:

"Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children."

* * *

252. Gen. P. A. Collins, recently elected Mayor of Boston, was busily at work at his office the other day when he was disturbed by a knock at his door. He called, "Come in," and a messenger boy presenting himself timidly approached the Chief Magistrate of the city.

"Is this Mayor Collins?" asked the boy, with a good deal of hesitancy.

"It is," replied the Mayor, promptly.

The boy looked surprised.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I thought that you were short."

"Yes," said Gen. Collins, "you're quite right; I am a little short; can you lend me five?"

* * *

253. Naval Constructor Hobson recently told this story.

Not long after the close of the civil war, at a certain dinner in London the different nations were toasted. When the turn of the United States came the toast was given as follows:

"The United States of America!—bounded on the north by Canada, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean and on the west by the Pacific."

An indignant individual arose immediately, and, the words rushing over each other in his impetuosity, exclaimed:

"The United States of America!—bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east and on the west by the rising and setting sun!"

Whereupon a Kentucky colonel arose and with all the dignity and deliberation that belong to such a colonel, gave the following:

"The United States of America!—bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the precession of the equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos, and on the west by the day of judgment!"

Hobson says in his opinion the Colonel was nearest the truth.

* * *

254. Ambrose Bierce, while out in San Francisco recently, visited the new house of an old friend, a gentleman of Irish extraction. The hostess evidently took great pride in the house, the furnishings of which were new and beautiful and gave every evidence of taste and refinement. Mr. Bierce, who has an eye for the beautiful, gave unstinted praise to everything he saw.

"But," he said, "I am sorry to see that your house, beautiful as it is, lacks one ornament which no Irish house should be without."

"What is that?" she asked, unsuspiciously.

"A pig," replied Mr. Bierce, with a satisfied chuckle.

The hostess's eyes sparkled.

"It did," she said, indignantly, "but you have supplied the want."

255. They were seated in the Lambs' Club a few nights ago, four of them, Charles Hawtrey, Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, and another member of Mr. Hawtrey's company. It was after the performance at their respective theatres. The quartet were discussing the auto-epitaph of Andrew Carnegie, made public a few days ago, and which reads:

"Here lies a man who knew how to get around him men much cleverer than he."

"I think," said Wilson, "it would be an appropriate epitaph for some stars."

"You're way off," retorted Hopper, "no star ever got around him cleverer people than himself. He would be a fool if he did."

"It strikes me that that epitaph, though epigrammatic in its literal sense, is going to read rather funny in a cemetery," ventured Mr. Hawtrey.

"How so?" they all asked.

"Well, it defies that great fact that the grave is the equalizer of men. Now, imagine reading that on a tombstone, and then glance around the cemetery and see all the cleverer men Mr. Carnegie has got around him."

* * *

256. When the late Mike Woolf, the inimitable delineator of gamin life, was in London, a half score of years ago, he was attracted to a certain well-known hostelry by the sign "American Drinks a Specialty." Approaching the polished mahogany, he asked, to make sure:

"Do you have American mixed drinks?"

"Yes," replied the suave servitor.

"All right," said Mike, happily, "make me a whisky cocktail."

The compounder eyed the artist for a moment, and asked, curtly:

"Hot or cold?"

* * *

257. The people of Asheville, N. C., have heard an amusing anecdote about George Vanderbilt, a certain English nobleman, and a negro butler. Mr. Vanderbilt's

estate, "Biltmore," is near Asheville. The nobleman had gone to the Carolina mountains for his health, and he had employed the negro, together with several other servants of the same race, to wait upon him in a leased house.

It happened that the butler, John by name, was very religious, so very religious that he declined to address his master as "My Lord," on the ground that such a form of address was sacrilegious. The nobleman gave orders, but they were disobeyed in this particular, and John was too good a servant to be discharged without unusual cause. But the time came when there was a final clash. The nobleman was to invite Mr. Vanderbilt to dinner, and he said to John:

"This time you must obey me. When Mr. Vanderbilt enters you must announce him thus: "My Lord—Mr. Vanderbilt."

John demurred at first, but a threat of instant dismissal persuaded him to forget his religious scruples for this one time.

Mr. Vanderbilt came. The negro threw open the drawing-room door, and cried at the top of his voice:

"Great God—Mr. Vanderbilt!"

* * *

258. The elevator was more than usually crowded, and the elevator boy expounded his threadbare joke about "the elevation of immortals." Everybody with one exception, laughed. The exception was a gentleman well known as a writer on political and economic subjects. When the elevator reached the eleventh floor, however, he turned to a neighbor and said, abruptly, as though starting a new theme:

"The best elevator joke I ever heard was perpetrated by Secretary Evarts. One morning Mr. Evarts was very anxious to reach an office in one of the upper apartments at the Capitol. He had hard work to get into the elevator, for on that particular morning it happened to be crowded with applicants for everything in the foreign service, from the Court of St. James's to a Consulship in a South American republic. As the elevator

started Mr. Evarts remarked, with one of his curious, sedate smiles:

"This is the greatest collection for foreign missions that I have ever seen taken up!"

* * *

259. Gov. Tod, the war Governor of Ohio, was generally considered to be conscious to the full of his official importance. He was under discussion in the lobby of a Columbus hotel, when a stranger to the city remarked:

"'Tod'—all the Tods I ever knew wrote their name 'T—o—double d.'"

There was silence. Then an old acquaintance of the Chief Executive explained:

"Well, to tell the truth, that used to be the Governor's way of writing it; but one day, as it happened, a man told him that God spelled His name with only one 'd.' That settled it. Thenceforward the Governor's final 'd' was lost in the discard."

* * *

260. Andrew Carnegie lately told this story:

He said he found himself in a sleepy little town in Georgia on a Sunday, and he determined to visit the colored church. He arrived after the service had begun, and took a seat in the last pew.

When the plate was passed he dropped a fifty-dollar banknote on it. The old man who passed the plate put it down at once, examined the note carefully on both sides, and then counted the change in the plate.

This finished, he picked up the plate and marched solemnly to the front. Instead of placing it on the little table in front of the pine pulpit, however, he carried it around to the pulpit stairs, and handed it to the minister. He whispered to the pastor eagerly, nodding first at the fifty-dollar note and then at Mr. Carnegie. The minister put the plate on the pulpit, fingered the note, blinked once or twice, and said:

"Bre'ren, de Lawd hab be'n mighty good to us dis day. De collec'shun' mounts to one dollah 'en twenty-fo' cents, 'en ef de fifty dollar bill wha' dat man wid de

gray ha'r 'en beard, who am sittin' in de back seat, put in de plate, am good, we have fifty-one dollahs 'en twenty-fo' cents. Let us t'ank de Lawd, en pray dat it may be a good bill."

Mr. Carnegie slipped out of the church just before the prayer was finished, and left town before the doubting minister discovered his identity.

* * *

261. Senators Platt of Connecticut, Burnham of New Hampshire, and Teller of Colorado comprise the committee which is at present investigating the Cuban sugar question with reference to the benefits to be secured to Cuba through the pending Reciprocity bill. The committee has been holding strenuous sessions almost daily and when not listening to witnesses, has been engaged in digesting previous testimony. The other morning after listening to long and tedious testimony Senator Platt, the Chairman, announced abruptly that the committee would adjourn until 10 o'clock the following morning. Mr. Teller, who is an indefatigable worker and never absent from the Senate except for good cause, remarked:

"Mr. Chairman, to-morrow is the fortieth anniversary of my marriage, and my wife thinks I should devote a part of the day at home. I ask that the committee adjourn to meet day after to-morrow to allow me to do so."

Senator Platt gladly acquiesced to Senator Teller's request.

The following morning, to the surprise of everybody, Senator Teller appeared at the Capitol bright and early.

"Why! Senator," remarked a colleague on the committee, "isn't this the anniversary of your marriage?"

The Colorado statesman smiled and remarked:

"No, it isn't. I made a mistake; it's to-morrow."

And the laugh was on the Colorado favorite statesman.

* * *

262. It was at the Century Club recently a group of men were discussing an editorial of the evening previous on the strain upon university professors and their need of the long Summer vacation. Some Columbia

men were of the number, and it was suggested that possibly a Columbia man had written the editorial.

An outsider asked sarcastically if it was still true that the Columbia professor only lectured twice and on the second Tuesday of each week! To which a Columbia man replied:

"All that is changed now. The new President is one of the strenuous men, you know, and he has set new hours, and we are all obliged to keep these hours closely. It is rather wearing, but there is no help for it."

"What are the hours?" was asked very innocently by a layman.

"From 12 to 1 each day, with one hour off for lunch!"

And the sound of the syphon was distinctly audible in the silence which followed.

* * *

263. Here and there one finds a man who realizes how ridiculous he is—and generally he resents it," said Mark Twain. "On the veranda of a country hotel I once blundered upon an individual of the type. The guests were sitting around talking, and the conversation gradually drifted into a comparison of birthplaces.

"Said one, 'I was born in Oconomowoc.' None smiled.

"Said another, 'I hail from Red Dog, Texas.' None smiled.

"Said a third, rather curtly, 'Mauch Chunk.' Still the company smiled not at all.

"But one little man who had heretofore been extremely pleasant remained silent. Somebody turned to him, gayly.

"'What's your town, Mr. Smith?'

"The little man scowled painfully. 'I'm from Kalamazoo,' he said. And he added, belligerently, 'And I can lick the first man that laughs!'"

* * *

264. The late Pierre Lorillard used to tell a story of an instance of alliteration. He had a Cockney groom at Rancocas Farm, who had temporary charge of some

hunters, which had just been imported from England. The hunters got footsore, and Mr. Lorillard asked in his characteristic kindly way the cause.

"They haven't been following the hounds?" asked Mr. Lorillard.

"It's not the 'unting that 'urts the 'orses' feet," explained the Cockney groom, "but the 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard, 'ard 'ighway."

* * *

265. During the last term of the late "Zeb" Vance in the United States Senate his brother, Robert Vance, was elected to represent the Asheville (N. C.) district in the lower branch of Congress. One Sunday morning soon after Robert made his appearance in Washington a friend asked the Senator if he and Robert agreed on the subject of religion as well as they did on politics.

"No," replied the Senator, "Bob is a Methodist and believes in falling from grace, but never falls, while I am a Presbyterian, and don't believe in falling from grace, but am all the time falling!"

* * *

266. William F. Hallstead of Scranton, Pa., was General Manager of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway until the recent reorganization of the company, and of many of the stories he relates concerning the "pass fiends" this is one:

One day a Lackawanna County farmer walked into his office and bluntly asked for a pass to New York and return.

Mr. Hallstead, who knew the old fellow very well, said:

"Look here, Silas, suppose I should drop in on you some day and ask you to hitch up and drive me to Honesdale and return, what would you think of me?"

The old farmer thought for a moment, and, in a slow drawl, replied:

"Waal, I think it would be gol darn cheeky; but, Mr. Hallstead, suppose I was driving to Honesdale anyway,

and you asked me for a ride, what would you think of me if I refused?"

Mr. Hallstead saw the point, and Silas got his pass.

* * *

267. Elliot Danforth, the former State Treasurer, has made many journeys through the South, and having a genuine liking for its people has often penetrated into remote parts. A few years ago, while in North Carolina, he was present at a trial before a Magistrate in Mitchell County, miles from any railroad.

In the course of the trial the plaintiff's lawyer produced a letter, and started to read it as evidence. The defendant's attorney promptly objected, whereupon the Magistrate asked for the letter saying he would decide whether it was admissible or not.

Receiving it he turned it upside down, looked hard at it, glanced at it sideways, and from every point of view. Mr. Danforth, watching the manœuvres of the Magistrate in astonishment, turned to his friend, also of the mountains, saying:

"Why, I don't believe the Judge can read!"

"Read!" ejaculated his friend, "why, sure not. He can't read readin'-writin', let alone writin'-writin'."

* * *

268. When Josiah Quincy was Mayor of Boston a politician there christened his youngest boy "Josiah Quincy Rosnosky." He had named his preceding son "Nathan Matthews, Jr.," after another Democratic Mayor, and had this child with him when he called on Mr. Quincy and told how he had honored him.

"What is your name?" asked Mayor Quincy of the boy.

"I'm named after Nathan Matthews, Jr.," replied the boy. And then he added, as if he had said it often, "He was the best Mayor Boston ever had."

Everybody laughed, except Mr. Quincy, who never does such a thing.

"Oh, well," remarked Mr. Quincy, when the merriment subsided, "just wait until Josiah Quincy Rosnosky is old enough to talk!"

269. Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, is an Exeter boy and a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy. Like all Exeter men, he is very loyal, and has generously donated examples of his work to both town and academy.

A few years ago one of the busts in the academy chapel had the misfortune to lose a nose, and as Mr. French was visiting the town he kindly offered to replace it.

Now, it happened that the bust was not the only thing in the academy that needed mending, for the night before a cold snap had frozen and burst the main water pipe. The plumber, as usual, was late in appearing, and the old janitor was terribly upset. Mr. French put on his studio rig, packed what few sculptor's materials he had with him into a bag, and went to the academy. He didn't know what part of the building the statue was in, so he rang the bell, called up the janitor, and said:

"I've come to mend the bust."

"Indaide, it is hoigh toime. I t'ought ye'd niver come," stormed the irate janitor. "The wather is jist runnin' arl over the buildin'!"

* * *

270. When Secretary Hay was one of President Lincoln's Secretaries, he met an excitable individual at the portal of the White House one morning. The stranger was determined to see the President. Mr. Hay tried to convince the man that his call was inopportune.

"You're a mighty important young feller," sneered the stranger. "What's your name?"

"Hay," was the Secretary's simple reply.

"What did you say?" said the irate unknown, who thought that the young man was pretending deafness.

"Hay," repeated the future statesman, with undiminished suavity.

"Hay!" shouted the persistent man from somewhere, trying to mimic Mr. Hay. "If I was as deaf as you, young feller, I'd never hear anything but the dinner bell."

271. One evening in the middle eighties Prince Henry of Prussia, just returned from a long voyage in the Far East, found himself at a ball in the Royal Palace, in Berlin. Instead of his naval uniform of Commander, he had donned the uniform of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, in which he was then a Lieutenant. A Captain belonging to the same regiment soon accosted him, and, noticing certain insignia on his arm, said to him gruffly: "Do you not know, sir, that it is against the regulations to wear foreign orders."

"Yes, sir; but my grandmother conferred this, and——"

"There is also another regulation which says that foreign orders are not hereditary. You will report to your Captain to-morrow."

"Yes, Captain," humbly replied the Prince. "But I said my grandmother 'conferred' this—she did not 'give' it."

"Ah, and what do you call it, young man?" inquired the officer with a slight touch of curiosity.

"The Order of the Garter, Captain."

"Never heard of it. Must be some fake decoration. I shall look into this matter myself. Who did you say your grandmother was?"

"I didn't say, Captain. But she is called Queen Victoria."

* * *

272. The anecdote concerning a Newburg Judge brought to the mind of a reader a retort made by another dispenser of justice from the same city.

It so happened that, while holding court in Brooklyn, he was accustomed to sleep at the Manhattan Hotel, in New York, often, however, spending the week end in Newburg.

On his journey to the metropolis one Monday morning he was greeted by an agricultural acquaintance in the train thus:

"Hello, Jedge! I see you're settin' in Brooklyn."

"Yes," responded his Honor. "I'm settin' in Brooklyn, but I'm layin' in New York!"

273. The Rev. Alexander Doyle of the Paulist Fathers is a clever speaker and a warm advocate of total abstinence and tight-closed saloons for Sunday. When he talks on these topics the ears of opponents tingle.

Lately among his admiring auditors was a country girl who had come to New York, and found herself stirred by admiration of everything in it. The preaching of Father Doyle impressed her deeply, and she wrote home to her mother this choice bit of criticism:

"I never get tired of going to hear the sermons in the Paulist Church, mother, Father Doyle is such a lovely preacher that you would think every word he said was true!"

* * *

274. An ex-Senator seated in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other afternoon said:

"My wife and daughter had been training a negro butler in Washington for a month or more before their first reception, and as the fellow was bright he learned rapidly. But they were a little fearful of some faux pas on his part before the afternoon would be over, and they were not disappointed.

"On account of our short residence in Washington we were comparative strangers to most of the people calling, so 'Charles' was told to be very particular to get the names correctly and call them out distinctly. He had been getting along beautifully, announcing the names of the visitors as they came in, until Mrs. Foote, the wife of the Congressman from Vermont, and her daughters arrived. Then he announced in loud, distinct tones:

"'Mrs. Foot and the Misses Feet.'"

* * *

275. "Frank Hatton was a great stickler for details," said a former Representative in Congress, who had been in Washington when Mr. Hatton was Postmaster General, the other day, "and when he entered the Cabinet in the latter part of Arthur's administration he carried this habit with him. He let it be known among the heads of bureaus and divisions that he proposed to familiarize himself with the business of the

department until he had grasped all the details of the work over which he presided.

"The second day at his desk the venerable colored messenger who attended him brought the usual large bundle of letters to be signed. It was a pile of typewritten epistles, inches thick. The messenger placed them before Mr. Hatton, and, with a blotting pad in hand, stood waiting for the signature, as he had done for Mr. Hatton's predecessors since Hayes's time. The first letter was a long one, on a topic with which the new Postmaster General was not familiar, and so formal, legal, and involved that one reading did not make its meaning clear. Mr. Hatton hesitated, wrinkled his forehead, and mused to himself:

"'What's this all about, anyway? It's all news to me. I don't know whether I approve of the things it says or not. I can't make head or tail out of it. I don't know whether it's a good thing or not.'

"The old messenger, standing with blotting pad raised, leaned over and placed his forefinger on the space at the end of the last page and answered:

"'Well, neither do I; but you sign your name there.'"

* * *

276. Reuben Hallett of Chicago accompanied a friend to the Victoria Theatre the other evening, and enjoyed the performance by sleeping, most of the while aloud, during the show. However, when the man fell out of the balcony Hallett woke up, and not knowing just what had happened, began to applaud as if leading an inevitable encore. When told what had really occurred, and that an encore was out of order, Hallett observed:

"Well, I'm glad some one took a tumble to one of Lew Dockstader's jokes!"

* * *

277. A local wit was one day discussing the mental incapacity of editors with the late H. C. Bunner.

"Now," said he, "what do you think of this: I used to write serious and comic matter for a certain

daily, which paid me $20 a column for the humorous stuff and $10 for the serious. One day the editor asked me to mark my comic things 'C' and my serious stories 'S,' with a blue pencil, that he might tell them apart. Wasn't that pretty rough on him?"

"No," replied Bunner with a smile and a twinkle in his eye, "but it was pretty rough on you!"

* * *

278. Soon after the convening of a new session of Congress, the announcement was made of the approaching marriage of Anson G. McCook, who was then Secretary of the Senate.

A subscription was immediately started among the Senators for the purchase of a wedding present. Two or three prominent Senators voluntered to collect the money. Senator X., one of the richest men in the Senate at that time, was one of these.

Seeing a new Western Senator who had not yet been approached on the subject, Senator X. went to him and said:

"Senator Slocum, I want you to give me $25."

"What for?" demanded the new member.

"For McCook's wedding present," explained Senator X.

"I'll see you about it to-morrow," answered Slocum with a scowl.

"All right," said Senator X., as he walked away, "but don't forget it."

Senator Slocum watched him until he was out of hearing, and then, turning to his colleague, remarked with warmth:

"Well, I've heard of cheeky things in my life, but that man beats all! What do you think? He just asked me to give him $25 to buy a wedding present for his cook!"

* * *

279. Daniel Lord, Jr., was the contemporary and peer of that galaxy of great lawyers in which shone Wood O'Conor, Cutting and Noyes.

Lord was a classical scholar and rather fond of adorning his speeches with classical illustrations.

Conducting a case one day, against a defendant charged with fraud, he assured the jury, in summing up, that this gross and infamous fraud would stain the defendant's name and blacken his reputation forever—it would cling to his conscience and poison his peace, "like the shirt of Nemesis"—meaning to say Nessus.

Opposed to Lord was Ambrose Jordan, noted for his bitter wit and acrid tongue, which won for him at the New York bar the nickname of "Little Bitters." Scribbling on a bit of paper he handed up to the Judge the following couplet:

"The god whom Lord called Nemesis
Wore not shirts, but chemises!"

* * *

280. Ex-Speaker Reed, Ambassador Choate, and Senator Wolcott were chatting together one evening about two years ago. The subject of conversation drifted to worldly pursuits and pleasures.

Mr. Choate said with great solemnity: "Well, gentlemen, I have not drunk whisky, played cards for money, or attended a horse race in twenty-eight years."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Senator Wolcott admiringly. "I wish I could say that!"

"Why don't you?" blandly inquired Mr. Reed. "Choate did."

* * *

281. When Judge Barnard was on the bench and holding court in Poughkeepsie a lawyer who did not like him chanced to see a one-cent coin lying on the floor. Picking it up and holding it forth in ostentatious display, he said:

"I imagine, your Honor, from the value of this coin, that it must belong to the court."

"And I imagine," replied Judge Barnard, "that if it was not such a small coin the court never would have seen it."

* * *

282. Rough Riders attach much value to their Colo-

nel's good work. Perhaps, however, it never proved more useful to any of them than it did to the man who recently wrote to thank President Roosevelt for a testimonial of good conduct, sent at the former's request. After expressing his thanks he explained the "little difficulty" in which he had found himself as follows:

"I shot a lady in the eye. The lady died. I did not mean to shoot the lady, I was shooting at my wife."

* * *

283. There used to be a pretty mean member of the Lambs' Club—one who was always to the fore when any one else was treating, but who never by any chance offered to buy. He was of a literary turn and thought more of his abilities than the publishers did.

This characteristic was well known to all the members, and one afternoon he buttonholed Nat Goodwin and John Glendinning in the club. He commenced to relate his good fortune. A publisher that morning had promised to publish his latest work.

"What is it?" asked Glendinning. "A novel?"

"No," replied the author; "it is my autobiography."

"Accent on the 'bi'?" inquired Glendinning pointedly.

"No," chimed in Goodwin. "Accent on the 'auto,' I suppose."

* * *

284. Ex-Speaker Reed had occasion to consult with a political friend residing in some town out West, and telegraphed him to that effect. The railroad on which the friend had to travel had a serious accident, and he telegraphed back: "Can't come; washout on line."

The ex-Speaker wired this reply:

"Get a clean shirt, and come, anyway."

* * *

285. Judge Roger S. Greene, for many years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Washington Territory, was eminent not only for his legal attainments, but also for the accuracy of his scholarship and scrupulously correct use of language. A mispronunciation was an offense that he could not permit to pass unnoticed.

In arguing a case before him one day an attorney cited Browne on Carriers, pronouncing the name of the author Brown-ey. The Judge interrupted the argument to give him the correct pronunciation, which he accepted for the moment, but soon relapsed into his error, whereupon the Judge again interrupted with:

"Mr. ——, that author's name is not pronounced Browney, but Brown. As in the case of many similar words, the final 'e' is silent. There is an 'e' at the end of my name, but you would not call me 'Greeny,' would you?"

"That depends," instantly replied the lawyer, "on how your Honor decides this case!"

* * *

286. The late William Hart was a landscape painter who believed firmly in himself and in his ability to handle the brush about as effectively as any other man in the profession. One day a friend who had called at his studio was looking out at the sky, which was cloudless, and remarked:

"That's a mighty fine sky, Mr. Hart."

The painter walked over, looked into the azure dome of heaven for a few moments in a most critical way, and replied:

"Yes, it is very fine, very fine; but still I don't think it's quite so fine in quality and tone as the one I'm painting."

* * *

287. Some years ago, while Baron Rothschild and a nobleman friend were taking a pleasure trip along the Rhine, a young lad on the boat noticed the end of a silk handkerchief sticking out of a corner of Rothschild's pocket. Turning to his chum he said:

"If I could only get that handkerchief Think how much it must be worth!"

"Try to get it, then," said his chum, with visions of the fabulous value of a Rothschild handkerchief.

So the lad took the end of the handkerchief between his fingers and gently tugged at it. At this point the nobleman turned to the Baron and whispered:

"Baron, that boy beside you is taking your handkerchief."

"Let him alone," said the Baron, "We all had to start small!"

* * *

288. At a recent dinner the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage told a story of a lady who was asked:

"Do you ever think of getting married?"

"Think," she answered, in asperity, "I worry."

* * *

289. Some of Rear Admiral Schley's friends in this city are chuckling over the way he received the news of the President's adverse decision on his appeal from the findings of the naval court.

The Rear Admiral was in this city when the decision was made public, and the news was brought to him by friends. He listened attentively and without comment.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked one of the group, after waiting in vain for the Rear Admiral to express himself.

"It isn't said that Cervera got away, is it?" asked the Rear Admiral, without a suspicion of a smile.

"No; of course not."

"Or that the Spanish fleet ever did business after that day?"

"No."

"Then, after all we did not fight in vain," said he in a tone of satisfaction, and he changed the subject.

* * *

290. The Rev. E. L. Yeomans, late of Orange, N. J., was very fond of children and made much of them in a pastoral way. One Sunday he preached a sermon from the somewhat fanciful text, "Thou makest my feet as the hind's feet," and was gratified to notice that the young son of one of his congregation gave it unusual attention and seemed very much interested. Meeting him a few days after he said:

"Well, Louis, I saw you in church last Sunday, wide awake as usual, and listening with both ears."

"Yes, sir."

"And do you remember the sermon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am curious to know if you can repeat the text."

"No, sir; I don't think I can. It was something about your hind feet, but I didn't just understand what."

* * *

291. A recent meeting of bank Directors included J. Edward Simmons and Russell Sage. In the course of a general conversation Mr. Simmons remarked:

"Money isn't everything—is it, Mr. Sage?"

"No," replied Mr. Sage thoughtfully. "The work of collecting it is very important."

* * *

292. A librettist accosted De Wolf Hopper at the stage entrance to Weber & Fields's.

"I wish to explain the story of my new opera," he began. "The hero is stranded on a desert island, and the natives make him King. You perceive the splendid beginning for complications."

"I do," interrupted the comedian, hastily. "And I know them well; they are chiefly of a financial character, if memory serves me." And he fled.

* * *

293. The Whitechapel Club of Chicago numbers some famous names upon its list of members. Among them are Peter Finley Dunne, the late Eugene Field, Reginald De Koven, Carter Harrison, Robert T. Lincoln, and others. The meetings of the club are held in a veritable chamber of horrors. The Chairman's table is a deal coffin, and his gavel is a hatchet—relic of a celebrated murder. On every hand are objects of like horrific association.

"The club entertains many foreign celebrities," said Mr. Dunne. "The committee in charge of the proceed-

ings invariably contrives some new and startling effect in their honor. I remember that we had with us on one evening the late Thomas Huxley and Senator Depew. The distinguished guests were detained at the club until the hour was very late. Then, at a given signal, two patrol wagons dashed up to the door. Men in police uniforms hammered for admittance.

"'Great Scott! The club is pulled!' gasped the Chairman, as though much alarmed.

"'Why?' demanded Depew.

"'Is it for the gambling?' queried the scientist. 'I believe we merely shook the box—as you say.'

"'The motive was curiosity and good-fellowship," added Mr. Depew. 'We were not informed as to the character of the resort.'

"Nevertheless both gentlemen were hustled out and thrust into the wagons. They made dignified and puzzled protest, but were assured that the law is no respecter of persons. Then the wagons dashed away with them. Mr. Depew was released at the Annex entrance to the Auditorium, and Mr. Huxley was taken to Michigan Avenue. Not until then did either of them realize that the arrest was part of the reception. No doubt both gentlemen dropped asleep that night with very broad grins of relief."

* * *

294. Ambassador Choate has a particular aversion for the tuft-hunting American who flourishes in Europe, and never misses an opportunity to make a courteous but effective dig at him. A short time ago Mr. Choate was a guest in a country house at which a particularly offensive specimen of the genus Anglomaniac was also staying. Over the nuts and wine one evening this gentleman narrated, with much glee, the story of how he had once met Queen Alexandra driving in an open barouche while a storm was raging and no shelter in sight. The chivalrous American, according to his own story, immediately handed his umbrella to her Majesty, receiving in return a grateful bow, and then trudging home in the rain. He ended up by remarking:

"In the old days a man would have been knighted for doing that."

On Mr. Choate's features one of those benignant smiles for which he is justly celebrated slowly perfected itself.

"Ah," he said. "And I suppose, if you had been knighted, you would have chosen an umbrella for your coat of arms with the motto 'Pour la Reine.'"

* * *

295. During the action before Santiago, Gen, Shafter carried a so-called "dollar watch," a timepiece upon which he placed great stress as to its infallibility, although many of his immediate associates were skeptical about its accuracy.

One sultry day, preparatory to the noonday meal, a group of officers were trying to settle a dispute as to the exact time of day. The discussion became heated, as each championed the reliability of his particular "infallible," and personalities seemed imminent as Gen. Shafter made his appearance.

He was appealed to settle the controversy. The General slowly drew his watch from his pocket and said with marked deliberation: "Gentlemen, the official time of this post is 11:47."

The emphasis on "official" left no doubt as to the result of further discussion, and although all indulged in a hearty laugh at the speaker's expense, Gen. Shafter's confidence in his "chronometer" was unshaken.

* * *

296. Senator Pettus of Alabama is one of the young octogenarians of the country. He does not look like a man in his eighty-first year, and says he does not feel half the years he has piled up to his credit.

An Alabama Representative, himself well along in years, suggested to Mr. Pettus the other day the possibility that he might live to be a hundred years old, and asked him if he would consider it right to hold his Senatorship twenty years longer.

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Pettus.

"Think of the others," was the reply. "There is a

lot of aspiring youngsters down in our State. Don't you want to give them a chance?"

"Never thought of that," mused Mr. Pettus. "Say, I tell you what I'll do. I'll make a trade with you. If you will die I will resign, and so we will give two of those aspiring youngsters their political opportunities."

"What a noble young man you are, Pettus!" fervently ejaculated the gentleman who had been invited to die.

* * *

297. It is credibly reported that Archbishop Corrigan's acceptance of the invitation to the banquet in honor of Prince Henry gave offense to a portion of his priesthood. They did not perceive any justification for an agreement, on the part of so conspicuous a prelate of the Church, to do this honor to a notoriously Protestant Prince. But the Archbishop silenced them and closed the opening question by falling into the fresh excavation behind the Cathedral, and so severely bruising himself that it was physically impossible for him to take part in the festivity.

Said one of the disaffected ecclesiastics:

"That was not a bad notion of 'Mike's,' to get himself out of one hole by falling into another!"

* * *

298. Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, now touring here, before coming to this country, wanted to learn English. He knew some American girls in Berlin, and they said they would teach him. They taught him all the slang they knew.

He was going to play at a musicale given by one of the most prominent members of society. On entering, the hostess said: "How do you do, Mr. Kreisler! I hope you are well."

"Thank you, Mrs. ——, I hope you are hot stuff, too!"

Some time after he realized how nicely he had answered.

* * *

299. One of the passengers on the Kronprinz was a woman quite prominent in Chicago society. Prince

Henry was pointed out to her, and she studied him much as one might study an interesting object in a museum.

"What do you think of the Prince?" asked one of the party.

It was her chance.

"Think of him!" she blazed. "I was near by, in the smoking room, when Baron von Seckendorf asked him what he wished to drink!"

"Well?"

She continued scornfully:

"His Royal Highness, Admiral, Prince Henry of Prussia said, 'I guess I'll have a beer!'"

* * *

300. The following conversation in a Broadway car, during the late blizzard, was reported to Mr. H. H. Vreeland.

The car was crawling through it. The streets and gutters and pavements were one morass of freezing slush. A young woman in furs gazed out at the dismal scene and shuddered.

"My! What a blizzard!" she exclaimed. Then she turned to her escort, a rugged old veteran, and added: "No doubt you would not consider this much in Dakota?"

He smiled amiably. "Indeed we should not," he replied. "In Dakota this would be considered a very pleasant Summer afternoon."

* * *

301. At a dinner last week Lieut. Gov. Woodruff told a story of a lady living in the country, who was asked as to the whereabouts of her husband. She replied:

"If the ice is as thick as Bill thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thick as I think it is, he is swimming."

* * *

302. Bishop Potter is accused of having given currency to the following anecdote:

A Chicagoan had been taken around Boston all day

to observe her bulwarks, but had failed to exhibit any of those symptoms of paralysis which are acceptable to the Bostonian mind.

"Now confess," said the Bostonian host, after the burden and heat of the day, "isn't Boston a unique town?"

"Unique?" mused the Westerner; "I believe that word is derived from two Latin words, unus, one, and equs, horse. I think Boston is a unique town."

* * *

303. Joseph Jefferson was driving from his Summer residence in Buzzard's Bay to Onset—which is the next town west on Cape Cod—when he met two women from the camp meeting grounds at the latter place who had just dismounted from their wheels and stood in a quandary. The women, who wore bloomers, hailed the veteran comedian with the query:

"Please, Mister, is this the way to Wareham?"

Mr. Jefferson looked at the bloomers and then replied: "The way to wear 'em? Certainly, Madam. It is the way I wear mine."

* * *

304. During his term as Congressman Major William A. Smith, ex-President of the North Carolina Central Railroad, made a visit to New York and stopped at one of the American-plan hotels. Upon seating himself at dinner he was obsequiously handed a bill of fare by the waiter. Tossing it aside, he passed the waiter a dollar with the remark: "Bring me a good dinner."

The dinner proving satisfactory, the Congressman pursued this practice during his entire stay. As the last tip was changing hands he mentioned that he was about to return to Washington.

"Well, sir," said the waiter, "when you or any of your friends that can't read the bill of fare come to New York, just ask for Sam."

* * *

305. Among those who had a narrow escape from the Park Avenue Hotel fire was Admiral Joseph N. Miller,

Though he was only partially suffocated, he was reported dead.

Gen. Anson G. McCook hastened to the scene of the disaster to learn the correctness of the report. He found the Admiral loafing about the lobby of the hotel, watching the crowd of excited people who had come to get news of their relatives and friends. In response to Gen. McCook's eager inquiries, the Admiral said:

"Oh, I'm all right. I've had a good smoke. Come, it's time to have a drink now."

* * *

306. Ex-President Cleveland and Joe Jefferson on one of their fishing trips among the Maine lakes employed a boatman who was ignorant of the identity of his passengers. On retiring from the first day's fruitless campaign Mr. Cleveland addressed the boatman:

"How much do we owe you?"

The question seemed to embarrass the backwoodsman. "What did you ketch?" he hesitated.

It was Mr. Cleveland's turn to be embarrassed. "We caught a pickerel," he said, stiffly. "What has that got to do with it?"

The boatman flushed. "So long as you're so pert," he retorted, "the hire for this boat is $8."

"We will take the boat again to-morrow if it is not engaged," said Mr. Cleveland.

The man gazed at him blankly. "Why," he gasped, "for $8 you kin git more pickerel than you kin ketch with them hooks in a month!"

"What has that got to do with it?" demanded Mr. Cleveland again.

The puzzled countenance of the boatman relaxed into a grin. "I guess you won't last long in the fish business," he said.

* * *

307. Ex-Judge Augustus Van Wyck, at the dinner of the Georgia Society, told a story of Willis Jones, a colored janitor of the University of North Carolina, Judge Van Wyck's alma mater. Willis left the college,

securing a position in the manufacturing town of Durham. At the close of the year he returned to the university and said to the President: "This commercial life is not intended for me. We literary men are not fit for that sort of work."

* * *

308. The beauties of Japan were under discussion at the Authors' Club one night and John Boyle O'Reilly was of the party.

"Why," said a gentleman who has toured the Orient thoroughly, "I believe it is the site of the lost paradise."

"No," said O'Reilly, "I must except to that theory. I cannot understand how any man who has read Genesis can question that the Garden of Eden was in Ireland."

"What Scriptural passage sustains that assumption?" asked the other man.

"I must admit," said O'Reilly, "that it is based upon the fig leaf incident. Adam and Eve, you know, were evicted for the wearing of the green!"

* * *

309. There is a doorkeeper of the House of Representatives who was born in the Green Isle and is so proud of his native land that he never tires of telling of the famous men of the same extraction. Some of his assertions are in singular contradiction to history, and Congressmen often cajole him to converse upon this favorite theme for their amusement. One day he said that St. Peter was an Irishman.

"Well," said Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, who was then in Congress, "you can bet he was not a negro. No colored man would have given that cock the chance to crow three times."

* * *

310. Some time ago Mrs. Ogden Mills was in Philadelphia on a visit. An extremely wealthy but very recent member of Philadelphia society was sending out cards for an entertainment. A friend of Mrs. Mills's, thinking, no doubt, that the Philadelphian would be only too delighted to secure the presence of such a

social lion at her entertainment, asked for a card for Mrs. Mills. She received a reply substantially as follows:

"Really, Mrs. ——, I should of course be glad to send a card to any friend of yours, but I understand that Mrs. Mills's father-in-law keeps a second-rate hotel in New York, and society is getting so mixed nowadays that I feel it my duty to draw the line at such people."

It took Mrs. Rittenhouse Square some minutes to recover her breath and explain Mr. D. O. Mills's connection with the Mills Hotel.

* * *

311. Representative Dahle, of Wisconsin, who is an absent-minded man, was making a speech in the House the other day. Getting warmed up to his subject, he began striding up and down the aisle, waving his arms above his head and talking at the top of his voice. In the midst of his flow of oratory he forgot what he wanted to say next, and hurriedly retraced his steps to his desk, where he grabbed a pile of notes and began to turn them madly over in search of the missing link. But search as he might, he could not find it, and at last, in his wrath, he began to furiously throw each page on the floor as he went over the typewritten notes.

"Confound it!" he groaned under his breath, while perspiration began to start. There was a titter. "Where are those confounded figures anyway?"

At this moment Representative Mudd, of Maryland, who had been chatting with some friends a short distance away, came dashing furiously down the aisle.

"Here, stop that, Dahle!" he indignantly exclaimed. "What are you throwing my notes on the floor for? Those are the notes for the speech I'm going to deliver when you get through. Go back to your own desk."

And Dahle meekly and dazedly went away from Mr. Mudd's desk, and found his own with some difficulty. But he had become so thoroughly "rattled" that he could not deliver the rest of his speech.

312. Mrs. Dubois, wife of the Senator from Idaho, is an enthusiast on the subject of child culture. Before her marriage she was a kindergartner, and she has made child culture her life study.

"When we were married," she said recently to a friend, "the Senator and I made only one ante-nuptial agreement."

"What was that?" asked the friend.

"We agreed," said Mrs. Dubois, "that after we were married he should never talk politics to me and I should never talk child culture to him. And we have kept that agreement scrupulously ever since," she added, impressively.

"You are an exceptional couple to be able to keep such an agreement," was the comment.

"But we have kept it," said Mrs. Dubois; "that is, we have kept it to this extent—the Senator never talks politics to me."

* * *

313. A political conference held in New York during the last campaign closed without Lieut. Gov. Woodruff, the moving spirit of the meeting, having secured the desired unanimity. For the purpose of going over the matter again quietly, the Lieutenant Governor cordially invited one of the gentlemen, a leader from the upper part of Manhattan, to dine with him at his home.

The recipient, while politely appreciative of the honor extended, attempted to avoid acceptance, saying:

"But you live away over in Brooklyn, and it's such a long journey, you know."

Woodruff smiled good-naturedly, and said:

"You Manhattanites, with your peculiar notions of the remoteness and rurality of Brooklyn, remind me of an experience I had in a way-back New Hampshire village where business took me some Winters ago. I was sitting near the hotel stove with several natives listening to the usual stories, when one old graybeard turned to me and remarked that he understood I came from New York. Of course, I pleaded guilty. There was silence for a moment, and then, expectorat-

ing violently as if to add force to the sentiment, his face and voice full of commiseration, he blurted out:

"Gosh! Young feller, I sh'd think you'd hate to live so fur away!"

* * *

314. Rear Admiral Evans, who has been in the public eye of late quite as much as he is ever in the public heart, was asked by one of the party with Prince Henry of Prussia what was the most marked instance of patriotic action that had ever come under his observation. He told his story as solemnly as though he was possessed of not a whit of the keen sense of humor with which he is credited, and this is what he said:

"On the Indiana once we had enlisted among our able seamen two Irishmen, Mike and Barney. They had come aboard three days after they had landed in the country, but they learned some things so quickly that they had acquired a very definite idea of the meaning of the Fourth of July long before the day arrived, which was something like a month after we had sailed on our cruise. It chanced that the two were on an early morning watch together when Independence Day dawned, and they at once began to plan for its proper welcome. They seemed to realize, you see, that there was necessity for an unusual display of patriotism.

"Barney suggested they fire a salute from one of the forward eight-pounders, but Mike feared that would rouse the entire ship. 'Niver moind,' answered Barney; 'do ye hold a bucket ferninst the muzzle, an' 'twill deaden the sound.' And three minutes later that gun went off with such a roar as brought every man of the crew out of the midst of peaceful dreams.

"I sent for Barney. 'Now, my man,' said I, 'tell me everything.'

"'Sure,' he faltered, 'it was only a bit uv a cilibration because uv our indipindence.'

"'And where's Mike?' I demanded.

"'Captain, dear,' he groaned, 'he wint afther a bucket uv wather an' if he comes back as quick as he wint he's due roight now.'"

And then the Admiral closes his story with the simple statement, "But Mike was never recovered."

* * *

315. William J. Bryan, who was the guest of honor at the smoker of the New York Press Club, was elected an honorary member by a viva voce vote without a dissenting voice. In his acknowledgment Mr. Bryan aroused much laughter by saying:

"I can assure you, gentlemen, that I am glad to be unanimously elected to something, and especially in New York."

* * *

316. Ex-Senators Henry W. Blair and William E. Chandler, both of New Hampshire, were not on speaking terms for a time, but since Mr. Chandler's defeat for re-election they have forgotten old animosities and are cordiality itself when they meet. Both happened to reach the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the same day recently. Mr. Blair sat on a sofa in the corridor after breakfast when Mr. Chandler approached. After shaking hands the latter said:

"I'm not feeling well this morning, Senator. I have a pain in my back—lumbago, or something."

"What caused it?" asked Mr. Blair.

"Don't know," replied Mr. Chandler. "I was kneeling down to say my prayers last night when it caught me all of a sudden."

"It must be discouraging to have such a thing as that happen the very first time you ever tried it," remarked Mr. Blair as he turned smilingly to his newspaper.

* * *

317. At a recent meeting of graduates of Yale, in the class of '77, resident in New York City, Walter Brooks was appointed Chairman of one of the committees to arrange a class dinner at New Haven to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of graduation next commencement. His particular duties were outlined as "to look after luxuries, including music."

"Yes," he said, "I'm Chairman of the Committee on Terrapin and Seraphim."

318. Albert Bigelow Paine, the poet, who wrote "You Ought to be in Kansas When the Sunflowers Blow," has been called the champion long-distance stammerer of the earth. One day, when he had spent the greater part of a minute in asking a friend what time it was, the friend, after telling him, remarked:

"If you ever intend to become famous by your last words you would better write them out."

"W-w-w-w-w-h-h-h-h-y?" asked Paine.

"Because," replied his friend, "if you were to attempt to say them you'd never live long enough to finish the sentence."

* * *

319. Henry F. Samstag, of the firm of Samstag & Hilder Brothers, stepped into a barber's shop in Columbus Avenue one day last week and submitted to the manipulations of the "boss" barber. That worthy with an eye to the main chance was wondering if this was a new customer.

"Have you ever been here for a shave before?" asked the barber.

"Yes, once," was the reply.

"But I do not remember your face."

"I don't suppose you do," said Mr. Samstag. "It's all healed up now."

* * *

320. "Speaking of absent-minded men," said Lew Dockstader, "one day last week I saw the worst case that has ever come under my notice. A middle-aged man ran up the down-town side of the Thirty-third Street station on Sixth Avenue and thrust a dollar bill through the window. There was a train in the station at the time, and the party rushed past the ticket chopper, carefully dropping his 95 cents change in the box. Waving his ticket in the air he made a dash for the train. As he put his foot on the platform of the car the gate was slammed in his face, knocking him sprawling upon his back as the train rolled away. The ticket chopper and several others on the platform rushed to his assistance and helped him to his feet.

"'Never mind, Sir,' said the chopper, 'here comes an-

other train,' after being assured that the anxious passenger was not injured.

" 'Oh, it don't make much difference after all,' answered the middle-aged party; 'I wanted to go up town, anyhow.'

"Now, if that isn't the limit," said Mr. Dockstader, "I want to know what is."

* * *

321. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle in speaking of his incumbency of the headship of the Treasury Department told a story of his late son, Logan, the very popular chief clerk of the Treasury Department during the Secretaryship of his father. It seems that Logan, who had the disposal of a good bit of patronage, didn't believe that two members of one family should draw pay from the Government in that department. Accordingly, when he found two or more clerks of one family, he would lop off all but the highest salaried one. One day a young woman clerk entered his office. She had been discharged.

"I suppose," she said to young Carlisle, "it's because my sister is on the pay roll too?"

"That's exactly it," said Logan.

"I don't suppose you would make any exceptions to that rule, Mr. Chief Clerk?"

"Nary an exception," Logan replied.

"If that's so," triumphantly exclaimed the discharged young woman, "how about you and your father being on the pay roll?"

"By Jove," quoth Logan, "I never thought of that. Well, I reckon the old man will have to go."

* * *

322. President Roosevelt is beginning to chafe under the burdens put upon him by the persistence of office seekers. When he was on his way to the launching of the Meteor a friend remarked to him:

"You don't get much time for hunting now?"

"No," said the President; "the fact is, I am a sort of gamekeeper now, watching the Government preserves while hordes of poachers are trying to break in and bag the offices.

"Or maybe I am only a buffer," he added, a trifle wearily. "Every day Senators and Congressmen send men to me whom they can't land in office and whom they know I can't appoint, and I am expected to save the politicians the trouble of turning them down."

* * *

323. Several stories were told at the Transportation Club abut William C. Brown, the new Third Vice President of the New York Central, who has come here from the Lake Shore system. Said the shipping manager of a New Jersey manufacturer, "When Brown was Vice President of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy he found himself one day on a line for which he did not happen to hold the usual annual pass to which he was entitled. He had just made this discovery when the conductor came along, and he still held a score of annual passes in his hands. Quickly arranging them as one would hold a hand at cards, he held them up to the conductor and said:

"If you were playing poker and your opponent held such a hand, what would you say?"

"I would say pass," said the conductor, smiling and going on his way, and Mr. Brown was not compelled to break the habit of years by paying his fare.

* * *

324. On the morning that James R. Keene appeared in Wall Street after his recent illness one of those incomparable sons of freedom, in whose lexicon no such word as "kowtow" appears, and the nucleus of whose fortune lay in his blacking box, spied the great speculator as he strode into the Street, and he announced it to a pal thus:

"Hey, Mike, here's me friend 'Jim' Keene back all right, all right!"

"Your friend," said the other with a fine sarcasm. "You talk as if you knew him."

"Sure," said the other, and to prove it he hailed the speculator thus: "Have a shine, Jim?"

The refreshing familiarity brought a smile to Mr. Keene's face. His eyes twinkled and, stopping, he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, and in pleading tones said: "My boy, please don't call me Jim; call me Jimmie."

325. Ernest Thompson-Seton—he of animal story-telling and converted name fame—was describing to a clergyman the other day some of his experiences with various animals, particularly squirrels.

"It is an astonishing fact," said Mr. Seton, "that I found, after a few tests, that I could attract squirrels, howsoever wild, by singing to them. Whenever I sang they would come out of their holes or down from the trees, and though at first showing some timidity, sit and listen intently and apparently with enjoyment. I remember one day, however, when, after singing them various songs—rag-time and others—I tried 'Old Hundred' on them. Would you believe it, the instant they heard it they scampered off, nor could I induce them to return that day. And to this day I can't understand why."

The clergyman, a far-away look in his eyes, suggested very briefly:

"Probably they were afraid you would next proceed to take up a collection."

* * *

326. Prof. George Lyman Kittridge, who is known to most Harvard men as the successor of Prof. Child in the English department, was recently the victim of an unfortunate bit of memory on the part of a classmate.

A Harvard man himself, Prof. Kittridge as an undergraduate blazed his way through the pages of the Harvard Advocate with mildly erotic verse of the fallow sophomore type. Since his graduation he has confined himself rather more strictly to the difficulties of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

At a recent dinner Prof. Kittridge was called upon for a speech. He had just begun a story originally indited in early English, and was illuminating the dialects when suddenly a gray-haired worthy from the other end of the table started up out of a deep revery and shouted:

"Hang the Saxon, 'Kit'! Tell us about the girl with the freckled nose you kissed once and kissed again, and wrote sonnets to in The Advocate."

* * *

327. The Rev. Dr. Bitting, pastor of the Mount Morris Baptist Church, is a Southerner, and noted among

the many who have had the pleasure of hearing him speak for his original as well as humorous remarks. The other Sunday evening as he was announcing the offertory, and while soliciting a generous collection, he said:

"When I look over an audience such as this, I say to myself, Where are the poor? but more often, when I gaze at the contribution boxes, I wonder, Where are the rich?"

* * *

328. "Mr. Depew," said a gentleman, speaking recently of the Senator from New York, "pays a compliment as gracefully as any man, and one would never expect to see him fail to rise to the occasion. It was therefore a matter of considerable surprise to me when at a dinner where the Senator was a guest, I observed that he allowed to pass several excellent opportunities to compliment a charming young lady of the company. Afterward he commented upon the omission to Mr. Depew himself.

"'You observed the lady?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'You noticed that she might be extremely sensitive?' he went on.

"'Yes,' I replied, though truth to tell, I hadn't considered the lady's disposition at all.

"'Well,' said Mr. Depew slowly, 'I once told a sensitive girl that I thought her as sweet as honey, and the result was disastrous.'

"'How so?' I questioned, though I ought to have known better.

"The Senator answered me in a whisper, 'Next day the lady had hives.'"

* * *

329. Dr. Frank E. Wilson, the Congressman from Brooklyn, is also a practicing physician. The other night he received a late call to visit a patient on the outskirts of the city, somewhere near Evergreens Cemetery. As he entered the hall of a tenement house a head appeared over the banisters and said:

"Another doctor got here before you and you needn't come up stairs."

"But who is to pay me?" asked Wilson.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the party up stairs, as she slammed the door.

* * *

330. Walter Damrosch, who is about as fond of children as he is of music, is telling this story of one of his own little girls, the youngest, who it would appear has been strongly affected of late by the necessity of voicing her small thanks for juvenile blessings in her nightly prayers. She had finished the customary formula the other night, when she suddenly stopped to request her mother, who was presiding at the rite, to please leave the room, as there was "sumfin very special just for God an' no one else."

Mrs. Damrosch yielded after some futile attempts to discover this very secret and special something, but she listened outside the door, and this is what she heard: "It's only this, dear God: I just want to fank you for bein' 'lowed to steal some sugar dis day."

* * *

331. It was the day previous to the arrival in Albany of his Royal Highness Prince Henry, and Gov. Odell was having his customary six o'clock chat with the legislative reporters. Some one in a spirit of fun asked the Governor if he intended to greet the Prince in German.

"I guess I could do it," replied the Governor. "That reminds me of a story, too. Perhaps you have never heard that I have delivered a speech in the German language. I have, and it happened this way. Soon after my election the Maennerchor of Newburg decided to serenade me, and it was announced that I would make a speech in German. As the boys say, it was 'up to me,' and it would never do to disappoint my German townsmen. So I got down my German dictionary and I put together a speech of 150 words or so. I tried it on a long-suffering friend of mine, and when the singing society came to my home I was ready and sprung my speech in German.

"A day or so after two Germans met down street and one asked the other if he had been to the serenade. The

other answered that he had and was in turn asked by his friend what it was like.

"'Just like Weber and Fields's,' said the fellow who had listened to my speech."

* * *

332. Ex-Assistant District Attorney Foster L. Backus of Brooklyn was requested by a number of reporters to make some statement regarding his client, and give some hint as to the defence he would present. In his usual way of evading direct questions during this case he told this story:

"Some time ago," he said, "a prisoner was arraigned before Judge Moore in Brooklyn on a serious charge. His counsel was a very young lawyer. After the Judge had heard the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution he did not wait to hear the defense, but ordered the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

"'But, Your Honor,' objected the young lawyer, 'I have here twenty witnesses to prove the good character of the defendant, and besides I want to make a plea.'

"'Never mind,' replied Judge Moore, 'I order the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. I don't want to take any chances.'"

* * *

333. The great snowstorm of last week brought out many panhandlers along Fifth Avenue and Broadway, where they always feel sure of getting money from the charitably disposed. Mark Hanna was walking down Fifth Avenue when one of the fraternity approached him and asked for money to buy a drink. The Senator looked the man over and remarked sarcastically:

"You're a rather husky individual to be begging."

"Yes, but everybody gets down on his luck sometimes, you know."

"What's your business, when you work?"

"I used to be an engineer on the New York Central."

The Senator is not an engineer, but he knows that a green light in a block signal system means "caution," so he asked the man the meaning of a green light.

A puzzled expression flitted across the man's face.

He hesitated a moment. Suddenly a broad grin swept away the puzzle, and he said:

"Say, Boss, you've got me all right, but I do need that drink just the same." His nerve won the drink.

* * *

334. "What a nice thing it is to be able to speak several languages," said Capt. Horace C. Du Val a few days ago to a party of friends. Everybody agreed with him, and waited in silence for the story for which they knew that the remark was an introduction.

"I've been going to Germany and France so much," said the Captain, "that I can't be fooled on a bill of fare, but I never knew how fluently I spoke French until a few days ago, when I entertained Monsieur le Baron Jacques de Meyronney de Saint Marc of the Chateau de Saint Marc, Bouches de Rhone. The Baron was a fluent talker, but couldn't say a word in English, yet I am sure he enjoyed himself and had a good time."

"How did you make him understand you?" asked one of the men who knew Capt. Du Val's slight linguistic accomplishments.

"To some extent by the sign language, but principally by the wine list."

* * *

335. Although he has been only a few days in this country, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the artist, has already had a taste of American progressiveness in advertising.

Just before leaving for a visit to Washington on Tuesday last Sir Philip received a circular letter from a firm engaged in the sale of dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize, the circular stated, was to be given, and all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the firm. After reading the circular, and not to be outdone by the audacious request, Sir Philip sat down and wrote the following letter in reply:

"Manager Dried Fruit Company:

"Dear Sir: I am offering a prize of fifty cents for the best specimen of dried fruit, and should be glad to have

you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender. Yours very truly.

"P. BURNE-JONES."

* * *

336. One incident in his early career, and showing the intense hatred felt by Southern women for the North during the civil war, was not recounted by Admiral Evans in his "Sailor's Log." After his knee had been shattered in the successful attack on Fort Fisher he was sent to a hospital in Norfolk for treatment. On his arrival at the dock in that city he was obliged to wait for transportation, and lay in the open air on a none too comfortable pile of blankets. He was in a most pitiable condition, thin to emaciation, and his drawn face showed only too plainly his sufferings. Born a Virginian, he was the only member of his family who espoused the Northern cause, and here in his native State he felt that despite his defence of that cause he was really at home. A Southern woman approached, but instead of a gentle inquiry she in insolent tones demanded what was the matter with him.

"My knee is shattered," answered the boy politely.

"A pity it wasn't your head," she exclaimed, and without another word walked away. It was hardly a homecoming after all.

* * *

337. A group of men were telling stories about each other in the Waldorf-Astoria the other night. This one on Senator Hanna, who was one of the company, was told by another Ohio man.

"An Irishman from Ohio was visiting Washington. He passed by the statue erected by one branch of the medical profession to the memory of the great homeopath, Hahnemann. His friend told him the name of the man in whose honor the handsome memorial had been reared, whereupon the Irishman exclaimed:

" 'Ah, it is a great thing to be an Ohio man, for they erect a monument to you if you are only a Hanna man.' "

* * *

338. A small, slight, and somewhat ordinary appearing man walked into the First National Bank at Wall Street and Broadway one day recently. He carried in his hand a small satchel that at once became an object of suspicion to the attendant who met the stranger.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the bank officer.

"The President, Mr. Baker."

"He is extremely busy just now," replied the attendant warily, "and cannot be seen."

"Then say to Mr. Fahnestock, the Vice President"—

"He is at a board meeting," interrupted the attendant, "and won't return for two hours."

"Then the Cashier will answer my purpose," observed the stranger, advancing in the direction of the dividing rail between the public office and the private office. Here he was met by the Cashier with the remark: "Well, Sir, what can we do for you?" while the bank attendant stood by watching closely every action of the bearded caller.

"I have $7,000,000 in gold notes that I desire to loan at special rates," observed the stranger unconcernedly, opening the satchel and displaying to the astonished gaze of his two spectators numerous stacks of the best paper legalized by this Government. The attendant gasped. The Cashier quietly asked:

"And your name is?"—

"William A. Clark of Montana."

* * *

339. Mayor Low enlivened the proceedings of the Board of Estimate by telling the members a story in connection with the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the City Hall. The propensity of some Americans to indulge in exaggeration was being discussed, when the Mayor said:

"That reminds me that Prince Henry remarked that he had understood Manhattan Island had been purchased

from the Indians. 'Yes,' I told him, 'and the price paid was $25.'

"'But,' replied the Prince, 'my recollection is that the figure was $24.'

"'That's so,' I replied, 'but the matter of $1 is no great exaggeration for an American, you know.'"

* * *

340. Father Frederick W. Davis, of St. Martin's Church, on President Street, tells a story of one of the organists of his church. The music had gone particularly well one Sunday and the organist felt at liberty to congratulate herself.

"I flatter myself that I gave them some pretty good music to-day," she remarked at the close of the service, half to herself and half to the organ blower, who stood near, as they were preparing to depart.

"Yes," replied the organ blower, "we gave them some very good music," with the emphasis on the "we."

To this the organist made no reply, but smiled a self-satisfied smile which reiterated the "I." She speedily forgot the incident and did not recall it on the following Sunday, even when, in an important place in the musical part of the service, the notes from the organ died out wheezily under her fingers. It gasped like a human being, and as she turned frantically to see what was the matter she heard the voice of the organ blower at her side asking in a triumphant whisper:

"Is it 'I' now or 'we'?"

"We, we," cried the organist, frantically, "but for heaven's sake go back to your place." Before the congregation was really conscious that anything had happened the blower had resumed his duties and the music was going on as smoothly as before.

* * *

341. Many will recall the ire Secretary Chandler aroused among naval men and their wives by his order, when at the head of the Navy Department, to the effect that the latter should not accompany their husbands to their respective stations. Just at that time an important

reception was given at Washington, and as Admiral, then captain, Evans could not, owing to a previous engagement, attend it, Mrs. Evans acceded to the urgent invitation of the wife of another captain to accept the escort of her husband to the reception, she herself being, like Captain Evans, unable to go. On Mrs. Evans's descent from the dressing room a glove became unfastened and so engaged was she with it that she did not notice as she moved forward to where her escort waited the gentlemen who formed a group standing about. At this moment a gentleman approached and said, laughingly:

"Why, Mrs. Evans, do I actually see you here without the captain! What does it mean?"

"I am conforming to the recent order of our Honorable Secretary," replied Mrs. Evans, "who has decreed that wives may not accompany their husbands. So of necessity I am here with some other woman's husband."

Her acquaintance did not look as amused as he might, and after a movement in the crowd around them asked:

"I say, Mrs. Evans, did you notice who was standing just at your right when you made that reference to the 'Honorable Secretary'?"

"No!"

"Well, it was Secretary Chandler."

* * *

342. An incident of the dinner given by the President in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia in the White House in Washington produced considerable merriment among the guests.

A well-known boniface, famed locally for his hof-brau, pumpernickel and wienerschnitzel, received an order from the White House steward for sundry kegs of brown and lusty Wurzburger, brought from across the seas from the famous brewmasters of the old country. These were to be accompanied by an appropriate number of steins, from which the distinguished guests, before adjourning for the evening, might quaff the nectar and imagine themselves back in their own Vaterland. The brown-staved casks were sent, accompanied by the required number of steins. As the tall mugs of the foamy beverage were placed in

front of the guests, Prince Henry included, few could conceal their smiles, as they saw, painted brilliantly into the side of each stein, the picture of the genial landlord and beneath the picture this motto: "Stolen from Ernst Gerstenberg."

* * *

343. Capt. F. W. Dickins, of the United States Navy, who has recently returned from the Orient, where he was in command of the cruiser Brooklyn, tells with much enjoyment of his visit to Westminster Abbey while in the British metropolis on his way home. After a hurried inspection of the interior of the historic structure an attendant asked if there was any particular object of interest which he could show.

"There is just one thing more I would like to see," said the Captain, "and that is the bust of Charles Dickens. The fact is I am a sort of namesake of his, only my branch of the family spells the name a little differently."

"Ah, is that so?" replied the attendant with interest. "Well, do you know Dickens has also immortalized the name of my family?'

"Really?" said the Captain. "And what is that name?"

"Weller," was the reply. The two men silently shook hands.

* * *

344. A friend wrote to Mark Twain asking his opinion on a certain matter and received no reply. He waited a few days and wrote again. His second letter was also ignored. Then he sent a third note, enclosing a sheet of paper and a two-cent stamp.

By return post he received a postcard on which was the following:

"Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."

* * *

345. Brander Matthews received tickets for the first night, of course. Did ever an author bring out a play in New York without sending tickets to Prof. Matthews? Contrary to his custom, Mr. Matthews made use of his passes on this occasion. He was downtown; he wanted to see the play; the house was sold; so, why not? The

next day his opinion was eagerly called for by one of his classes at Columbia.

"Well, gentlemen," said the literary freethinker, "the play was in four acts, and I was there as the guest of the author. After the first act the audience sat silent and I applauded. After the second act I sat quiet while the audience hissed."

The Professor took a long drawn and reminiscent pull at his cigarette, then held it at arm's length and flicked off the ashes.

"And the third act?"

"Well, gentlemen," and there was a gleam of satisfaction in the Professor's eye, "after the third act I went out and bought standing room and came back and hissed, too."

* * *

346. While the urbane Col. Swords, for years sergeant-at-arms of the National Republican Committee, was waiting at the White House a few days ago to hear the President tell him he was "delighted" to see him, he suddenly was embraced by a man with what might be called an Uncle Sam countenance.

"Hello, Colonel," said the whiskerfied gentleman.

"Hello, Brother Jonathan," responded the Colonel.

The two men snuggled up to each other like a pair of old cronies and talked and laughed together for full ten minutes.

"Yes, Colonel, I ditched her all right," said the man yclept Brother Jonathan in the course of the conversation, speaking so loudly that everybody in the room heard him.

"Who is that man?" a newspaper correspondent demanded of Col. Swords after "Brother Jonathan" had taken his departure.

"Tom Carter, of Montana," was the reply, "ex-Chairman of the Republican National Committee."

"And what did he ditch?"

"The G. O. P. in 1902."

* * *

347. It was at the unveiling of the war tablet given by the Commercial Club of St. Paul to the steamship St. Paul of the American line of the International Navigation

Company. The speeches of Major Gen. Brooke, Capt. Sigsbee, United States Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, and finally of Assistant Adjt. Gen. Michael V. Sherman were listened to with rapt attention. It was after the latter's speech that an enthusiastic and gushing young lady rushed up to Gen. Sheridan, and, effusively shaking his hand, said:

"Oh, Gen. Sheridan, I am so glad to meet you. I have recited that story of your ride from Winchester more than a hundred times—how could you have been so brave?"

* * *

348. Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, tells this story on himself, which is expected to illustrate the difficulty a man of small means finds in getting along at the National capital. As a representative he found little trouble, but when he became Senator he found he had a much more pretentious title to support. He was invited to social functions, where he found the requirements of etiquette quite severe.

"On one occasion," says Senator Dolliver, "I was invited to attend a social function given by a high official. I went and had a most delightful time, concluding that Washington social life was not a thing to be in the least afraid of. This conclusion was reached, by the way, just as I was taking leave of the host.

"A liveried servant approached me and asked if my carriage was waiting and whether it was a single or double conveyance. Out of consideration for a lean pocketbook I had ordered a cab rather than a two-horse carriage. As I was taking leave of a few friends outside the door I had the pleasure of hearing the servant shouting to the carriage drivers:

" 'Senator Dolliver's one-horse hack! Senator Dolliver's one-horse hack!'

"The man then came to me, and, with his head high in the air, announced: 'Your hack's waitin', Senator Dolliver.' "

* * *

349. Prof. Sanderson, the head of Yale's French Department, tells of a classroom retort by which he was utterly routed. Necessary to the understanding of the

is the knowledge that an instructor's failure to appear to conduct his recitation is termed in college slang a "cut." It is unnecessary to explain that a cut is an occasion of great joy.

"As we haven't time to read Hugo's book, 'L'Homme Qui Rit,' or 'The Man Who Laughs,' gentlemen," said Prof. Sanderson, "I just want to explain the meaning of the title. 'The Man Who Laughs,' the central figure of the book, does not really laugh at all. His mouth has been so cut that he goes through life with what appears to be a broad grin, and from this deformity derives his nickname."

Noticing a student who appeared to be paying small attention, Prof. Sanderson singled him out.

"Mr. Blank," he said, "will you kindly explain to the class the significance of this title?"

"Why, surely, Professor," replied the student, rising lazily; "'The Man Who Laughs' fellow does not really laugh at all. He is merely grinning because he got a cut."

* * *

350. Will McConnell, the theatrical agent, was among those who saw the first-night performance of "Ben Hur" during its recent run at the Illinois Theatre in Chicago. It seemed somewhat of a venture to revive the dramatization of Gen. Lew Wallace's novel, which had been on the stage for numerous seasons, and during the first part of the performance in question it appeared that the audience was not taking over kindly to the idea. But when the horses came on in the chariot race the appearance of things was changed. The audience grew more enthusiastic than a Chicago audience is wont to do on any occasion. The play was an evident success, and the horses had made the hit of the evening.

The next day McConnell was walking along the street with the same friend who had been with him at the theatre the previous evening. As they passed a cab horse McConnell took off his hat.

"What is that for?" asked his friend.

"It's always wise to be on the safe side," replied McConnell. "I may be working for him next week."

351. Apropos of a point he desired to make, Hamilton Mabie told the story at the Aldine Association of an old negro who experienced religion, and of his master, whose conversation was punctuated with profanity. It was just after the civil war. The negro had been the Colonel's body servant as a slave and remained in that capacity even after receiving his freedom. He joined the Presbyterian Church.

"Look here, George," said the Colonel, "tell me about this predestination and the elect. You don't believe your old master is doomed to hell, do you? Don't you think he will go to heaven with the elect?"

Respect and love for his old swearing master did not overcome the newly acquired religion, but there was cunning and diplomacy in his answer.

"I nevah heahed of nobody," replied George, "who done got elected who wuz not a candidate."

* * *

352. At a luncheon given to William Archer, when that English dramatic critic was in this city, there were some informal speeches, and in the course of one of them somebody told a story at which every one present, except Mr. Archer roared. Mr. Archer remained as impassive as a statue and looked as dejected as a mute.

"Well," remarked his neighbor, "I knew most Englishmen couldn't see the point of a joke, but I really thought you would be an exception."

"It's not that," said Mr. Archer, "I'm a modest man and don't believe in self-applause. I started that joke myself ten years ago."

* * *

353. An ambitious young actor, soliciting employment from Charles Frohman, dwelt upon his necessities.

"I am just able to pay for my room and that is all," said the young man. "I have a hall room on the east side for which I pay 75 cents per week."

Mr. Frohman thoughtfully nodded his approval. "You can't get a nice room for much less," he said.

354. Baron Ludovic Moncheur, the new Minister from Belgium to the United States, while traveling through the West some time ago fell into conversation with a plainsman. The tiller of the soil seemed to take great pleasure in the conversation of the Baron, and finally asked:

"What country do you come from, stranger?"

"From Belgium," the Baron replied.

"Belgium, Belgium," muttered the farmer, struggling with his rather vague geographical memory in a vain attempt to assign Belgium to its proper place on the map. Finally a great light struck in on him and he exclaimed:

"Oh, yes, now I remember; that's where them Belgian hares come from!"

* * *

355. A little man, apparently laboring under great excitement and whose pale face and furtive glance bore evidence of a great fear which had taken possession of him, appeared in the ante room to District Attorney Jerome's office the other day and requested an audience with the public prosecutor. After a few minutes' wait he was ushered into the presence and opened the conversation by declaring in a shaky voice:

"I am not John Doe, sir, my name is William Sinclair Smith. I have never committed any crime; and I do not see how you could possibly suspect me."

Mr. Jerome looked at the little man in blank astonishment and asked:

"Has any one accused you of being John Doe?"

The little man reached into the inner folds of his coat and produced a piece of paper, which he extended to the District Attorney with a trembling hand. Mr. Jerome looked at the paper and saw that it was simply a witness subpoena filled out in the name of John Doe. Then he turned his back on his visitor for a few moments and his shoulders rose and fell. Then he explained the nature of the document to Mr. William Sinclair Smith, who left the Criminal Court Building fairly dancing and humming a lively tune.

356. Medical men at the Academy of Medicine are repeating with unction a story attributed to Senator Hoar and told at the expense of a close friend of his and some hospital doctors of Washington.

The story goes that the friend was stricken ill suddenly and rushed off to a private hospital. The case was hurriedly diagnosed as acute appendicitis, and Senator Hoar was notified that an operation would in all probability be performed at once. The Senator immediately prepared to send a note of condolence and encouragement to the patient, when a second message arrived informing him that the original diagnosis was incorrect and that the case was merely one of acute indigestion. The Senator changed his mind about the letter of condolence and instead sent the following:

"I rejoice that the trouble resulted from the table of contents and not the appendix."

* * *

357. Dr. John H. Girdner, President of the Society for the Suppression of Noise, tells this story on himself. One day last week his man servant displeased him greatly, and the doctor loudly and emphatically expressed his disapproval. Just as he had concluded his remarks his eldest child said to Mrs. Girdner: "Mama, I know why pa is head of the society to suppress noises. He wants a chance to make all the noise himself."

* * *

358. "I attended church once upon a time," said De Wolf Hopper in an uptown café, "in a Rhode Island city and heard a worthy clergyman named Whicher get tangled up in his pulpit lines to a painful degree, while the heads of his audience were bowed in the effort to suppress laughter until they looked like rows of tasseled cornstalks bent by the breeze.

"The Rev. Mr. Whicher was booming the Sunday school, or rather he was chiding the congregation for its lack of interest in that church annex, and finding that they did not act as if moved by his admonition, became slightly incensed.

" 'I never,' he shouted, as he banged the pulpit with his fist, 'knew a church which had so many parents with no children.' "

* * *

359. When Coroner Michael J. Flaherty, of Brooklyn, went to be vaccinated last week he took with him his three-year-old son, and on the way to the doctor's office explained things to him.

"Now," he said, "the doctor will stick a little needle in your arm, and although it may hurt a little, I want you to show him what a big man you are; you mustn't cry."

The youngster promised, but when he met the doctor he forgot all about the needle. The physician knew all about boys, and while he was gently scraping the little arm he told a most wonderful story. So when it was all over the young man turned on his father and remarked:

"Papa, I knew you was only making believe; they don't stick needles and pins in little boys, they only tickle 'm.

* * *

360. Edward Everett Hale is now eighty years old. On his last visit to New York he boarded a crowded Broadway car for a trip uptown. A lad in a corner rose and politely offered the grand old man his seat. Dr. Hale took it, saying in his hearty way as he did so: "Thank you, my boy, thank you. I'll do as much for you when you are eighty if I happen to be around then."

* * *

361. A quick witted Normal College student recently and aptly illustrated the popular slang phrase, "Go 'way back and sit down," and at the same time revenged herself upon Prof. Henry Fleck for humiliating her before her classmates. Prof. Fleck was delivering a lecture on ancient Greek music when the young woman in question annoyed him by whispering to a companion. He ordered her to stand. Then, continuing his lecture, said: "It is exceedingly difficult for us in this age to understand and appreciate the rare melody and beauty of this class of music, but if we could go away back"—he was going to

say a thousand years or more. But he didn't get that far before the young woman who was standing suited action to the anticipated word and dropped quickly into her seat. Instantly the class was in an uproar of merriment, in which Prof. Fleck joined heartily. But it was several minutes before the last feminine giggle was suppressed and the Professor was able to add with a smile, "Go away back a thousand years or more," &c.

* * *

362. Harry R. Burt, one of the most prominent lawyers of Oswego, is noted among those who know him as a very late riser. The other day, for some unexplained reason, he arose early and went downtown to his office. On his way down he saw his friend, the editor of the Oswego daily paper, approaching, and, expecting an exclamation of surprise at being seen at such a time, grinned broadly. The editor, however, stalked by with hardly a nod, but with characteristic humor asked: "What's the matter? Roof leak?"

* * *

363. Shoemakers' children may not wear shoes, but it is safe to say that they know how they are made, and it is the same with the children of that unhappy mortal—the professional humorist.

Charles Battell Loomis has two boys who have long studied the American joke in the columns of Life and Puck and elsewhere, and the manner of its construction is evidently no mystery to them. This is a source of gratification to the parent, who looks forward some day to retiring from business.

A few days ago the younger of the two boys, a little fellow of eleven, came to his father with a piece of paper and said: "Papa, I did this in school. Is it a good joke?"

Mr. Loomis looked at it and wept tears of joy as he realized that his little son would soon support him. The boy had crudely outlined a carriage and underneath it were these words:

"This carriage was drawn—by a horse."

364. Ex-President of the New York Council Randolph Guggenheimer, in speaking of a mine in Canada in which he had some shares, said it was the most satisfactory mining investment he had ever made. "I bought the shares twenty years ago," he said to a friend.

"Must have turned you over something handsome in the way of dividend," said his friend.

"No, I have never had a dividend from it," replied Mr. Guggenheimer.

"In what way, then, is the investment satisfactory?"

"Why, I have never been asked to pay an assessment on them."

* * *

365. Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation, tells the following incident of his experience as a promoter of study and investigation among the wage earners in his employ. He once delivered a lecture on the elements of metallurgical chemistry, with especial reference to the reactions of the steel furnace, before a company of young men employed in one of the mills of this company and was much pleased with the interested attention he received. Feeling sure that the information he had imparted would be made more useful by an informal discussion, he offered, when his address was finished, to answer any questions which the workmen in the audience might be disposed to ask. The awkward silence which followed was at last broken by one of the workmen, who rose and asked:

"Mr. Schwab, can you tell us what will remove warts from the hands?"

* * *

366. Simeon Ford, of the Grand Union Hotel, who has a National reputation as a witty speaker, tells the following story on himself. He had been invited to address an important meeting of a prominent ladies' club and had taken special pains—and "pains" they proved to have been—to make his address unusually funny. To his surprise its delivery did not provoke a smile. After the meeting was over the chairman said to him:

"Mr. Ford, you made a mistake in not making your speech funny!"

367. "Talking about promptness in reaching a decision," said Recorder Goff the other day, as ex-Congressman "Tim" Campbell passed, "there goes a man," pointing to the once undisputed monarch of "De Ate" District, "who not only has promptness, but courtesy. It was when he was a Police Magistrate. A prisoner was before him on a charge of disorderly conduct of a particularly obnoxious character. There was no reason for continuing the case, but the prisoner pleaded so hard for it that the Magistrate concluded to oblige him.

"I'll continue your case till next week," he said, shaking his finger at the prisoner, "but I tell you this, when you come back for sentence I'll give you four months."

* * *

368. When William H. Crane, the actor, was recently in Indianapolis he went into a café that looked particularly gorgeous from the outside and particularly dingy on the inside. It was presided over by a fat bartender, who was in his shirt sleeves, and who put both hands on the bar and inquired of Mr. Crane and his friend:

"Well, gents, what'll ye have?"

"Give me two Martini cocktails," said Mr. Crane.

The bartender looked a bit nonplussed, then fumbled aimlessly among some bottles back of the bar, and said:

"Sorry, gents, but I'm just out of Martine."

Mr. Crane glanced at his companion an instant, and then responded gravely: "Very well, then give us two Manhattan cocktails, if you've got any Manhat."

* * *

369. J. Edward Weld, the artist, and a member of the Harvard Club, loves a good story, even if it happens to be at his own expense, as the following that he tells certainly is:

"While off on my vacation last Summer I was asked by a young lady at the hotel if I would mind doing a small favor for her.

" 'Certainly not,' I said eagerly; 'what is it?'

" 'Thank you, so much!' she exclaimed gratefully. 'I wish you would stop at Mrs. Gannon's little shop and

get three large bone buttons—the kind with two small holes in them. They're for my new bathing suit, you know. You needn't pay for them—just tell her who I am and it will be all right.'

"Now, I'm a bachelor, and had never bought anything but collar buttons before. So on my way to the store I kept repeating the instructions I had received. Eager to relieve my mind, I rushed up to Mrs. Gannon and reeled off this surprising speech:

" 'I want three bone buttons for a small bathing suit with two large holes in it. Just tell me who I am and it will be all right.'"

* * *

370. One morning as the Rev. Dr. Cobb came from his West End Avenue home and was about to step into his carriage a couple of bright-looking but very dirty urchins stood near contemplating with evident admiration the doctor's perfectly appointed turnout. The doctor spoke cheerily and pleasantly to the lads, who were charmed by his condescension. As he was about to drive off one of the boys said to the other in a proud and triumphant tone of voice:

"Us gits his swill!"

* * *

371. Flippant people sometimes refer to that sedate and proper member of Yale's austere corporation, the Rev. Joseph Hopkins Twichell, M. A., of Hartford, Conn., as "Joe" Twichell. This, his latest story, told by him at a St. Patrick's Day dinner, may perhaps illustrate why people speak so familiarly of this loved and very lovable apostle of the Congregational faith:

"I became very much interested in a chance companion on a railway train," said Mr. Twichell. "He was plainly of Italian birth or extraction, and I so remarked to him.

"Where were you born?" I asked.

"In Genoa," replied the young man.

"And what is your name?"

"Patrick Murphy."

"How in the world did you get that name?" I asked instinctively.

"I took it," replied the young man.

"Why did you choose such a name?"

"Because I wanted people to think I was an American," was his reply.

* * *

372. Mayor Low has a mine of humor that occasionally explodes. So has Controller Grout. The other night the Mayor told a party of friends that even a South Sea Island cannibal had one redeeming feature, and one, too, that he was proud and glad to recommend.

"What on earth can that be?" incautiously inquired the Controller, who stood at the Mayor's elbow.

"Why," said the Mayor, "he loves his fellow-man."

"Yes," quickly replied the Controller, "well done."

* * *

373. Russell Sage, being a director and large stockholder of the Manhattan Railway Company, rides on a pass. Mr. Sage, however, has grown neglectful of late, and doesn't carry the pass with him—a fact that was forcibly impressed upon him on Thursday morning last.

Going up the steps of the station at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, he proceeded, as is his custom, to walk past the ticket taker without depositing any ticket in the box. He had done so hundreds of times before—and always without difficulty. But it happened that on this morning there was a new man at the box. When, therefore, Mr. Sage serenely passed by, the new man immediately got busy.

"Tickets!" he cried. "Tickets!"

Mr. Sage paid no attention.

"Hi, there," cried the ticket man, "you forgot your ticket." And then, seeing that Mr. Sage apparently paid no attention, "Hi, there, I mean you," and he ran up to Mr. Sage.

The veteran Wall Street financier was nonplussed—surprised.

"I—I—" he stammered. "Why—why—God bless me—"

But just then the colored attendant put in an appearance and called the ticket man off.

Mr. Sage boarded the train, joining in the laughter of

the other passengers, while the ticket man resumed business at the old stand.

* * *

374. That proverbial denseness attributed to the Englishman in the presence of a joke or a funny story was well exemplified in a yarn spun by "Nat" Goodwin. The actor says that he was entertaining a party of London friends—exceptionally clever fellows, too, as Englishmen go—in a café near the Duke of York's Theatre just before he left that city the last time. Assuming a reckless and despondent sort of air and manner Goodwin suddenly remarked: "Well, boys, wine, women and song are ruining me, that's certain. I've got to reform. I'm going to begin at once, and in order to do so have decided to give up singing.

" 'Twas an old joke," said Goodwin, "but I thought the Englishmen might think it was funny. But they never cracked a smile."

After Goodwin had gone to his hotel one of the party turned to a companion and said: "I say; it's funny about Goodwin, don't ye know; if he wants to reform why don't he stop drinking? Conceited ass, too, don't ye know, for he really can't sing a little bit."

* * *

375. When Marshall P. Wilder, the American humorist, was on his last visit to London, he stood in one of the lobbies of the Parliament Buildings talking to an English Earl. While so engaged an Irish member rushed out in a great rage about something going on at the time. Wilder turned to the Earl and asked: "What is the difference between that Member of Parliament and me?"

"I give it up," said the Earl.

"Isn't it because he is a wild M. P. and I am an M. P. Wilder?"

* * *

376. "It is seldom that a President of the United States feels called upon to proclaim that his private secretary doesn't drink," said Congressman Bartholdt of St. Louis the other day. "But Grover Cleveland did it once, and Col. Dan Lamont was the private secretary. It was

this way: Cleveland was on his first trip to the Mississippi, and was reviewing the parade in his honor in my town. The day was chill, and the Mayor, after the parade had been going on about an hour, whispered to Col. Lamont, who had just come on the stand, that in view of the temperature, the President might like to fortify himself with a little something.

"'Of course he would,' the Colonel promptly replied. 'Haven't you asked him yet?'

"'No,' the Mayor replied. 'I didn't just—er—like to.'

"'Go ahead and ask him,' said the Colonel, and the Mayor obeyed.

"'Where is it?' said the President, by way of reply, and followed the Mayor into a room just off the stand. The Mayor set out and filled three glasses with good old red liquor calculated to kill the effects of the chilliest of temperatures. The President counted the glasses and then the people in the room. There were himself, the Mayor and Lamont.

"'Who,' askd the President, 'is the third glass for?'

"'Why—er,' said the Mayor, 'one is for you, Mr. President, one is for Col. Lamont, and one—er—for me.'

"The President's eyes twinkled. He took up the glass assigned to Lamont, poured it into his own glass, and, as he raised it to his lips, said, 'Dan don't drink,' and swallowed it at a gulp."

* * *

377. A group of Republican statesmen in the smoking car of a New York Central train on their way to Albany were discussing "touches." The tales told were varied and interesting, but it was conceded that of all the experiences related that of Senator Elsberg was unique.

"One night," said the Senator, "I was summoned to the parlor of my residence by the announcement that there was a colored man who wanted to see me. As I entered the room I recognized the fellow as a man whom I had seen around Republican conventions. I greeted him cordially. He appeared to be very much depressed.

"'Senator,' he said, 'I came to see you about my wife.'

"'What about her?' I asked.

"'She's dead.'

"'I'm sorry for that. When did she die?'

"'Three years ago.'

"'Well,' I said, 'while I realize that it is very hard for a man to lose his wife, I should think you would have recovered somewhat from the shock by this time.'

"'Oh, it 'tain't that.'

"'Well, what is it?'

"'I'm in trouble about the lot where she's buried. I bought it on the installment plan. There is $40 due on it, and I have been notified that unless I pay the $40 in three days my wife's body will be removed.'

"'And what do you think I can do about it?'

"'I thought, Senator, that you might let me have the $40 and take the lot and my wife's body as security.'"

* * *

378. "Children are living interrogation points," said S. C. Wheat, President of the Male Teachers' Association, during a talk on educational ideals the other day. "My six-year-old daughter," he continued in explanation of the remark, "came to me yesterday holding a bright new penny in her hand. Her face reflected a serious mental struggle as she asked:

"'Papa, why do they put a lot of leaves and a corset on pennies?'"

* * *

379. James P. Reynolds, Mayor Low's secretary, doesn't smoke. If offered a cigar, he shakes his head and says, mournfully:

"No, I never smoke."

Recently some one in the City Hall asked him the reason he always declined in such a mournful tone.

"Possibly because it always suggests a very humiliating incident," replied Mr. Reynolds. "Some years ago, while I was traveling abroad, I went to a dinner in Budapest. The girl I took in to dinner was a very charming young Hungarian. By means of our common German, we were soon acquainted, and I had begun to be very much fascinated with my fair companion. Presently the cigarettes were passed, and my friend having daintily

picked out one, offered me the box, and, as usual, I declined, explaining that I didn't smoke.

"She looked at me for a moment in surprise, and then queried, with mock deference, as she poised her cigarette gracefully between her fingers:

" 'I trust it would not annoy you if I should smoke.'

"I am sure I blushed."

* * *

380. Andrew Carnegie was the guest of honor at a recent dinner given at Philadelphia, and in the course of the evening several kinds of wine were served. It was noticed that Mr. Carnegie's glass remained untouched the entire evening, which seemed to worry not a few of the guests. At last, just as the dinner was about to end, one of the more inquisitive guests, seated near Mr. Carnegie, said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carnegie, but I notice you have not touched your wine. I did not know you were a total abstainer."

Whereupon Mr. Carnegie replied with a smile: "No? Well, you know glasses are used both over and under the nose. I always use mine over."

* * *

381. Almost every one has heard the story about the Rev. H. R. and Mrs. Haweis, who, while being royally entertained in Boston, went about saying, "But, oh, it is so dreadful to come to Boston now when all the interesting people are dead!"

Mrs. "Jack" Gardner was alluding to this the other day, and added: "Yes, when we used to give a dinner we had Mr. Lowell, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow, Dr. Holmes, and so on. Now we can simply have the and so ons."

* * *

382. Speaking of the Gardners of Boston at a Philadelphia club the other night recalled to an old beau an incident that happened away back in 1878, when some members of that family were staying with friends in Philadelphia and that probably never has been printed. The theatres did not offer any surpassing attractions at the

time, but as there happened to be some very good negro minstrels at the Eleventh Street Opera House it was decided that the guests should be taken to hear them. The hosts being a little in awe of Boston standards it was thought best to send word to the manager that, as "the Gardners of Boston" were to be among the audience that evening, it was hoped that everything in the performance would be arranged according to the strictest good taste. This request was complied with in a way that the attentive hosts had little intended.

Bones was on the alert, and every time Tamborine set out with, "Now, Sambo! you heah me. Jes' listen to a conundrum. When is—" Bones would break in with a portentous, "Hush! You keep quiet and behave like a cullud pusson ob taste! De Gardners ob Boston am here." So, too, when the triangle man started out with, "Jes' let me tell you, Cesar, what I've bin an' gone and done dat make me so tired dat I'm pretty nigh ready to fall in my tracks," Frank Moran, the Bones, would put in with: "You misable low-down nigger! Can't you keep quiet an' hear what I'm tellin' yeh? De Gardners ob Boston is in town."

The incident created a sensation that was the talk of the town in bated breath for a couple of weeks thereafter.

* * *

383. The Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, as everybody who has sat in front of his pulpit at All Souls' Church knows, is a man of considerable size. It is a matter of much effort on his part to fasten his shoes, and while engaged in this operation the other morning his wife remarked:

"My dear, I think you need a valet."

"Well," responded the doctor, "if I had a valley where I now have a mountain, I could fasten my shoes myself."

* * *

384. At one of Dr. Weir's surgical clinics, held recently at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, a woman was presented who had a dislocation of one side of her lower jaw. The history was that the injury had been

sustained while she was engaged in strapping a very tightly packed dress-suit case. After reciting this history, Dr. Weir asked a student:

"What method of procedure would you advise to bring about a reduction of the dislocation?"

The answer came promptly: "I would advise her to unstrap the suit case, sir."

* * *

385. De Wolf Hopper was standing in front of Weber & Fields's talking to a fellow-professional the other day when a man disengaged himself from the passing show and approached the comedian. The latter's look spelt absolute forgetfulness of the newcomer's name. However Hopper turned to his companion and said:

"White, let me introduce—um—m—why, do you know, your name has slipped me for a moment?"

The man leaned toward him and whispered: "Have you forgotten—I made your shirts."

"How careless of me!" exclaimed De Wolf Hopper. "White, allow me to introduce my old friend, Major Schurtz."

* * *

386. Senator Ellsworth tells a story of a politician from a little port town in Michigan who called on the President a few weeks ago to exert his influence in behalf of a personal friend and political ally who was a candidate for the position of Receiver of Customs at his port, the salary attached being $1,200 per annum. This politician is a man of great influence in his own town, and is also a bit of a wag in his way. On his return home he sought his friend and told him the result of his interview with the Chief Executive.

"Well, I can't tell you, Bill," he said to his friend, "whether my talk with the President will bear fruit or not. I could get no satisfaction from him. One minute he would make me think that everything would be fixed all right and the next minute say something that would crush all my hopes. It was like plunging from a hot bath into a cold one, Bill, and since the interview I've contracted an optimistic appetite and a pessimistic digestion."

387. Apropos of the Lackawanna Road and illustrative of President Truesdale's incisive directness in "doing things," this story seems worth the telling. At the beginning of his administration, Mr. Truesdale made a tour of inspection, and while up Scranton way visited the company's barns. He saw there a fine horse comfortably blanketed and further on a shivering mule. This conversation thereupon took place between Mr. Truesdale and a stable attendant:

"Whose horse is that?"

"Mr. ——'s," said the stable boy, naming a local official of the company.

"Whose mule is this?"

"The company's, Sir.

"Whose blanket is on that horse?"

"The company's."

"You take the blanket off that horse and put it on the mule," was the President's order.

The local official "resigned" soon afterward.

* * *

388. President Tucker of Dartmouth College, with his family, has spent a number of summers on a farm in New Hampshire. During the past year, however, the pedagogue was greatly annoyed by two things—the proximity of the pig-pen and the manners of the "hired girl." Therefore, when the owner of the farm wrote to him recently, asking whether he would again have the President of Dartmouth as his boarder, the latter sent back a decided negative, stating his reasons for not wishing to return. In a few days he received the following reply:

"Dear Sir: There ain't been no hogs since you left, and Hannah has went."

* * *

389. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge recently turned aside a Parthian shaft in a way that caused intense glee among the loyal supporters of the Administration at the National capital. He had used his utmost powers of persuasion on an "insurgent" in an effort to win his support of the President's Cuban policy. The "insurgent" remained obdurate, however, and closed the interview

almost peremptorily with the following bombastic dictum:

"In this matter I prefer to take my stand with Henry Clay, who will always be remembered for the manly stand he took on the Missouri Compromise, when he declared that he would rather be right than be President."

"Ah, that's all very well," replied Senator Lodge in the peculiarly indolent tone which always precedes his most skillful thrust, "but it would be much more creditable to your political discernment if you took your stand with the present occupant of the White House, for Mr. Roosevelt possesses a still greater distinction than those you have named. He is not only right, but he is President, and he also has the added advantage of being very much alive."

* * *

390. A story was often told by the late Charles L. Tiffany of an importunate Irishman who for many years had been employed as a window washer. His pay had been raised quite as often as was consistent with the dignity of his position, but he seemed always hungry (or possibly thirsty) for more. At length the firm decided that the limit was reached. Not so Pat. Going one morning to the inner sanctuary, he sought audience with Mr. Tiffany.

"Good mornin', Mr. Tiffany," he commenced, artfully seeking to preface his errand by disinterested conversation.

"Good morning, Patrick," was the answer.

"And how are ye this mornin', Mr. Tiffany?"

"Quite well, thank you, Patrick."

"And how are yur wife and family?"

"Quite well, thank you, Patrick. But what can I do for you this morning?"

"Oi've been thinkin', Mr. Tiffany, thot Oi've served ye long and faithful these twenty-foive years, and thot Oi shud have a raise in me pay."

"You should be thankful, Patrick, that you have been permitted to serve so distinguished a house as that of Tiffany & Co. for twenty-five years. That, with what we have already done for you should be sufficient.

Realizing the futility of further words, he left the room. Reaching the outer office, he was hailed by a chorus from the "boys," to whom his periodical pilgrimages had become a standing joke:

"What did you get, Pat?"

"Faith," was the ready answer, "Oi got permission to kape me job, and Oi tuk it!"

* * *

391. A Fifth Avenue art dealer tells with keen relish a new story of J. Pierpont Morgan. The financier was viewing a new painting which had just been hung in the gallery, when a woman who bore the hall-mark of newly acquired wealth swept in and was soon questioning Mr. Morgan about the merits of the painting. Mr. Morgan was soon giving an accurate and somewhat technical estimate of the work.

When Mr. Morgan had gone Mrs. Newly Rich said to the art dealer:

"That gentleman is an art critic, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said the dealer, "he is a very good judge of art."

"But it must be a very poor way of making a living," commented the woman. "Couldn't you send him a check for his courteous services to me in explaining those paintings?"

"Oh, dear, no," said the dealer, in horror; "that was J. Pierpont Morgan."

* * *

392. Some days ago John L. Elliott, in the course of his work at the University Settlement, had occasion to interview an Irishwoman whose appearance indicated that she had been imbibing rather freely. After listening to her tale of woe Dr. Elliott said:

"My good woman, judging by your appearance, I should suggest that you eat more and drink a great deal less."

"Sure, Sir, an' it's the misery I'm havin'," she replied.

"I know misery," gravely responded the Doctor, "and it does not smell like that."

393. "Down in Lexington, Ky., we are very proud of our fellow-townsman, James Lane Allen," said Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge. "Recently I met him in New York. I had sent him part of a case of peach brandy presented to me by one of the old-line Kentucky distillers.

" 'I am delighted with the gift,' he said smilingly. 'I hope you will accept in return some copy of my works which I will sign.' Of course I was charmed, and he went on. 'Which would you like?'

"Now, for the life of me I could not recall the title of a single book the man had written, although I have read them all. I stood there and stared at him. Then, by the grace of Providence, in the midst of my embarrassment, I heard my own voice. It said:

" 'I want the one you like the best, Mr. Allen.'

"It saved me. I never saw a man so pleased. 'I will send you a "Kentucky Cardinal," ' he said—and I went on my way feeling like a man who awakes from a falling dream."

* * *

394. The recent trip of James R. Keene to Florida for the purpose of recuperating his health recalls the remark of a Wall Street cynic when it was announced that Mr. Keene was confined to his rooms, in the Waldorf, and would not be down to business for some days. The cynic in question was "long" of the market, which showed a marked tendency to decline during Mr. Keene's absence, and, in consequence, his pocketbook, diminishing, was in no pleasant mood.

"What a pity it is," said one of his friends, in an endeavor to solace him, "that Mr. Keene is threatened with pneumonia!"

"Huh!" was the inelegant response of the cynic, who firmly believed that Mr. Keene was only "shamming" sickness, and was really selling stocks from up town. "Huh!" he repeated—and then, after a pause:

"I should much prefer his pneumonia to his telephone bill."

* * *

395. One group of speculators congregated in the Waldorf café contained J. J. Hill. They were discussing

the recent success of a new operator in Wall Street, and one observed, rather scornfully:

"He acted on impulse, like a drowning man catching at a straw."

Mr. Hill nodded assent. Then he said:

"He climbed aboard that straw, and was received by the skipper with deference, while the crew, in trim array, saluted. Music filled the air when they dined him—and the sea turned out to be champagne. That was the kind of a straw it was."

* * *

396. Harry W. Watrous, the artist and Secretary of the National Academy, was called to serve on a jury, and answering the summons, found one of his fellow-jurors a man of benevolent appearance, who exhibited signs of nervous annoyance. Finally, when he could contain himself no longer, he burst out:

"Do you know why the laws of this country are made, Sir?"

"Certainly; they are made to be broken," replied Mr. Watrous; "otherwise how could we keep our jails filled?"

"You are speaking in a spirit of levity, Sir, and I am in earnest. Do you know why the jury laws are made?"

"To annoy peaceful citizens."

"You are correct, Sir! Here am I, a peaceful, law-abiding citizen, torn from my profession, which I love, Sir, to serve on the jury. I work at my profession every day, including Sundays. It takes me into the homes of the poor, and I see them in their troubles. My heart aches for them, and do you think I am in a fit condition to do jury duty!"

Mr. Watrous was interested. "Why don't you explain matters to the Judge. I am sure he would excuse you."

"It's no use. I've tried. If this keeps up, I'll renounce my citizenship. I'll become a Swede, a Turk, a—"

"My dear Sir, don't do anything rash. I, too, am a professional man, and I know how you must suffer. Would you mind telling me what your profession is?"

"Certainly not, Sir; I'm proud of it. I'm an undertaker."

397. Judge Horace Russell tells the following story of the late Irish "barrister," Tom Nolan:

The barrister was flushed with oratorical enthusiasm as he started in to argue from his brief, point by point, before the late and equally eminent jurist, Chief Justice Shea of the Marine Court. The thunder of the barrister's voice ceased to reverberate for the moment as he rested after delivering Point 1.

"Denied," came from the Chief Justice of the Marine Court.

"Thin," said the barrister, rising, "I thrust your Honor will hear me with patience during me prisintation of Point 2, for it is aqually conclusive."

* * *

398. A few days ago a New York reporter had occasion to write a paragraph about Archibald Ross Colquhoun, the well-known English traveler and engineer. The reporter was told that after Mr. Colquhoun's name the letters "M. I. C. E." (Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers) should be placed.

"That's easy to remember," thought the young journalist. "M. I. C. E. spells 'mice.' Can't forget that."

But the disadvantage of systems of mnemonics was once again illustrated, for when the reporter's copy was turned in the letters after Mr. Colquhoun's name were "R. A. T. S."

* * *

399. The late W. E. Allis, who successfully operated the Wadawannock Hotel, at Stonington, Conn., had a rare vein of humor. During his last illness he was subject to sudden and violent convulsive attacks.

Among his most solicitous friends was a New York lady who was deeply concerned for the welfare of his soul and who diligently exhorted Mr. Allis to make his peace with God, so as to be assured of meeting his beloved wife in heaven.

This appeal was prayerfully emphasized on an occasion following one of Mr. Allis's violent spasms. With little vitality and labored effort, he turned to the good woman, with a twinkle in his eye, and replied:

"I feel seriously in doubt about meeting my wife there. You see I married a widow, and the chances are the other fellow will get there first!"

* * *

400. Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Company, is fond of poker, and when in Pittsburg frequently enjoys a friendly game at his home. One evening this Winter, just as the time limit was approaching, Mr. Schwab and one of his guests, a Pittsburg merchant, came together with good cards. After a stiff raise or two the others dropped out, and the bets went back and forth until the merchant had no more money.

"I want to raise you, Schwab," he said. "Can I put in an I. O. U.?"

"Don't like to take paper in a card game," said the steel man. "If you are so sure you have the best cards why don't you bet your trousers?"

"How much are they worth?" asked the merchant.

"Put them in for $50," said Mr. Schwab.

He called the bet and won.

"I'll have to trouble you for those trousers," he said as the party prepared to leave the card room.

"Can't I send them to you in the morning?" begged the merchant. "I need them to go home in."

"Can't wait till morning," said Mr. Schwab firmly, "but I'll loan you a linen duster."

And in that the merchant sneaked home.

* * *

401. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, relates an amusing incident that happened while visiting a friend on the west side, who is the happy mother of twins, about five years old. They are so alike that it is practically impossible to distinguish one from the other by appearance. But one of the twins stutters and their friends get one of them to speak before carrying on a conversation. Mrs. Campbell says:

"While my friend and I were conversing about the children, the little one who stuttered turned to me and said:

" 'M-m-Mrs. C-c-Campbell, you know me an' C-c-Clar-

ence look s-s-so 'z-zactly alike th-that, if we d-don't speak, n-no one can t-t-tell us from each other. N-n-now, you j-j-just t-turn your b-back, while we mix up, an' I b-bet you can't t-tell us ap-pup-part.'

"Willing to humor the little fellow, I complied with his request. At his cry, 'R-r-ready,' I faced about, prepared, indeed, to be rather puzzled, when I was almost convulsed with laughter to hear my little friend say triumphantly:

"'Now M-Mrs. C-c-c-Campbell, which is me an' which is C-c-c-Clarence?'"

* * *

402. James T. Woodward, President of the Hanover National Bank, asked Contractor Charles T. Willis if he went down in each of the caissons they are sinking for the foundations of the new bank building to rest upon, and so saw for himself that they rested upon bed rock.

"Mr. Woodward," replied Mr. Willis, "have you counted every dollar of the ninety-four million resources of your bank this afternoon?"

* * *

403. Secretary of the Treasury Leslie W. Shaw was asked by a constituent from the West the other day if he had gotten into the harness yet?

"Well, yes," drawled the Secretary. "I'm in the harness all right, but I'm not sure yet whether I want to use the breeching or the collar."

* * *

404. Dr. Louis A. Rodenstein, one of Mayor Low's recent appointees to the Board of Education, passed his early life in Texas before he came to New York, thirty-five years ago. In those days a man had to be quick with his gun if he didn't want to be sat upon by a coroner's jury.

"I incurred the dislike of a fellow named Bill Morgan," said Dr. Rodenstein, in telling some of his reminiscences. "He was a worthless sort of character, spoiling for a fight, and determined, if he could, to draw me into a quarrel. I avoided him as much as possible, but one day we came together, and I saw at once he was in an ugly

mood. He was slow in drawing, and before he could open upon me I had sent a bullet into his right arm and disabled him. After that he disappeared, and I thought I had seen the last of him.

"But I was standing, one morning about two years later in the office of the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, when the very same fellow came up and extended his hand. I was unarmed, so I reckon my smile was a sickly one.

" 'Howdy, Louis,' he said. 'I've often wondered what became of you.'

"There was a swinging door close by.

" 'Well, Bill,' I answered, 'you won't have to wonder this time,' and with a quick turn I was on the other side of the door and running. Morgan didn't catch me, and I never saw him again."

* * *

405. Ex-Judge Miles Hoffman, formerly of Arkansas, who was at the Waldorf-Astoria a few days ago, told this story of a personal experience:

"About two weeks ago I woke up in the night sick, weak, and nearly fainting. My wife became somewhat excited and slept no more that night. Next day, when she was telling of the occurrence to a friend, she put it in this way: 'Mr. Hoffman soon got better, but he became so quiet I thought he was dead, and I was afraid to touch him for fear he would wake up.' "

* * *

406. Once upon a time Mayor Low was traveling through Germany with a party of friends. Being an excellent German linguist, he was the spokesman for the company. Upon one occasion he and his friends visited a beer garden, and after seating themselves, preparatory to having some refreshments, the pleasant duty of ordering the same fell upon Mr. Low as usual. For once, however, he hesitated, his memory seeming to desert him. Finally after vain attempts to recall the missing word, he turned to his waiting friends, appealingly, saying:

"You will have to help me out, for I cannot for the life of me remember the German word for beer."

407. While the late Judge Thurman of Ohio was in Congress, his wife, leaving for a visit to friends, exacted from the Judge a promise that he would be a "teetotaler" during her absence. On the day of Mrs. Thurman's return the Judge stopped in the dining room before going to welcome her to take a drop of that from which he had abstained during her absence. While in the act of pouring whisky into his glass he heard Mrs. Thurman pattering down the stairs. Quickly putting his left hand, in which he held the glass, behind him, with his right hand extended he said, "I'm glad to see you home, my dear."

"Allen, what have you behind you?" she asked.

"Whisky, my dear."

"Oh! Allen, don't you remember last year, when you were stumping the State, you didn't taste a drop, and you were never so well in your life?"

"Yes, my dear, I remember, but we lost the State."

* * *

408. Col. Baird, who has lived at an uptown hotel for some years, came home recently at one o'clock in the morning. Calling for his key he sat in the corridor for a few minutes to finish his cigar. While thus engaged an employé of the hotel came along. As he was passing the Colonel, a flask which he was carrying slipped and fell upon the floor. It broke into many pieces, filled the atmosphere with the odor of whisky and aroused the night clerk from his reverie.

"My friend," said the Colonel to the owner of the flask, "that's a misfortune."

"It's worse than that," was the reply; "it's a calamity."

"What's the difference between a misfortune and a calamity?"

To this the owner of the flask replied:

"A misfortune is something which can be readily repaired. If I had dropped that flask before one o'clock it would have been a misfortune; but I could have bought another. At this hour the Raines law closes the saloons. I cannot buy another flask; hence, the misfortune being irreparable, becomes a calamity."

And he passed on.

"I wonder, though," said the Colonel, "if a college professor could have given as good a verbal illustration of that distinction?"

* * *

409. John W. Gates, jovial and approachable, probably has more than his share of unique experiences in the way of being "touched." On Tuesday, as he was sitting in Justice Truax's court, a dreamy-looking young man, slipping into a chair behind the big Steel Wire man, regarded the millionaire with awe. Finally he leaned over and said to Mr. Gates:

"Is it catching?"

"What?" asked Mr. Gates.

"Your luck at getting money."

"Sometimes," drawled Mr. Gates, grinning. Then pulling a greenback out of his pocket he slipped it into the hand of the young man.

"Inoculate yourself with this," said Mr. Gates.

* * *

410. "I have a theory that the 'Man in the Street' is an inveterate diner-out," said Bourke Cockran, smiling. "However, he may have missed one dinner where I heard a story that is destined to be popular. It was told as I repeat it.

"A British veteran of the Boer war was discharged from the army in a hapless condition; he had lost a leg and an arm—and one eye was gone. In his distress he was obliged to solicit alms on the London streets. One day an Irishman who spied him showered coins upon the unfortunate man with both hands.

" 'Why do you do that?' demanded a bystander. 'Don't you see that the man is a British soldier—a foe to Ireland?'

" 'I do,' retorted the Irishman. 'But he can have all I've got. He is the first Englishman I have ever seen that was trimmed up to suit me.' "

* * *

411. Shortly before his resignation of the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, the Rev. Dr. Henry

M. Sanders preached a sermon advocating cremation. He dwelt at length upon what he termed the rather absurd opposition to cremation on the ground of religion and sentiment, and urged with some vigor the furtherance of the cause from a sanitary standpoint as a question of present and vital importancce.

After the sermon one of the congregation approached the doctor with the rather pertinent question as to whether he himself expected to be cremated.

"Well," replied the doctor, "you see—er—that is, my wife—well, you know, it is not such a burning question as all that."

* * *

412. Julius H. Wyman, a young corporation attorney of Baltimore has so much the appearance of a minister of the Gospel that at the numerous conventions he is called to attend he is invariably asked to offer the opening prayer. Only once did this clerical appearance threaten to "debar" him.

The antipathy that the philanthropist Girard had to the ministerial profession is well known, and members of that holy calling are even now excluded from the university that bears his name. A short time ago Mr. Wyman visited the college. He was met at the door by the guardian, who, supposing him to be a preacher, said:

"No ministers allowed, Sir!"

The young lawyer, surprised, grabbed him by the arm and cried:

"Who in h— said I was a preacher?"

"Walk right in, Sir; walk right in," was the good-natured remark of the doorkeeper, who smiled a broad, apologetic smile.

* * *

413. Ex-Judge Welde, Commissioner of Jurors, touched the glass of Lawyer Emanuel Friend and Humorist Carl Hauser at lunch the other day with his own glass, at the same time saying: "Well, here's good health."

"By the way, Judge," said Mr. Friend, "do you know the actual significance of this habit of clinking or touching glasses?"

"No, I do not," replied the Judge.

"Well," continued Lawyer Friend, "I find very few that do, although it is a very common practice. It is the link that completes the chain of experiencing five senses. We can see the liquor, smell it, taste of it, and feel it, but we are unable to hear it. But in touching glass to glass the clink adequately suggests the sense of hearing, and thus the chain of senses is complete and gratified."

* * *

414. When Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) was last in this country on a lecture tour a female admirer asked him to grant her the pleasure of hearing him speak in the Scotch dialect.

"With pleasure," said the genial doctor, "only at the same time you must let me preach a sermon. One hot Summer's day, just when shadows are the longest, down a country lane in the interior of Scotland I saw a tiny maiden fairly staggering under the too great weight of a brawny boy whom she was carrying in her arms. I stopped her, and with solicitude inquired:

" 'And is not the little laddie too hivvy entire for the wee lassie?'

"Two great big blue eyes looked wonderment into mine, and the answer came:

" 'He's not hivvy, Sir! He's ma brither.' "

* * *

415. The late William D. Garrison, for many years President of the Hotel Men's Association, was proprietor of one of our big uptown hotels. His employés were taught rules of the strictest economy. The overzealous subordinate often carried the matter of economy to the extreme.

A sweeper one day asked Joe, the head porter, for a bag of sawdust with which to cover the icy sidewalk. Joe had been with Mr. Garrison twenty-five years and his eleventh commandment enjoined economy.

"Sawdust is it yo' want?" queried Joe, his little eyes blinking wisely.

"Yes, Sor, sawdust to sprinkle on the walk. Two men an' a girl are afther fallen' already, Sor, an' the whole place is a glare of ice—"

"Well, me boy, yo've a pile of wood in the yard, haven't ye?"

"Yes, Sor."

"An' there's a buck an' a big saw there, I believe."

"Sure, Sor."

"Well, then, I'll give ye no money for sawdust. May the divil run away with yo'r lazy nerve. Off with yo'r coat, roll up yo'r sleeves, an' go out in the back yard and make yo'r own sawdust."

* * *

416. The advent of Easter has been invariably followed by a flood of Easter stories, and this year has proved no exception to the rule. One of the latest is told by Rev. Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church.

It was at the services at the mission on Blackwell's Island. The exercises had proceeded in regular style, and were near to an end.

The clergyman in charge rose, and, with becoming dignity, announced:

"We will now sing 'Begin, my soul, thy exalted lay'—a pause—"at the conclusion of which the Easter eggs will be passed."

In the general laugh that followed, the speaker was among the first to join.

* * *

417. This is the latest story about Secretary of War Root:

It was at the military tournament. The general review of the troops had been concluded, and that part of the programme had been reached where one of the signal corps appears. In the members came, each man bearing a flag in the left hand and a lantern in the right.

"What the dickens do they carry lanterns for?" asked a gentleman near to the Secretary.

At that moment the lights in the Garden were turned low, whereupon one hearer was prompted to suggest:

"Maybe it is in order that they may be able to locate themselves."

"Or perhaps," said another, "so that they may make light of their work."

"All wrong," said a third in the party, who was watching the drill (which was being done without any commands). "It's because with their lanterns they don't need any lantern-jawed, lusty-lunged captain to direct them."

Secretary Root turned with a deprecating look to the speakers.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he said. "This is worse than the other light brigade, with their 'cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them.' Here am I with wags to the right of me, wags to the left of me, wags behind me, and—wigwags in front of me."

* * *

418. When the late David A. Depue retired from the Supreme Bench of New Jersey, where he had sat with such honor to himself and his State ever since the death of Chief Justice Beasley, the leading members of the Bar Association presented him with a magnificent clock. Standing fully ten feet high and its deep carvings covering every inch of the massive black oak case, it is not only the most noticeable piece of furniture in the Judge's Newark home, but that one of his possessions of which he is most proud.

When it was first brought into the library and the members of the household had gathered to admire it, Judge Depue, turning to his wife, said: "And now, my dear, I could never have done any work at all deserving of such honor as this if it had not been for you. The clock must be yours."

"David!" replied Mrs. Depue in a tone of surprise, "Did you think I was Mrs. Dewey?"

* * *

419. "It's an old story to say that the life of a man who has once got the reputation of a professional humorist is one long and dreary round of jokes played upon him by well-intending but mistaken friends, but once in a while something really refreshing is said or done—and I'm not sure but one such chance as that is worth all

the others." The speaker was Mark Twain, and he went on to relate what he considered the most amusing of the attempted witticisms recently made at his expense.

"I read it in some one of the literary weeklies," said he, "where it was printed as though it were the announcement of one of my priceless works included in some auctioneer's catalogue 'way along in those years when at least this generation of jokers will have ceased from fooling and the laughter is at rest. Here it is." Then he took from his pocketbook a scrap of paper and read:

"Lot No. 63. 'My Political Career;' by Samuel L. Clemens, pseudonym Mark Twain. A political writer and controversialist of the twentieth century. In his own day widely known as a humorist. The only other copy of this rare book is in Carnegie Library, No. 24,-639, at Cropville, Me. Small paper edition of 1903. Catalogue price, $180."

"Now there are two particularly good points to that paragraph," went on Mr. Clemens. "One is that it puts a fairly decent valuation on the little things I dash off, and the other is that it takes just a passing swing over in the direction of brother Andrew."

* * *

420. Just before the Easter recess a New Englander was being shown through the Canadian Parliament buildings at Ottawa. His guide and friend was D. C. Fraser, M. P., for Guysborough. "Big Dan," as the Nova Scotian giant is dubbed by his fellow members, after showing his friend through the House of Commons, motioned to him.

"Come and have a look at the waxworks," he said, and led the way to the Senate chamber.

The New Englander for a few moments carefully surveyed the solemn aggregation of Senators. Then turning to Fraser he said:

"Well, now, if you hadn't told me, I might have thought that some of those fellows were alive."

* * *

421. A glimpse of the late Cecil Rhodes is had in a letter written from Kimberley soon after the British occupation of the city.

Ever a dreamer, his mind filled with visions of empire, Rhodes one day in Kimberley was picturing the grandeur of British South Africa when the rich lands should be developed under the British flag and the great colony should be tied to England by lines of fast express steamers and by a railroad to Cairo.

Just then a litter was borne by. Rhodes's face was illumined by enthusiasm. He had just said: "The cost of the struggle is as nothing to the fruits that are to be reaped."

The litter bearers paused to change their hold. The fair face of an English soldier lad was turned toward Rhodes, and the wounded boy's pain-drawn lips moved.

Sympathy changed the expression of Rhodes's face as he stepped down to the dying soldier.

"I am not afraid to die," gasped the boy, bravely, "but there is no one to take care of mother."

"I will provide for her," said Rhodes, simply, as he made note of the mother's name and address, and he strode quickly into the house, with tears in his eyes, muttering:

"Oh, the cost of it; the cost of it all."

* * *

422. "So you have resigned at last?" said one of his friends, meeting Pension Commissioner Evans in Washington the other day.

"At last!" exclaimed the retiring Commissioner. "Been doing nothing but resigning. The word describes my whole career.

"When I became Commissioner of Pensions I found I had to carry the burdens of the whole army of Congressmen, office holders, and politicians who were log-rolling for pension claimants, and after a brief struggle, I became resigned to my fate.

"I had to stand the cross-fire of claimants, agents and veterans, and became resigned to that, too.

"I was hotly criticised, and tried to defend myself, but soon became resigned to silence.

"I wanted to get out, but had to become resigned to staying, and now I am out and am to be consigned

to some post that will make me no longer a casus belli—and I am resigned to that."

"Well, then, let's have a drink," said the friend.

"I am resigned to that, too," said Mr. Evans.

* * *

423. The Rev. Thomas R. Slicer has recently published a volume of ethical essays which he calls "One World at a Time."

Last week a gentleman in search of the volume visited a prominent store and asked for the volume. An obliging clerk said it would be found among the new fiction, and searched, unavailingly, of course, through the mass of novels that filled the shelves. Finally he went to the head clerk:

"Have we Dr. Slicer's 'One World at a Time' in stock?"

"Oh, yes; it's a new publication. You'll find it over there in the foreign travel section!"

* * *

424. Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, is never accused of lack of gallantry, but the other day, while talking in the Senate antechamber of his early efforts in the political arena, he confessed that his wonted graciousness to the gentle sex had once been found wanting.

"I had to get the support of a rural Assemblyman who was under the sway of a certain county boss whom we will know as Uncle Jacob, though that is not his Christian name.

"I drove out to the Assemblyman's farm, and his wife ushered me into the darkened, musty parlor and presented her babies. Remembering Uncle Jacob's successful tactics—and that I had to deal with his opposition—I began bravely by kissing the babies.

"The mother—a dowdy, not over handsome woman—beamed with what I thought was satisfaction, but a moment later I interpreted it as expectancy, when one of the young hopefuls spoke up and said:

"'Why don't you kiss mamma? Uncle Jacob always does.'"

"Did you accept the suggestion?" asked Senator Kean.

"Well, I didn't get the vote I was after," said Senator Penrose, dodging the question.

* * *

425. Little Ben is the only son of J. B. Wilbur, President of the Royal Trust Company of Chicago. Until Ben was six years of age he had always addressed his parents as "Papa" and "Mamma." Then his mother struggled with him to speak to and of them as father and mother. He was corrected many times before he could make up his mind to address them as she wished. One night, while saying his prayers, he, as usual, asked God to bless his dear papa and mamma. Suddenly he stopped praying and in a perfectly solemn and respectful manner said:

"Excuse me, God, I should have said father and mother; but, Lord, they are the same old party."

* * *

426. This anecdote, told by the late Zebulon B. Vance, at one time Governor of North Carolina, and afterward United States Senator, has just reached the North:

He was seated in his office one day when an old negro, one of his "charity" clients, came in. Taking off his hat, the old man scraped his feet and bowing very obsequiously, said:

"Good mornin', Marse Zeb; how is you an' de Mistis dis mornin'?"

"Quite well, thank you, Romulus. How are you this morning?"

"So's to be about, thank de Lord, but I still got a little misery."

"Well, Romulus, you are always complaining, but what can I do for you this morning?"

"Dat's jest what I come to see you 'bout, Sah. You know dat triflin' nigger Jim Simpson, doan you?"

"Oh, yes; certainly I know Jim, but what's he done to you?"

"Dat's jest hit, Marse Zeb; dat's jest hit; he ain't done nothin', dat's de trouble; dat nigger been owin' me

ten dollars for nigh onto five or six years, an' he ain't never pay me nair cent, not nair cent, Sah."

"Well, have you ever asked him for it, Romulus?"

"Ax him for it? Cose I'se axed him for it, and dat's how come I come to you."

"Well, when was the last time you asked him for it?"

"Yistiddy, Sah; jest as the sun was goin' down."

"Well, you say he didn't pay you?"

"No, Sah; 'deed he didn't, an' dat's jest 'zactly how come I come to see you."

"Well, as he didn't pay you, what did he say; what excuse did he give?"

"Marse Zeb, dat no 'count, triflin' nigger say he done been owin' me dat money so long, Sah, dat de intrust done eat it all up, and' he didn't owe me nair cent, Sah, not nair cent."

* * *

427. Admiral Schley was strolling around the picturesque Naval Cemetery at Annapolis the other day, when, happening to meet an old sailor, he said, in his kindly way:

"Jack, this is a beautiful spot."

Saluting, the weather beaten salt replied:

"Aye, aye, Sir. And it'll be still finer, your honor, when some more of our good Admirals gets planted here."

* * *

428. In the company of some American friends, Dr. von Holleben recently exhibited a gold coin which he carries as a pocket piece, and which he rightly prizes for its unique association. The coin, which is from the Russian mint, has been bent double upon the reverse side.

"I keep it because of a pleasant incident that occurred during a visit to St. Petersburg many years ago," said the diplomat. "I had the great honor at that time to receive a personal call from a most distinguished personage. On that day it was my misfortune to be absent from my hotel, so to that extent the memory is a regret; but on the other hand I have the precious keepsake which awaited me upon my return. I knew at once who had called."

His hearers being puzzled, Dr. von Holleben went on: "There was only one man in all the Russias who could double a coin like that—and the face of it contains his portrait. He had left the coin, bent with his fingers as you see it, as a playful substitute for the imperial visiting card."

The portrait on the coin was that of Alexander III.

* * *

429. In the company of his intimates J. Pierpont Morgan is fond of practical jokes, and occasionally indulges in some mild prank. Aboard the Oceanic, when he set sail for Europe, Mr. Morgan was in high good humor, and was joking with Mr. Schwab and Mr. Whitney when the newspaper men approached the financier.

"I suppose you have typewritten interviews," remarked Mr. Schwab, knowing well Mr. Morgan's aversion to talking for political publication.

"I have done better than that," said Mr. Morgan. "I have all the information I am going to give out on my stateroom doors."

Presently Mr. Schwab slipped away, and returning wore a puzzled air.

"Well, did you see my interview?" asked Mr. Morgan, who had meanwhile disposed of the interviewers.

"No," confessed Mr. Schwab, "I only saw 'X. Y. Z.'" (the letters by which the suite occupied by Mr. Morgan is designated).

"Well, the president of a Steel Corporation ought to remember his algebra," said Mr. Morgan.

"Oh, yes, Morgan's plans are unknown quantities," laughed Mr. Whitney. "You mean you will keep them guessing."

* * *

430. Prof. E. E. Sparks, of the University of Chicago, tells this story of a trip he made:

"A traveling man boarded the train one day and took a seat beside me. Thinking this a good opportunity for a pleasant chat with so interesting a fellow passenger as I looked to be, he remarked:

"'Pleasant day, isn't it?'

"Now, I had been thinking of the lecture I was to deliver that night, and, not appreciating the interruption, curtly replied:

"'Umph—yes.'

"Then the drummer said: 'Crops look fine, don't they? I guess we'll have a good season.'

"Even so interesting a subject as crops failed to rouse my enthusiasm, and I again briefly and curtly responded: 'Umph—yes.'

"By this time the traveling man was annoyed. He turned sharply upon me and asked: 'What line are you in, anyway?'

"Irritated at his continued importunities, and thinking to be witty, I, in an irritated fashion, replied: 'Brains.'

"'Well,' said the drummer, 'you carry a mighty small sample case.'"

* * *

431. President John Henry Barrows, of Oberlin College, once profited by a transaction with an insurance company, but the liberal adjustment seemed less a source of satisfaction to him than the somewhat humorous attendant circumstances. He had carried insurance on his household goods for twenty years, but Mrs. Barrows observing that the insurance business was largely a matter of paying premiums, scoffed at the necessity of insurance, and finally the policy was permitted to lapse.

After being unprotected for a few months, however, Dr. Barrows was one day persuaded by an energetic agent to take out a new policy. That very afternoon Oberlin was thrown into the greatest excitement by the appearance of clouds of smoke pouring from the windows of the president's residence. After the chemical extinguishers had done their work it was found that a whole closet full of Mrs. Barrows's best gowns had fed the flames started from an overturned chafing dish.

The loss was promptly paid, and Dr. Barrows gets keen enjoyment from Mrs. Barrows's change of heart in regard to insurance. An additional twinkle comes into his eyes when he recalls the letter from the insurance company, which read as follows:

"John Henry Barrows, D. D., President Oberlin College:

"Dear Sir: Inclosed find draft for $500. We note that this policy went into effect at noon, and fire did not occur till 4 o'clock. Why this delay?"

* * *

432. Joseph Murray, "the discoverer of Roosevelt," is as proud of this title as he is pleased with his appointment as Assistant Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, but he is wont to dissemble when he is congratulated on his political foresight in pushing Roosevelt into politics.

"How did you happen to discover Roosevelt?" he was asked when he was in Washington recently.

"How could one get near a volcano in action," exclaimed Mr. Murray, "without discovering it? When he came tilting at the machine I knew it wasn't Roosevelt who was going to be downed, and I hitched on behind."

* * *

433. Mrs. Bellamy Storer, the wife of the United States Minister to Spain, is not only an accomplished artist, but also an enthusiastic collector of antiques. After she had returned from a visit to Egypt some years ago she informed her friends that she had kept her eyes open there as she was about to furnish a new house.

"What did you buy?" Mrs. Storer was asked.

"Oh," she replied, "I only bought one thing. I bought a sarcophagus."

* * *

434. While Military Governor of Porto Rico, the late Brig. Gen. Guy V. Henry, United States Army, took an active personal interest in all church and relief work in the island and attended the Sunday morning services of the Americans at the San Juan Theatre. At one of these meetings the negro chaplain of an immune regiment in the service offered prayer, and was afterward presented to the General, whose color prejudices began and ended with the red man of the plains.

During their conversation the General asked the chaplain whether he had ever had yellow fever, smallpox,

or typhoid fever. The officer, whose insignia of rank is the cross, answered "No, sir."

"Then," sternly said the General, "from what are you immune?"

"I'se immune from fear, sir," tremblingly replied the chaplain.

Whereupon the General smilingly said to those with him: "By that measure every man in my command is an immune."

* * *

435. Prof. William B. Scott of Princeton, who presided as toastmaster at the dinner of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia recently, announced to the hundred or more famous men who sat around the tables that he occupied his post unwillingly, and then to prove his point and show how little he relished the position in which he was standing, he told this story:

"Tim and Clancy were walking through the wilds of New Jersey, bound for New York, when Tim spied a wildcat crouched in the branches of a tree near the road. Clutching his companion by the arm and pointing excitedly to the beast, he said:

"'Clancy, do yez see thot foine Maltese cat? Oi've a frind on Vasey Street as wud give forty dollars fur ut. Stand yez under now, an' Oi'll go up an' shake her dune. All yez'll have to do is to howld her.'

"Clancy did as he was told, and Tim went up and shook and shook till the cat did absolutely tumble. Clancy grabbed her. When there came a moment's lull in the cyclone of fur and Clancy and dust and grass, the wondering Tim, looking on from above, called down:

"'Shall Oi come dune, Clancy, an' help howld her?'

"'Come dune! Come dune!' gasped Clancy. 'Come dune, an' help let her go!'"

* * *

436. Everybody who has been behind the scenes at Weber & Fields's knows that the game of checkers whiles away the time between acts for the principal performers. Fritz Williams took a turn with Joe Weber the other evening and lost six straight games.

"I can't understand it," said Williams. "I never played more carefully—more scientifically, in fact; and yet you have swept me out of existence. It's just your Jew luck did it."

"Which proves," responded Weber, "that Jew luck is better than Christian Science."

* * *

437. While Police Commissioner Partridge was taking a quiet look about Manhattan on Sunday to see how the excise law was being enforced, a thinly-clad, forlorn specimen of humanity shuffled up to him and said:

"Say, boss, I'm perishing with the cold. Gi'me th' price o' a drink."

As the man's hand closed over the dime the Commissioner gave him, the latter suddenly thought of the excise law.

"I guess you'll have to take coffee," said Col. Partridge. "New York is having a dry Sunday."

"Oh, that's all right," said the thirsty one. "Trust me to get the whisky. If you think the town's dry you're innocent enough to be a cop."

* * *

438. The Rev. Dr. Thomas S. Hastings, ex-President of Union Theological Seminary, said in a speech at an alumni dinner that, as he looked about him he saw on each face that undefinable but unmistakable expression which proclaimed the clergyman. As he finished speaking the Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald (successor of Phillips Brooks) of Boston rose and said:

"Allow me to relate an incident. My sexton came running to me one day and told me that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were in the church. I hastened down and found that the visitors were our honored friend, the Rev. Dr. Thomas S. Hastings and his wife."

* * *

439. Feeling the need of a few days' rest, Congressman Cummings and a friend left Washington and went to the most fashionable hotel at one of the most popular Southern Winter resorts. A letter of introduction

which they had to the manager of the establishment brought for them a hearty welcome, and "the best in the house." They got both, and they had a grand time, but their appreciation of it all was rather diminished by the unexpected size of their bill.

As they were leaving, muttering curses at such "high hospitality" as they had enjoyed, Congressman Cummings stopped at the hotel news stand to get some papers. The pretty young woman attendant who waited upon him called his attention to a show case filled with fancy trifles and said sweetly:

"Congressman, don't you want a souvenir?"

"What for?" asked Mr. Cummings rather gruffly.

"Why, to serve as a reminder of this place," she said.

"Humph!" replied Mr. Cummings, looking ruefully at his receipted hotel bill, "I don't want to remember it. If you have any souvenirs there that will make me forget it I'll buy one."

* * *

440. Lieut. Commander Richard T. Mulligan's reverence for discipline is traditional among naval officers, and therefore, in accordance with custom in both army and navy, is a perpetual challenge for the enlisted men to experiment as far as they may with safety in evasion or breach of regulations. The triumph achieved in that direction by a petty officer compelled even Mr. Mulligan to smile when the story was told at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Annoyed by the rough skylarking of a group of "jackies" who were off duty, Lieut. Commander Mulligan, without reflecting on the opening furnished, called to the nearest warrant officer:

"Master at Arms, clear that deck of every —— —— last one of those —— lubbers."

"Every —— —— last one of you —— lubbers clear that deck," bellowed the Master at Arms, in the same breath with his "Aye, aye, Sir," and as the sailors dispersed, convulsed with laughter at the terms of the command, the man turned to his superior and gravely reported, "The deck is clear, Sir."

A senior officer who has religious scruples had overheard all, and stood aghast. With a glance in his sen-

ior's direction, Mr. Mulligan, as soberly as he could, remarked, "Master at Arms, when you pass my orders in future you need not be so —— literal."

* * *

441. According to John Wanamaker, who has just returned from Europe, during which trip he was received in person by Pope Leo XIII., that venerable prelate intends to live for many years yet.

"While I was standing near him," says Mr. Wanamaker, "a woman of high position in society approached him and asked respectfully after his health, his Holiness replying that he was very well, considering his years.

" 'And how many may they be?' inquired the woman.

" 'Ninety-two,' came the answer, with a smile that bespoke no little pride.

" 'Is it possible!' exclaimed the other, and then she added, 'May you live, Sire, to be a hundred.'

" 'What, Madame,' returned the Pope, 'would you limit me to that?' "

* * *

442. "The enforcement of the excise laws is responsible for a good deal of humor," said District Attorney Jerome. "For instance: At 1 o'clock on Monday morning last a Park Row saloon was running wide open. Men were scattered around at the various tables, drinking all kinds of liquids, when in walked a Herculean policeman, clothed in a rubber overcoat, who looked the incarnation of law. He looked around with a disapproving eye, and was evidently about to make a few arrests when a quick-witted waiter emerged from a rear room carrying a steaming bowl of sawdust and hot water. He shouted in stentorian tones, as he passed the officer:

" 'Chicken soup for two!'

"The officer grinned and hesitated, but he beat a hasty retreat when he heard another waiter cry:

" 'Chatoobrian steak stuffed with mushrooms for one!' "

* * *

443. The recent death of C. Osborne Ward, for many years employed in the Department of Labor in Washington, D. C., recalls a disastrous encounter he once had with

the Controller of the Treasury. Mr. Ward was a State Socialist, and so exacting were his notions of honesty and economy in the administration of public affairs that when he received his first detail to "field work" he objected to the customary allowance of $3 a day "in lieu of subsistence," and asked for an allowance for actual expenses, which was agreeable to the Commissioner of Labor and limited to $3 a day. Then he was in a position to demonstrate how economically the business of government could be administered by a Socialist.

In his travels he often avoided buying meals and half starved himself by living on luncheons out of hand, so that his account for subsistence was probably the cheapest one ever rendered to a department, as may be inferred from such items as "crackers and cheese, 9 cents;" "bananas, 4 cents;" "pie, 5 cents," and so on. And these often appeared more than three times a day.

Now, the law and the rules of the Controller of the Treasury do not permit a Government officer to eat oftener than three times a day, and do not authorize him to buy pie, bananas, or crackers and cheese. So the Controller was compelled to disallow all of these charges, with the result that, notwithstanding Mr. Ward's extreme and conscientious economy for the benefit of the Government, he had to pay for most of his food out of his own pocket.

By the way, is it a laugh on Ward or a comment on the Government's way of doing business?

* * *

444. "Eddie" Wassermann, the broker, is a persistent "bull" on the stock market, but until a few days ago his friends had never heard of his perpetrating an "Irish bull." In one of the departments of the firm of Wassermann Brothers there has been a continual leakage of revenue stamps. Finally Mr. Wassermann lost patience, and, hurrying into a room where a number of clerks were bending over their books, he exclaimed, excitedly:

"Now, I am going to get at the bottom of this business, and, by chiminy, the very first man I catch stealing revenue stamps I am going to discharge him, whether he's guilty or not."

445. Col. "Jack" Chinn of Harrodsburg, Ky., he of knife and "gun" fighting notoriety, on a recent visit to New York met a party of visiting Englishmen, to whom something of the Kentuckian's record had been known, with the result that they insistently questioned him about the affrays he had engaged in. The counting of "notches" in public is not regarded as good form in Kentucky, and Col. Chinn attempted evasion, but in vain. Finally, he consented to relate what he termed his "last adventure," and described how twenty armed men who had sworn to take his life had surrounded his house, and then set fire to it, intending to shoot him if he attempted to escape being burned to death.

"What a dreadful predicament," put in one of the auditors. "How in the world did you escape?"

"Escape was impossible. They killed me," answered Col. Chinn, as he bowed and departed.

* * *

446. Max Gloistein, President of the Gloistein Fishing Club, at whom most of the practical jokes of the east side are aimed, is an astute business man, notwithstanding the frequent stories published which tend to make one believe otherwise. His bartender, while under the influence of a severe attack of inflammation of the cranium the other day, requested an advance in salary.

"Vell," said Gloistein, "I dink I am paying you as much as you art wort now."

"Aw, gwan," replied the mixologist. "If it wasn't fer de graft I brings in here youse'd have ter shut up de joint."

"Vat you dink I vood do if you vas to die?" said Max.

"I guess you'd manage to get along widout me," replied the barkeeper.

"Vell," answered Gloistein, nonchalantly, "yust imagine you vas dead."

* * *

447. President Roosevelt was a distinct disappointment to the young son of a new Government official.

When a certain Western man moved to Washington last month to take a post under the Administration, his

eight-year-old son was eager to see the President, so the Westerner took him to the White House one morning and presented the lad to the President.

The boy had been impressed with the idea that he was to see the biggest man in the country, and he took it literally, so when the President shook hands with him the youngster seemed to think that there was some mistake it, and asked:

"Are you President Roosevelt?"

"Yes," said the President.

"Why, you ain't so big," blurted out the lad, with the candor of youth. "Papa said you were the biggest man in the country."

The President's hearty enjoyment of the lad's idea of greatness set the embarrassed father at ease, and President Roosevelt explained to the boy that it was the office and not the man that was "big."

* * *

448. Augustus E. Merritt, for many years connected with the Navy Department was relating to some friends in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other evening a story of an inmate of one of the marine hospitals during the late war. The convalescent, who had been ordered to take a sherry flip each morning, was asked by the attending surgeon how he enjoyed the concoction given by the nurse that morning. With a sparkle of wit in the eye, he answered:

"Well, doctor, I won't complain, but if the egg had been as new as the sherry and the sherry as old as that egg I would have enjoyed it right smart more."

* * *

449. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, has a fund of humor on which he draws during his few moments of ease. A little while ago, while riding in a railroad train to a point distant from Boston he was approached by the train news agent, who laid several books and magazines in the seat beside him. The old gentleman paid no attention to them, and the agent, probably assuming that he wanted something better, presented to him one of his own works. Dr.

Hale, assuming a gruffness he did not feel, said: "I don't want it; it's trash."

The news agent looked at him for a moment disgustedly and blurted out: "I guess you are a little too ignorant to appreciate a good book."

* * *

450. Rosa, the six-year-old daughter of the Rev. W. H. Young, a popular pastor in Syracuse, had been properly taught her prayers by her parents. Reaching this age her mother thought she should be allowed to retire alone, and, while she was instructed to say her prayers by herself, her mother kept an ear open to learn if the duty was properly performed. One evening the careful mother was rewarded by overhearing the following appendix to the usual formal petition: "Perhaps, Lord, you don't know who I am. Then I will tell you. I am little Rosa Young, and my father is William H. Young, pastor of the Furman Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and I can tell you he is a Jim Dandy of a preacher."

* * *

451. Mayor Low narrates this incident of good humor maintained during a trying moment:

"I was present at a certain little dinner attended by the late John Fiske," says the Mayor. "The early drift of the conversation was upon historical topics—and in the course of it Mr. Fiske alluded to that celebrated incident wherein a French King, entertaining some of his Court at his own table, gracefully broke a costly wineglass after a guest had awkwardly dropped one to the floor. The act of the King was a delicate method of restoring the equanimity of the embarrassed courtier by belittling the accident.

"Strangely enough, Mr. Fiske had no sooner finished than a glass fell from the table between himself and the hostess, a woman famed for saying the right thing at the right moment. Their eyes met involuntarily, while Mr. Fiske's hand guiltily went to his offending elbow with a gesture he could not repress.

" 'It was my fault,' smiled the hostess; 'but please don't console me by throwing the rest of the service against the wall.' "

452. That, in marrying, men add at least one to their many interests in life was strikingly illustrated at an informal reception given by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to his Bible class, at the club house, the other evening. On this occasion Mrs. Rockefeller was unable to accompany her husband to the reception, and to act as a substitute hostess Mr. Rockefeller's mother was pressed into service. Of the hearty, unpretentious, old-fashioned school, the senior Mrs. Rockefeller is not satisfied with a simple handshake from those she meets, but insists upon an informal chat. It was in this way that she met Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class friends on the evening in question.

With her personal interest in the members of his class young Mr. Rockefeller was of course delighted, but when his good mother was prolonging the reception beyond the time he had promised himself to be at home with his wife, he began to show a little impatience. This longing to be away grew as the minutes flew, till at last he gave vent to his feelings in this way:

"Come, mother, we must be going, for it is getting late, and there really isn't time for you to chat with every one." Then he added playfully: "I do believe, mother, that if you should ever come to my Sunday morning Bible class meeting and meet all the members, it would really be late in the evening before you would be ready to start for home."

* * *

453. Hamlin Garland, who is now, by residence at least, a New Yorker, is well known among his friends for the seriousness with which he regards his work and the importance which he attaches to his position in literature. An example of this was given when Mr. Garland recently visited a friend, whose wife brought in for Sunday night tea a dishful of fresh mushrooms, which she had procured from a neighboring hothouse. The distinguished author regarded them with undisguised suspicion.

"Are you sure, Madam," he asked with great concern, "that these are not a poisonous variety of mushroom?"

The hostess assured him that they were harmless and

edible, but he still hesitated, looking speculatively into space. The host asked him if he still feared.

"No," replied Mr. Garland; "I was just thinking of the effect on American letters should you be wrong."

* * *

454. When Maude Adams played "Quality Street" in Scranton, Penn., just before the production of the piece in New York, a modestly attired gentleman who occupied an end seat well back near the door was approached by an usher, who handed him a telegram during one of the daintiest scenes of the play, while Phoebe of the Ringlets and her sister were discussing their trouble. The gentleman got up as quietly as he could and left the theatre, but not without arousing the ire of a lady who sat just behind him. The lady scowled her displeasure, and, fanning herself vigorously, said to her escort in an irritated undertone:

"I wish people would stay away altogether from performances they cannot appreciate. That man probably never saw a decent play before in all his life. I could almost cry to think he is so heartless as to have no appreciation of that beautiful scene."

Her escort, who had been posted by the usher on the way in, smiled and said:

"I wouldn't feel so badly about it if I were you."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because that's Miss Adams's manager, Charles Frohman of New York."

* * *

455. Only a few years ago, but before the great steel magnate and founder of libraries was so noted and noteworthy he gave the following bit of advice to a young lady, presumably very much in love:

"Never marry your first love; if you do you will destroy the illusions of life. You cannot then say, 'Oh, if it had only been Tom how different things would have been.'"

* * *

456. Prof. Lewis B. Paton of the Hartford Theological Seminary, a distinguished student of Semitic archaeology, was buttonholed at a recent meeting of the Arch-

aeological Club by a lady who had come as a guest for the purpose of interviewing him.

"Oh, Prof. Paton, I'm so glad to meet you," she gushed shortly after an introduction, "as I want to consult you about a matter which has given me much anxiety. We are arranging a series of tableaus for the benefit of our church, illustrating events in the Old Testament, and are anxious that everything shall be in keeping. One of them represents Noah and his family in the cabin of the ark. I have the costumes quite correct, I'm sure, and the accessories are strikingly appropriate. Some of them are more than a hundred years old! But I cannot think how the cabin should be lighted appropriately. Now, professor, I want to ask you what sort of lights Noah had in his cabin, so that our tableau can be as nearly correct as possible from the archaeological point of view."

"Well, Madame," said Prof. Paton, after reflection, "I do not know of any data respecting the methods of artificial illumination employed in the time of Noah; but if it devolved upon me to make suitably luminous the beautiful tableau you have described, and everything else was so appropriate, I should certainly use arc lights."

The lady subsequently remarked to her pastor, who had arranged the interview, that it surprised her to find that so learned a man could be so frivolous.

* * *

457. When John Hays Hammond was in Denver during the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science he met informally several members at the Denver Club. Finding them agreeable companions, Mr. Hammond called on the Secretary of the association, Dr. Howard, and said that he would be very glad if the doctor would make up a little party of twenty-five or so to dine with them at the Denver Club on the following evening.

While inviting several of the more prominent members of the organization, Dr. Howard met one of them and said:

"Professor, Mr. Hammond would like very much to

have you dine with him to-morrow evening at the Denver Club."

"Well, Howard, they have very good things to eat at the Denver Club," said the professor, "but who is this Mr. Hammond?"

"Why, John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer, who was in South Africa."

"Gracious!" was the response. "Why, I'd give $200 to meet that man, to say nothing of dining with him."

Later, when Dr. Howard informed Mr. Hammond of his experience, Mr. Hammond took Dr. Howard by the lapel of his coat and said:

"Now, see here, Dr. Howard. If there are any more scientists like that who want to meet me, just you say to them that I will make a reduction on account of their high attainments, and will be glad to receive introductions at the rate of $2 for each member."

* * *

458. Just before sailing for England Peter Finley Dunne (Mr. Dooley), lunched at the home of a Brooklyn friend. A few days later he had occasion to write to one of the members of the family. In the course of his letter he introduced a few Latin words—"just for the fun of the thing," as he explained it. The letter concluded, he read it over, and then added:

"P. S.—I am not quite sure of my Latin spelling. I write it by ear."

* * *

459. At the recent Hahnemann Hospital fair Mrs. Jacob Hess, who had been one of the most active workers on the committee which made it such a success, was approached by a little boy friend.

"I have sold fourteen chances on the automobile, Mrs. Hess," he exclaimed. "I have just one left. Won't you take it?"

"I think you need an automobile, my dear," said Mrs. Hess laughingly as she handed the ticket to her husband and paid the boy for it.

It was the lucky ticket that she bought, and now Mr. and Mrs. Hess own an automobile.

"But I might as well have won a submarine boat or an airship," says Mrs. Hess, "for I would have just as much use for one of them as for this machine."

* * *

460. Sir Henry Irving, after the play one evening recently, told of an inebriated American who was boasting to a party of friends in a London hotel about the commanding position his country had taken in the world's affairs in recent years and the superiority of all things American.

"There's one thing, though, that you'll admit, I am sure," remonstrated one of the Englishmen, "in which this country surpasses America."

"What is it?" was the aggressive reply.

"Fog! You never saw on the other side of the Atlantic any fog that could match the one which hangs over London to-night."

"Fog! Fog!" came the hesitating, befogged reply; but the hesitation only lasted a moment, and was followed by a still more aggressive tone and manner, as the irate American cried:

"Why, this is nothing compared with some of the fogs we have around New York Harbor. Sometimes the fog is so thick around there that it's a common thing for the Captains of the ferryboats to put on extra crews simply to pump the fog out of the cabins. Why, there's a corporation organizing in New Jersey right now to can American fog and supply the British people with 'the real thing.'"

* * *

461. After the last of the Rev. Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn churches had been destroyed by fire he started to preach in the old Fourteenth Street Academy of Music, New York, and there became well acquainted with "Ed." Gilmore, the manager. Mr. Gilmore's reverences is not his strongest characteristic, so it was quite like him to say:

"Look here, Talmage, tell me why it is that the Almighty permits your churches to burn up every little

while, but never lets the flames get to a lot of dives and rum shops?"

"I'll answer that question after I get up there," replied Dr. Talmage, pointing solemnly heavenward.

"Oh," snapped Mr. Gilmore. "Well, it is not a 100-to-1 shot that you are going to get there."

Dr. Talmage made no reply, but meeting Mr. Gilmore the next Sunday, he smiled and asked:

"Say, Ed, have the odds changed yet?"

* * *

462. An army officer relates a sententious reply of Gen. Nelson A. Miles, when the rumors of his impending retirement were spoken of by a fellow officer to illustrate how the curtailing of his authority has fretted the commanding General of the army:

"Several officers met Gen. Miles one day when the newspapers were predicting the involuntary retirement of the General, when one of them, also bearing the title of General, remarked:

"'Well, Miles, I see you are to be beheaded!'

"'Behead a figurehead!' replied the General. 'Quite a painless operation, that.'"

* * *

463. Everybody has, of course, seen Joseph Jefferson play "Rip Van Winkle"; those who haven't—to use an Irish bull—have heard of the name Jefferson allied to that dramatic rôle. So it was considered a good business move on the part of his son Thomas to play a number of small "one-night towns," billed as "Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle." Not that it was any attempt to deceive the public by such announcement, for the name of Thomas, instead of Joseph, preceded the famous family name, even if it was printed in small type. As a matter of record, Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" has been doing an extraordinarily fine business over the territory hitherto uninvaded by his illustrious sire.

Last week the famous Joseph Jefferson renewed his stirring tour in Philadelphia. The same night his son Thomas played in a small Connecticut town. By one of those strange caprices of the theatrical business the

more renowned Jefferson opened to a small house. His son Thomas was booked for Norwalk the following night; his advance sale was enormous. On hearing of the amount to which his father had opened in Philadelphia, Thomas immediately sent him a wire:

"You'd better come on to Norwalk and let me take your place in Philadelphia."

* * *

464. Dr. John M. Girdner met Senator Dietrich, of Nebraska, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and as they had not met in some time their greeting was unusually cordial.

"Well, Senator, how's the world been using you, anyway?" asked the doctor after their first greeting.

"Oh, I don't know," said the Senator, with reflective deliberation. "The men whom I appointed to office when I was Governor still call me Governor, and the men for whom I have secured places or done favors since I have been Senator call me Senator. The rest refer to me as 'that damn ingrate.' I suppose I am doing as well as a politician has a right to expect."

* * *

465. The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford was telling the other day of the futility of trying to comfort people with Bible texts.

"I had an experience early in my career," the doctor said, "which made such an impression on me that it has saved me from many mistakes.

"Whenever I tried to persuade an Irish member of my flock to pay more attention to his church duties, he would make excuse that it took him all his time to earn a living, and he would touch my heart by his expatiation upon the difficulty of making money.

"'But,' I exclaimed in protest, 'man does not live by bread alone.'

"'No, y'r Riverance,' replied Patrick with ready wit. 'Sure, an' he needs a bit o' mate an' some vegetables as well.'

"That answer rises up and accuses me," concluded the doctor, "when the temptation comes to ladle out cant in place of human sympathy and concrete aid."

466. In Knightsbridge, London, England, sandwiched in between two public houses which almost seem to support it, is a church, the name of which often provokes a smile from the passer-by—the Church of the Holy Trinity.

While Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff and a party of friends were together the other evening one of them mentioned the circumstance.

The Lieutenant Governor said that reminded him that while abroad last Summer, in one of his walks through London, he had seen a church, the principal entrance of which was undergoing repairs. Over the door, cut in stone, appeared the words, "The Gate of Heaven," while underneath this was fastened a card bearing the notice, "No admittance for one week. Please go around to the other door."

* * *

467. A relative of Rear Admiral Evans tells the following characteristic story of the boyhood of the popular sailor: As a boy he had been talked to by the clergyman of the church which his family attended regarding the keeping of Lent, the clergyman trying to impress upon the youngster the idea that the right way of observing Lent was to deny himself that which he most enjoyed. When three weeks of this solemn season had passed without young Evans appearing in church, the clergyman called to see what was the trouble.

"Why," said Evans, "I am keeping Lent strictly, just as you told me to, by denying myself my greatest pleasure —that of hearing you preach."

* * *

468. Some thirty years ago the Rev. Dr. Duryea, at that time pastor of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, received a call to the pulpit of the Madison Square Church, in this city. The fear that Dr. Duryea might entertain it resulted in the calling of a public meeting to protest against his leaving Brooklyn. Among those who accepted the invitation to speak was the late Dr. Talmage. In the course of his address, which was a manly protest against Dr. Duryea's enter-

taining any idea of leaving the church which was "almost his own child," Dr. Talmage said:

"The idea of Dr. Duryea leaving this church! Why, I might as well come down some morning to breakfast and announce to my family, 'My dears, I've had a call to another family!'" This remark "brought down the house" and was accepted as voicing the sentiment and feeling of all present.

* * *

469. So fearless is the modern book agent that he even hawks his wares within the sacred precincts of the police station. A few days ago a particularly intrepid member of the fraternity entered the station where now presides Police Captain Price, once of Tenderloin fame. A Sergeant was at the desk in uniform. Capt. Price sat beside him in plain clothes. The agent first tackled the Sergeant, who cut him short with a "G'wan." Then he turned to the doughty Captain, who first lowered his brows with a scowl, then, as if struck with a sudden inspiration, he fairly beamed on the book agent, reached out both hands over the desk and began working his fingers as if delivering a mute address at lightning speed.

For a second the book agent all but collapsed. Then he pulled himself together, and walking briskly to the desk, flung down his prospectus, opened it at the first page, pointed to it, and then set his fingers and hands in motion with the speed of an electric motor. Turning to the next page, he continued his pantomimic discourse with the same speed, and so on to the end of the book.

Before the agent had half finished, Price leaned back in his chair gasping, and when the agent finally closed the book with an eloquent flourish Capt. Price got out of his chair and said:

"Young man, you are too slick to be selling books. Anyhow, put me down for two copies."

* * *

470. Col. Abraham Gruber entered a restaurant recently, and after waiting a half hour to be served, called the waiter and inquired how long he had been there.

"Two weeks," was the reply.

"Oh, then, you're not our waiter," replied Col. Gruber, "we gave our order at least three weeks ago."

* * *

471. As Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, left the witness stand, after testifying before Justice Beach in the Supreme Court in the suit of a minority stockholder against the United Verde Copper Company, he was followed into the corridor by a young man who had sat all morning gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the man who has made millions out of copper.

"You have the knack of making money," said the young man. "I have $800. Tell me how I can make a bushel of money."

"Turn it into coppers," said the copper king, dryly. "It would measure several bushels, I think."

Then, noticing that the young man felt hurt by the joke, the Senator took out a card, wrote a broker's name on it, and said:

"Buy Amalgamated Copper on margin. It's at 65 now, and you can sell to-morrow at 66 3-4."

The young man returned to the County Court House Tuesday afternoon to tell the Senator that he had cleared $460, but the Senator had gone to Washington. The rumors of the settlement of the copper war had sent up the stock.

* * *

472. De Witt Talmage, it is related, some time ago listened to a sermon delivered by a young minister. The preacher, who beforehand heard that the great pulpit orator was to be one of his hearers, laid himself out for the effort of his life. He dabbled deep into a difficult theological subject, reading his sermon from the manuscript before him. Indeed, his subject was so profoundly doctrinal that he could not afford to wander from his text or to embellish it with oratorical display either by gesture or voice. The young preacher met Dr. Talmage after the service and said to him:

"Doctor, I should feel it a great honor if you would criticise my sermon."

"My dear young man, you should either put more fire into your sermons or put more sermons into the fire," was the doctor's terse comment.

* * *

473. Jabez Spencer Balfour, first Mayor of the flourishing town of Croydon, near London, was afterward convicted of extensive frauds. The second Mayor was Hobbs, the contractor, who was associated with Mr. Balfour's schemes, and met with the same fate.

The third Mayor was Sir Frederick Eldridge, who retained the office until recently. He was asked a short time ago why he had not presented his portrait to the Council. "There's a vacant space between the portraits of Balfour and Hobbs," he was informed.

"I don't care to have my picture there at present," said Sir Frederick. "If they'll remove the other portraits I'll have it put up. At present it would be too suggestive of the Crucifixion."

* * *

474. Police Commissioner Partridge, when asked to contribute an anecdote to the humor of the town, said: "Several years ago, when there was an upheaval of virtue in New York such as is now in progress, and all the gamblers were shaking in their shoes, two amateur gamblers went into a resort in Twenty-seventh Street and began to 'shoot craps.' The luck ran strongly in the direction of one of the men, until one of his pockets was half filled with silver.

"'Well,' said the winner, with a sigh of relief, as they reached the sidewalk, 'I never expected to get out of that place alive with all this money in my pocket. I never had such luck in my life.'

"'Luck, nothin',' replied his companion. 'Shell out half your winnings. I told those fellows you were a Central Office detective looking for evidence.'"

* * *

475. A Wall Street operator tells a story anent the fight for the control of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, illustrating John W. Gates's attitude in the operations of the Street:

"After the announcement by Harris, Gates & Co. on Tuesday that the firm had secured control of the Louisville and Nashville, an excited crowd surged around the Chicagoan, congratulating him on his coup. The Steel and Wire man, flushed with triumph and in his most buoyant spirits, made jovial responses until one man, who is wont to boast of gains and bore his friends with laments when he loses, said:

"'This is worth a pile to you, Gates.'

"'It's not the pile,' said Mr. Gates, with a touch of scorn in his voice. 'It's the sport. Mere money is stale champagne. It's the game that gives the sparkle.'"

* * *

476. When the Spanish fleet came out of the harbor of Santiago on the morning of Sunday, July 3, 1898, the flagship New York was several miles to the eastward, but immediately turned and steamed rapidly back to the westward in chase of the enemy. The usual preparations had been made for holding divine service, and the desk or pulpit used by the chaplain placed in position on the quarterdeck. This pulpit was ornamented with a carved wooden cross.

When the New York, driven at top speed, passed the spot where the Spanish destroyers had been sunk by the Gloucester a few Spanish sailors were still struggling in the water. There was no time to stop and rescue them, but a number of wooden articles were thrown over on which they could keep afloat. Passing near one of the struggling sailors an Irish sailor tossed him the pulpit, exclaiming with emphasis as he did so, "Cling to the cross, ye Dago," thereby making a practical application of some of the chaplain's teachings.

* * *

477. At a recent meeting of the Woman's Club, in Orange, N. J., Booker T. Washington spoke of the close relationship existing between the Southern negro and his mule. According to the comic papers the darky and his mule are inseparable, he said, adding that there is more of truth than fiction in it. Then he told of the effect the first

sight of an electric car running over a new road in Virginia had on a grizzled old darky, who exclaimed:

"Lawdy! De white man done come down hyar an' free de nigger, an' now he done come down an' free de mule!"

* * *

478. While Senator William A. Clark was walking in the corridors of the County Court House a few days ago preparatory to going on the witness stand to testify in the suit brought against him by George A. Treadwell, the metallurgist, for an accounting of his management of the United Verde Copper Mine, a young man with his hat tilted on one side swaggered up to him with a supercilious air and said:

"Say, boss, can you change a quarter?"

The Senator dived down into his pockets and after a vigorous search managed to rake up three cents. Then he turned to the young man and said he was sorry that he could not accommodate him. The youth turned on his heel, remarking:

"You're the third man that couldn't produce more than a dime. There is certainly a cheap crowd drifting around these courts."

A few minutes later Senator Clark went on the stand and testified that his holdings in the United Verde Copper Mine were worth in the neighborhood of $90,000,000.

* * *

479. Ex-Assistant District Attorney Blumenthal was walking along Broadway the other day when a man with a forbidding aspect came up to him, and, scowling, said:

"Do you know that it was through your efforts that I was sent to Sing Sing for two years?"

Before Mr. Blumenthal could frame a reply the man continued: "Do you know that a short time after my wife was sent to Auburn for five years?"

"But you know you were both gui—" here Mr. Blumenthal was cut short.

"Never mind about that; those two years in prison shortened my life five years. However—" the man fairly beamed upon Mr. Blumenthal, "that last act of yours has

given me at least three years of perfect freedom, which will prolong my life indefinitely, so please accept my sincere thanks for your zeal in the latter case."

* * *

480. Ex-Gov. Hoge Tyler of Virginia, whose term expired in December last, was especially generous in granting pardons. From many of them he derived much pleasure in the gratitude of the unfortunates and often received material for an amusing story. One of these he tells was of a negro from Richmond, convicted of some slight offense, who had convinced the Governor that he had been sufficiently punished and who was accordingly granted a pardon. The pardoned prisoner's young brother learned of his release before the ex-convict could reach home, and rushed to tell their mother the good news.

"Oh, mammie," he cried. "Bob's dun got out and 's mos' heah now."

"Bless de Lud," exclaimed the mother, "but how'd he git out? He ain't dun busted out, is he?"

"Naw, mammie. De Guv'nor jist sint down an' axed his pardin and told him to go home."

* * *

481. When the Seventh Illinois Infantry was part of the volunteer army in 1898 things fell out that the Irish warriors, like thousands of other eager patriots, did not obtain a chance to face the Don upon the blood-red field, and were forced to languish in inglorious restlessness at Camp Alger, near Washington. Finally the powers that be decided to give the soldiers a "practice march" of several days' duration from Fort Myer, Va., to Harrisburg, Penn. As the highway led over ground which had been bitterly contested in the rebellion, camps were pitched at various historic spots for the sentiment connected therewith. It chanced that one of these was the site of the battle of Bull Run. But when the troops had arranged their "pup" tents on the field the commissary wagons failed to put in an appearance, they having been switched off on a blind road somewhere, so that for twelve hours they did not find the camp. Of course, there was a court of inquiry to investigate the matter, over which Gen.

Grenville M. Dodge, one of the heroes of the civil war, presided.

Major Lawrence M. Ennis, commander of the Second Battalion of the Seventh Illinois, was one of the witnesses, and told the story briefly.

"Major," said the Judge Advocate, "how long did you say your command was without rations?"

"Seventeen hours, Sir," replied the Major.

Gen. Dodge saw his chance to get in his little joke. "Well," he drawled from his place at the head of the table, "when I was at Bull Run we didn't worry about rations very much."

"Yes, General," admitted Ennis, with a bow, "but you know we stayed there a good deal longer than you did."

Gen. Dodge allowed the examination to proceed without further interruption.

* * *

482. In a small public school on the east side, Manhattan, the children were enjoying their morning recess. The teacher in charge was playing the cakewalk, and the pupils were keeping time to the music, when a gentleman walked in with a notebook in his hand. Miss D., the teacher, motioned to him to sit down while she continued to play. Then she wrote, hastily:

"Miss F.: Book agent here. What shall I do?
"D."

One of the children took the note to the principal, and in a few moments brought the answer:

"Chase him."

Miss D. brought the recess to an end and marshaled the children in line to send them up stairs. Turning to the supposed book agent, she said, icily: "We are very busy to-day and won't have time to talk to you."

"My business is with the Principal; I wish to see her," said the supposed book agent. So he walked up stairs behind the children and approached Miss F. She turned toward him with an unconcerned manner, saying:

"What can I do for you?"

She nearly fell at his feet when he answered: "I am Dr. Maxwell. I have come to visit the school."

483. Justice Henry Bischoff of the Supreme Court was a widower for several years. Recently he announced his forthcoming marriage to Mrs. Collamore, an old friend of his family. His daughter, who is married, asked him how she should in future address her stepmother.

"Should I call her mamma," asked she, "or what?"

"I think," said the Justice, "you ought to call her Anna Held."

"Anna Held," repeated she inquiringly, "why so?"

"Because she will be 'Papa's wife,'" remarked the Justice with a chuckle.

* * *

484. Seldom a day passes that "Abe" Hummel doesn't drop in at Delmonico's for a smoke or chat in the café with some crony. His good humor and generosity have made him a favorite with the waiters. Peter, who has been with the house some thirty-five years, is a favorite of Hummel's, and has often had occasion to appreciate the Lilliputian lawyer's liberality in tips. The other day, while standing in the hallway, Mr. Hummel pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, and with it a rolled-up bill, which fell to the floor. Peter rushed forward, picked up the bill and smilingly restored it to its owner, who, seeing what it was, said, "Thanks, Peter, but this bill belongs to you," at the same time handing it to him.

After bowing and murmuring his thanks Peter returned to his doorway. A little curious to know whether his find was a one or a two-dollar bill, he slyly turned back a corner only to discover that it was a twenty-dollar note. His eyes bulged. Then he started forward to inform Mr. Hummel of his mistake.

"Never mind, Peter," called out the lawyer, who had kept a shrewd eye on the waiter to note the effect, "it isn't often any one gets the best of Abe Hummel; the money's yours."

* * *

485. Frank R. Lawrence, President of the Lotos Club, recently related the adventure of a New Yorker who was in love but very bashful. Finally, he made up his mind to write his proposal to the young lady. After sending it,

he began to worry as to the possibility of a refusal, and at last concluded to send the following telegram:

"Serious mistake. Have sent you wrong letter. Please return it without reading."

He was very much relieved to receive the following reply:

"Too late. No mistake. Right letter mailed. It was about time."

* * *

486. Joseph Jefferson is a firmly established favorite at Yale, where he annually delivers an informal address before the undergraduates on the afternoon preceding his evening appearance at the Hyperion Theatre. Last year Mr. Jefferson was taken by a senior to "Mory's," the orthodox chophouse that is one of the landmarks of Yale. The rooms are mellow with age and rich with tradition and are generally conducive to reminiscences. Mr. Jefferson was discussing the life to come and was asked by his student host:

"Mr. Jefferson, it is said that we shall have the same character of work in the next world as on earth. Do you expect to be an actor in heaven?"

"Well," replied Mr. Jefferson, "I'll tell you. I am afraid that if I reach the golden gates St. Peter will shake his head and say: 'For heaven's sake, Joe, change your rôles.'"

* * *

487. Gen. Grosvenor had just been telling a story. When he reached the climax he paused expectantly, but nobody laughed. They looked at him in a reproachful manner, and the General, with some irritation, tartly explained the point of his joke. Then they laughed but it was an effort, and Sereno Payne said:

"Grosvenor, you are deteriorating. Formerly any one could see your jokes after one application."

"Yes," agreed the crestfallen Grosvenor, abjectly, "and now they have to be sent to a conference committee."

* * *

488. Senator Chauncey M. Depew was visited in his committee room at the Capitol recently by a New York

farmer whom he had met on one of his campaigning tours through the western counties of the State.

The Senator, as is his wont, exhibited a lively interest in his constituent's health, and, thus encouraged, the visitor began to unburden himself as to his family troubles, and the warm-hearted Senator showed much sympathy when the man related how his wife drove him out of the house in her temper.

"I feel deeply for you," said the Senator in his most sympathetic voice, and he grew eloquent in his efforts to comfort the disconsolate farmer.

"Why," said the Senator's visitor, astonished at this outburst of feeling, "are you married, too!"

The Senator's mirth pretty nearly overcame his sympathy for his unhappy constituent.

* * *

489. The newly elected Mayor of Hartford, Ignatius Sullivan, sat at the banquet table of the Business Men's Association of that city a few nights ago. Simeon Ford was one of the speakers. He glanced pitifully at the new official, and said:

"What a nerve Mayor Sullivan displays! Now that he is elected, he imagines all his labors are over. Why, they have hardly begun. He has work and worry before him for the next two years that will wear him to skin and bones. He doesn't know what he is up against. I have met but one man who showed more real grit. Right after the explosion at my hotel, when the place was a wreck, I went into the restaurant. It was strewn with broken glass and débris. People were running about with bloody faces and torn clothes. In the corner sat a solitary guest eating his luncheon. I think he was a Hartford man. Every one else was panicstricken. I congratulated him upon his coolness. He said: 'I am a man who has faced danger in every form. Death has for me no terrors. I was eating corned-beef hash when the explosion occurred.'

"He is the only man I ever met whose nerve was stronger than Mayor Sullivan's."

490. District Attorney Jerome was told the other day by a friend who is a physician that the doctors of New York City took very little interest in politics.

"I am not so sure about that," replied the District Attorney. "It can at least be said with truth that the attending physicians at the hospitals of the city are 'ward healers.'"

* * *

491. When Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan of Philadelphia, who has just been appointed a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners by the President, was a very young priest he was stationed at a parish in St. Louis, where Archbishop Kendrick presided over the diocese. The latter lived in a very small, unpretentious house, scarcely in keeping with his position in the Church.

One day when Father Ryan was passing the house of the Archbishop, accompanied by a Chicago priest, who was visiting the Mound City, he pointed out the house as the residence of the head of the local church. The Chicago priest said with surprise:

"Why, you should see the splendid residence we have in Chicago for our Archbishop!"

"Yes," responded Father Ryan, "but you should see the splendid Archbishop we have in St. Louis for our residence."

* * *

492. When Senator Depew and Mark Twain met the other night the Senator began a story, at the conclusion of which he laughed heartily. Mark Twain smiled sadly and said:

"Senator, let me look at your hand."

The Senator turned up his palm and Mr. Clemens examined it intently for a minute and then remarked softly:

"You must wait for the first frost, Depew; or possibly you open them with a stone. B'r-r-r-r-r, but it's getting chilly in here."

* * *

493. Andrew Carnegie is not often a visitor to Wall Street, and when he went down there a few days ago he passed unobserved down the famous thoroughfare, right into the arms of a runner for a bucket shop.

"Come to put up a little money on the rise of the market?" asked the runner. "Sure thing; can't lose. Stocks are going up. I'll show you where you can double your money in half an hour."

"Double all I have?" asked Mr. Carnegie, assuming an air of eager innocence.

"How much have you got?" inquired the runner.

"Oh, a little less than $175,000,000," replied the canny Scotsman simply.

"Wh-what?" gasped the man.

"But I am trying to get rid of it, not double it," went on the ironmaster.

"Why, are you Andrew Carnegie?" asked the runner.

"I am," said he, going on and chuckling quietly to himself.

* * *

494. Col. Adolphus Busch, who has been doing some booming as a member of the St. Louis Exposition Exploiting Committee, tells the following story:

"Last Summer when I went to Europe I took along my head brewer, whose admiration for his adopted country is only equaled by his desire to appear thoroughly Americanized. Together we visited his native town in Germany, where he was made much of. Of course they had a 'kommers,' and my companion took the opportunity to endeavor to make a speech after the American style, but in the German language, of course. He started out boldly, though he is no public speaker, and got along fairly well until he attempted the funny story which he knew should accompany every American speech worthy the name. It was funny, I assure you, as he told it, but his hearers were too well-mannered to laugh at their fellow-townsman, and so it fell flat. Discouraged and disgusted by this lack of appreciation of American humor, he dropped heavily into his chair and, leaning across the table, whispered to me:

" 'I'd gif ten tollars if dot story was pack into me.' "

* * *

495. When the late Bishop Phillips Brooks of Massachusetts sailed for Europe on his last trip abroad, a

friend jokingly remarked that while abroad he might discover some new religion to bring home with him.

"But be careful of it, Bishop Brooks," remarked a listening friend. "It may be difficult to get your new religion through the Custom House."

"I guess not," replied the Bishop, laughingly, "for we may take it for granted that any new religion popular enough to import will have no duties attached to it."

* * *

496. They are telling a story in Washington about the new Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Moody was riding on one of the Boston surface cars, and was standing on the platform on the side next the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A lady—a Boston lady—came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started to move toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the men standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a born and bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

"You must get off the other side," said the conductor.

"I wish to get off on this side," came the answer, in tones that congealed that official into momentary silence. Before he could either explain or expostulate, Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked, quietly. "The lady wants to climb over the gate."

* * *

497. Clark Howell of the Atlanta Constitution was driving with a New York friend along a roadway in Georgia. The Northerner noticed that many of the negroes along the way took off their hats as the carriage passed.

"They seem to know you pretty generally down here," he said to his host.

"Oh, no. They don't," replied the latter.

"Then why do they bow?"

"That," said Mr. Howell, "is one of the privileges we allow the darkies down here."

498. The Carribean Club, whose membership is made up of newspaper correspondents during the Spanish-American war, recently lost one of their members by death.

A copy of engrossed resolutions was sent to the widow by the club, in which she was informed that out of respect to her husband's memory they had made his baby boy a life member of the club.

At the recent meeting of the club the Secretary read a reply from the widow, thanking the members and saying in conclusion:

"I appreciate most of all the great honor you have conferred upon our baby, but I regret under the circumstances to inform you that it is a girl."

* * *

499. There is a hard and fast rule against whistling in the building at 52 Wall Street, which is occupied by various banking establishments. A uniformed man with a firm mouth sits at the door and enforces this rule by a verbal injunction.

John W. Gates entered the building a few days ago whistling an air from "Dolly Varden." The man with the firm mouth roared: "Stop that whistling." Col. Gates nearly lost his balance. He went up in the elevator. A half hour later he came down again and started out of the building whistling another tune.

"Doin' it for spite?" said the man with the firm mouth.

Mr. Gates stopped short, eyed the man in uniform with a withering scrutiny. Then he pulled out a roll of bills and slipped off two centuries. Then he said:

"These are yours if you whistle 'Yankee Doodle' with the soft pedal on." The man with the firm mouth made an attempt that almost resulted in apoplexy, but failed miserably.

Mr. Gates left the building whistling more shrilly than ever.

* * *

500. Deputy Attorney General Job E. Hedges visited Mayor Low's office the other day to secure an appointment for a friend. The Mayor asked him to go over the

matter with his Secretary, Mr. Reynolds. Mr. Hedges stated the case to Mr. Reynolds, who said: "I will give this matter careful and earnest consideration."

"Please don't tell me that story," said Mr. Hedges. "You know now just what you are going to do in the matter, and may as well tell me. I once held your position under Mayor Strong, received the same salary, and went through the same motions you are going through now."

Mr. Hedges secured the appointment for his friend.

* * *

501. Prof. G. W. Fitz of Harvard met with an unusual experience while explaining his theories on ventilation to a club of Albany women recently.

The professor has strong notions on the fresh-air question, and in the course of his lecture illustrated the value of fresh air by telling the story of a family who suffered annually from grip and pneumonia. Finally one Fall the shingles on the roof of their house were blown off by a storm, and being too poor to repair the damage, the fresh air that entered by the unprotected roof kept them all well throughout the Winter. The professor added that if the shingles were removed from more houses he believed there would be less sickness during the Winter.

At the close of his lecture, Prof. Fitz made an elaborate apology for a severe cold which interfered seriously with the delivery of his lecture. He had barely finished this apology when a mischievous maiden in the front row queried sweetly:

"Oh, professor, why don't you take the shingles off your roof?"

* * *

502. Ex-President of the Council Randolph Guggenheimer tells this story of an Inspector of the Board of Health who went into a crowded tenement and found an 8x10 room chalked off so that each quarter section belonged to one of the four families who occupied the room.

"Well, how are you getting along?" inquired the Inspector.

"Pretty well," said one of the tenants, "only the man over in that furthest corner keeps boarders."

* * *

503. E. C. Benedict was recently asked to increase the rate of dividend on the stock in which he held a controlling interest. Speaking of the advisability of such action he told this story:

"When I was a small barefoot boy my mother sent me one day to a neighbor's house for a pitcher of milk. On my way home I saw a piece of shining metal in the sand; picked it up and was surprised to find it was a silver dollar. In great excitement I took it to my mother. I had never had so much money before. She told me that I must look carefully for the owner. It was very hard for me to think of parting with my suddenly acquired riches; still I realized that my mother was right, and I made an honest search for the person who had lost the dollar, but without success. So the money was mine.

"The Fourth of July soon came around. I had never had a bunch of firecrackers. So I bought one bunch that year.

"Now, our next-door neighbors were wealthy; their boys had any quantity of firecrackers, and they fired all of them off that day and night. I fired only a few during the day and a few more at night. The next day I fired a few more, and so on every day for some time. Why, I enjoyed those firecrackers for five or six weeks! The other boys' fun lasted only one day.

"So it is with this company. We are paying a good dividend now, and if we maintain the present rate we can enjoy it for some time, whereas if we were to increase the rate at this time, lean years might come and then the stockholders might be deprived of the pleasure of receiving a comfortable dividend regularly. I think we had better stick to the present rate. Dividends, like firecrackers, might last longer."

* * *

504. During the recent flurry in Louisville and Nashville an incident occurred in the office of Harris, Gates &

Co. which for the moment made the struggle on the Stock Exchange seem like a secondary consideration.

Col. John W. Gates hurriedly entered one of the rooms where a number of clerks were bending over their work, and noticed that one of them was absent from his usual post. Upon inquiring the cause, he was informed that the clerk was at home suffering from typhoid, and that it was reported that his fever had risen to 104⅝.

"That is nothing," replied Mr. Gates, as he turned away; "I think it will go still higher."

* * *

505. Should the forced retirement of Gen. Nelson A. Miles from the command of the army, as has been talked about, be made a certainty, his successor would naturally be Major Gen. Brooke, now stationed at Governor's Island, and the senior officer of his rank. The situation recalls that of 1879, when both officers named then ranked as Colonels, Brooke receiving his Colonel's commission in that year.

The friend of the then Col. Brooke, complimenting him on his promotion, added: "I can see the star of a General very close to you."

"Not so very close," responded Brooke, "for I can see Miles between me and that star."

* * *

506. James Clarence Harvey, the poet, is a very effective after-dinner speaker, and always has an apropos story to tell. His latest is as follows: "An Irishman died in a remote county in Ireland where there were none of the refinements of mortuary art. His relatives were anxious to have his name and the date of his birth and death engraved upon a coffin plate, so the village tinker was sent for.

" 'How old was he?' asked the tinker.

" 'Twenty-eight,' was the reply.

" 'Well,' said the tinker, 'I'm afraid I can't do the job, for I can't make an "8"; there's too many curlicues in it; but I could make ye four "7's," if that will do ye. Four "7's" is twenty-eight.'

"The compromise was accepted, and the coffin plate

finished and nailed to the coffin. At the funeral the officiating clergyman said:

" 'Brethren and sisters, we are gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect to our deceased brother, who has passed away at the early age of'—here he hesitated and readjusted his spectacles—'at the early age of 7,777 years! Great Heavens, brethren! He was born before the flood!' "

* * *

507. Miss Elmer Griffing, whose sphere of usefulness is in the Bureau of Licenses and who is the only woman employed in the building, has the story-telling habit. Here is one of her latest:

A New York professor had a wife and family, but professorlike, his thoughts were mostly with his books and his dynamos. One evening his wife returned from late afternoon visits to find the house strangely quiet. Nowhere were the children to be seen. She demanded of the man of books what he had done with the youngsters. The professor explained that they had become rather noisy, and so, even without calling the maid, he had stuffed them into bed.

"I hope they haven't given you much trouble," Mrs. Professor said.

"Oh, no," said the professor. "With the exception of the one in the cot over there, perhaps. He objected a good deal to my undresssing him and putting him to bed."

Mrs. Professor went to inspect the cot.

"Why," she cried, "that's little Freddy Smith, from next door."

* * *

508. Col. John C. Haskell of Columbia, S. C., has on his place an old negro woman who cares for her brother's motherless pickaninnies. One day the Colonel, after experiences of several small losses which had been fastened on the children, said to her:

"Rachel, I think those children are getting dishonest."

"Well, Sah, dat's a fac'. I tell dere daddy he out'en let 'em steal. Children ain't got no jedgment in stealin'. Wen dey do steal tings, jes as lakely dey'll tak' somethin' you'll miss!"

509. George W. Perkins tells a story of an Irishman who while walking with his friend passed a jewelry store where there were a lot of precious stones in the window.

"Would you not like to have your pick?" asked Pat.

"Not me pick, but me shovel," said Mike.

* * *

510. A conductor on a Broadway car had refused to take a transfer the other day on the ground that it was too long after the hour punched. The passenger was politely told that under the rules he could not accept the transfer, and that he would have to pay his fare or leave the car.

"I'll not pay and I'll not leave the car," said the passenger savagely.

"I'll pay for you, then," said the conductor, ringing up the fare. "I'd rather lose 5 cents than wrangle with a passenger."

This would doubtless have closed the incident had not the irate passenger seen "Abe" Hummel sitting opposite him. To him the irate one appealed to know if he was right or wrong in refusing to pay his fare.

"Do you wish my legal advice?" asked Mr. Hummel, with a show of gravity.

"I do."

"I never give legal advice without a fee."

"Well, here's a five-dollar bill," said the passenger, peeling off a bill from a big roll and handing it to Mr. Hummel, who promptly accepted it.

"My advice is—pay your fare or get off the car."

"Is that all?"

"No," replied Mr. Hummel. Then, calling the conductor and handing him the bill, he remarked: "It is certainly worth that much money to find and reward a gentlemanly conductor."

* * *

511. J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles M. Schwab, and several friends were at Mr. Morgan's kennels looking over some of the first prize hunting dogs recently before the first-named gentleman sailed for Europe. Mr.

Schwab fell in love with a fine-looking pointer and asked Mr. Morgan the dog's name.

"That dog's name is Russell Sage," said Mr. Morgan.

"And why do you call him Russell Sage?" asked Mr. Schwab.

"Because," said the great financier, "he never loses a scent."

* * *

512. George F. Canfield, one of the professors at the Columbia University Law School, was interrupted while delivering a lecture a few days ago by one of the students, who left his chair, walked to the door of the lecture room, and closed it with a bang. The genial professor paused for a moment, and then remarked:

"It is well, gentlemen; recent newspaper comment has it that the Canfields like to operate behind closed doors."

* * *

513. Appleton Morgan, President of the Shakespeare Society, is fond of saying "as slow as Philadelphia." Recently a friend from the Quaker City took him to task in this fashion:

"You have no right to say that, for, with the possible exception of New York, Philadelphia is as lively as any other city in the country."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the man who can cite the renowned William on any and every subject. "Here is a personal experience to prove to the contrary. Over a year ago I read an advertisement of a Philadelphia bookseller who offered a rare French volume which I desired. I sent him the price without delay and waited anxiously for the book. At the end of a week I sent a post card of inquiry. Two weeks passed, and still no book. I wrote again, but received no answer. Finally, I gave up in despair. Imagine my surprise last week when there came a letter from the bookseller.

"'Your money and post cards received,' he wrote. 'Sorry to keep you waiting but a friend of mine is reading the book. You shall have it as soon as he gets through.'"

514. Lamar Landon of Georgia was holding forth last week at an informal reunion of the Southern Society in Sherry's. One of the tales of the South that he told was this:

"A Northerner who had never been below Mason and Dixon's line went down to Georgia, nearly to the Florida line, last Winter. Guided through the country by an old negro, they reached the edge of a stream, and the traveler said to the darky:

"'What is that dark object in the water?'

"'Oh, dat's a alligatah, sah,' was the reply.

"'And what is that other dark thing over there on the sand?' was asked.

"'Dat's a alligatah, too, sah,' the guide answered.

"'Then these alligators of yours are amphibious creatures, are they?' queried the Northerner.

The old negro scratched his head, pondered deeply, finally smiled knowingly, and answered:

"'Oh, yes, sah, yes sah. 'Course dey's amphibilous. Dey eats niggers jes de same as white folks.'"

* * *

515. While Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President of Tulane University, was in New York he was introduced to Mayor Seth Low.

"You don't know how many reasons I have for being glad to meet you," said the Mayor. "For one, it's a new sensation to me nowadays to see an Alderman th t doesn't frighten the life out of me."

* * *

516. The Rev. Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, told this story on himself at a recent banquet of the Clerical Club, apropos of the cigars then being enjoyed:

"I was waiting one day in the Grand Central Station," he said, "when my attention was attracted by a controversy between a young telegraph operator and a man standing outside his window. The man was standing with his back to me, but I saw that he was offering the operator something and that the operator twice declined to take it. Presumably it was a telegram so

worded that it might not pass according to the company's rules, and the operator had to be firm in adhering to the laws of censorship. When the man had walked away I thought: Now here is a chance to say a word in season and encourage this man in fidelity to duty. So I sauntered up to his window and said:

"'That was a commendable act, young man. It takes lots of moral courage to say no; but——'

"I had gotten on that far while he stood looking at me blankly. All of a sudden he appeared to comprehend and he interrupted with:

"'Yes. And did you notice the end was bit off it already? If it was any good why didn't he go and smoke it himself?'"

* * *

517. Alexander Stephen Tooke of Pueblo, Colo., recalled to a party of Western friends the other evening, in the Imperial Hotel café, an incident in the campaign of State Senator Sullivan. The Senator gave an account of his stewardship at a large open-air meeting, and then invited his constituents to a barbecue at his place on the 10th of September. One little Irishman in the crowd dissented vigorously to the proposition. Senator Sullivan expressed surprise, and asked why he objected.

"Well, sorr," he answered, "I would remind you that the tinth of Siptember falls on a Friday, and the hift of the Dimocrate Party don't ate mate on a Friday."

* * *

518. Ex-Park Commissioner George C. Clausen, who is not slow to appreciate the humor of a situation or grasp the opportunity for a quiet laugh at the expense of another, met his match last Summer in a laborer of the Park Department, who was before him on a charge of leaving his work to visit a saloon.

In reply to the usual question as to whether the charge was true the laborer—an Irishman of the type usually the hero of quaint stories—replied "Shure! 'Twas a hot day and I wint ahfter a ball."

The Commissioner's eyes twinkled as he asked: "Have you got it with you?"

"Shure!" replied Mike instantly, producing from a convenient pocket a ball—the sort used by the small boy when he plays "One Old Cat"—which he solemnly laid on the table as "Exhibit No. 1" for the defense.

The Commissioner, though taken aback for an instant, promptly decided that a man who could produce such a tangible and convincing defense should not be discharged. That ball now hangs suspended in the Commissioner's office in the Arsenal, as the most unique defense ever offered by an employé upon charges.

* * *

519. An impecunious constituent of Abraham Gruber called upon the latter at his office last week and requested the loan of a dollar. A two-dollar bill was the smallest the Colonel had. This he handed to the caller with the remark:

"Go to the cigar stand downstairs, get a fifteen-cent cigar, keep a dollar and bring me the change."

In a few minutes the visitor reappeared, puffing contentedly at a cigar, and handed the Colonel 85 cents. Noticing a peculiar expression on Colonel Gruber's face, he withdrew the cigar from his lips long enough to inquire:

"Did you mean that the cigar was for you or me?"

"Get out of here," was all Gruber could say.

* * *

520. Justice Gildersleeve managed to board a Broadway car the other day, after a hot chase. On regaining his breath a little, he said, jokingly, to the conductor:

"Suppose I'd slipped and lost a leg—then what."

"Oh," answered the conductor, kindly, "you wouldn't have to do any more running then; we always stops for a man with a crutch."

* * *

521. Dr. Robert F. Weir of the College of Physicians and Surgeons was describing an operation he had performed for the purpose of making a new nose for

a man who had lost that more or less ornamental organ. To replace the lost bony framework Dr. Weir had made use of part of the breastbone of a duck. The doctor concluded by saying:

"The man was very well satisfied with the result, but I do not think I shall repeat the operation, for this patient persists in speaking of me as his 'quack' doctor."

* * *

522. Sir Henry Irving relates a Western experience that happened to him during one of his earlier tours in this country. "I was playing Othello in the then Washington Territory, and my audience was composed for the most part of miners. When we came to the handkerchief scene, where Othello demands the handkerchief of Desdemona many times, I noticed that the audience was becoming exceedingly nervous. About the third time the demand for the handkerchief was repeated a large Irishman in the rear of the house shouted:

"Wipe your nose on your slaive, you nayger, and let the play go on."

* * *

523. Joseph Jefferson, in that reminiscent lecture which he is now and then delivering to vary the monotony of stage performances, tells a story of dramatic "business" in the earlier days of the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. "Camille" was being played, and all was going with successful intensity. Then came a scene between Camille and Armand, in the course of which a servant was to enter with lights.

"In those days," says Mr. Jefferson, "sea island cotton was stage ice cream, just as molasses and water was stage wine, sherry, or port according to the proportion of molasses. Armand and Camille were seated at the table where they had been enjoying such viands as these, and their dialogue was making the very best sort of an impression on a crowded house. Then in came that maid servant with the wabbliest sort of a candelabra. The scene was so engrossing that she was scarcely noticed, but when she set down her burden between the lovers and one candle toppled out and put the ice cream

in a blaze—well, the strain was broken. The entire audience burst into a laugh, and the curtain had to be rung down."

* * *

524. United States Senator Burton of Kansas once had a bill to collect from an impecunious Irish friend who had kissed the Blarney stone to some purpose. After many notices the "Captain" deigned to appear in Mr. Burton's law office. A half hour of complimentary palaver availed him nothing, and he agreed to sign a note covering the claim and furnish "the best man in town" as indorser. When the Irishman had affixed his mark Mr. Burton, straightening his face, sternly demanded:

"Now, Captain, who's going to be your indorser?"

The "Captain" indulged in another passage of the most unctuous flattery, then leaned over Mr. Burton's shoulder, turned the note on its face, and said:

"You write J. R. Burton on the back there and it will be the name of the best man in the whole county."

Mr. Burton indorsed the paper.

* * *

525. Col. Jack Chinn generally tells stories of blood-curdling Kentucky shootings, but sometimes he stoops to peaceful anecdotes.

There came to his town not long ago, he said the other day, a young woman who hailed from another Southern city, where she considered herself "the real thing." While in the Chinn neighborhood she attained some popularity, and her opinion of her own exclusiveness grew apace. She became imbued with the idea that the élite of the visited city were at her feet.

One of her callers, a likely young man, drifted into autobiography during a Sunday evening visit to the house at which she was staying.

"In the morning," he said, "I have to dust off the counters and brush up the store."

"What?" she cried.

"Oh, it's not such very hard work—only a trifle monotonous."

"What are you, anyway?" she asked.

"Why, I'm a clerk in a dry goods store."

"In my town, sir," she exclaimed, drawing herself up haughtily, "dry goods clerks do not mingle in the best society."

"Nor do they here," he answered.

* * *

526. The store of Chauncey Depew's newspaper anecdotes has been increased by this one:

A member of a Western Legislature, in a brand-new suit of broadcloth and a silk hat, gold-headed cane, and white lawn tie, wandered into the editorial sanctum, and, after inspecting the back files and lounging about was invited to take a seat.

"Couldn't you," he said, drawing his chair up closer to the editor's, "put in your paper that I am at the Aldorf with my bride? And just fling in something about my being a prominent Western politician. I don't care anything about this sort of thing myself, but you know how women are. I want fifty copies of the paper sent to this address," and he pulled out a two-dollar bill, grinned, got red in the face, said "Good morning," and vanished. Next morning he read something like this:

"Mr. Huckleberry requests us to say that he is at the Aldorf with his bride; that he is a prominent member of a Western Legislature, and that personally, he cares nothing for newspaper notoriety, but that a society note would highly gratify Mrs. Huckleberry. He added that he wanted fifty copies of the paper sent for distribution among his constituents."

* * *

527. Probably the favorite story of H. H. Honore, father of Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Fred Grant, is the following:

"While on a trip through the South soon after the civil war, I stopped overnight at the little town of Warrenton, N. C. The next morning, strolling around looking the place over, I met a countryman, who greeted me with a 'Howdy?' and 'passed the time of day' most cordially. I was considerably taken aback when I no-

ticed that he was bare-footed, and I ventured to ask him if it was the custom of the country for the men to go without shoes. He answered with a drawl: 'Waal, some on us does, but most on us 'tends to our own business.'"

* * *

528. A story in connection with the late Artemus Ward, and one which those who knew him feel assured he would himself have keenly enjoyed and appreciated, is told in the immediate family. It was the custom of his mother, Mrs. Browne, a good old-fashioned New England housekeeper, living on a farm up in Maine, to send down to her Boston cousins every Winter a Thanksgiving present of the most toothsome concoctions of mince meat, sausage, hogshead cheese, doughnuts, currant jelly, and other products of the place.

After the death of her son, whose remains were sent home from where he died abroad, the Boston cousins felt that doubtless Mrs. Browne's sorrow and trouble would efface from her mind all thoughts of her annual donation that year. It came, however, just as usual, the huge box being filled with everything pertaining to the season's good cheer. A few weeks later one of the cousins, visiting her up at her home, said one day:

"Aunt Lyddy, that was a fine box you sent us Thanksgiving. We ate its contents with a zest."

"Yes, indeed, Tom; I know it was," she replied, putting her handkerchief up to her eyes and weeping copiously. "That was the box poor, dear cousin Charles came home in!"

* * *

529. Down in the State of Maine is a stretch of the poorest, sandiest soil in all New England, and it is officially known as the town of Durham. Its soil is a by-word and a scoffing in the rest of the State. It is there that Frank W. Sandford, the evangelist, built his famous "Holy Ghost and Us" school, and called it Shiloh. One of the leading citizens of the little town became in that condition which permits of the heirs squabbling for what has been left behind. Shortly after that event the Rev. Mr. Sanford was at Lewiston, and

met the champion wag of all "Down East," the Hon. Stephen W. Carr of Bowdoinham, Insurance Commissioner for the State of Maine. He had known Mr. Sandford's late neighbor and the departed acquaintance became the subject of conversation. Mr. Carr remarked:

"Smart, energetic, thrifty man; left a tidy little property."

The reply in a surprised tone was: "Why, he only left $400!"

"Yes, but just think of that," drawled Carr. "He accumulated all that $400 in the town of Durham!"

* * *

530. The Supreme Court of North Carolina, consisting of Chief Justice Furches and Associate Justices Clark, Montgomery, Douglas, and Cook, decided an action the other day in which Furches and Clark dissented. The other three members of the Court are the younger and have not been on the bench so long as Furches and Clark. It is well understood that Clark is to succeed Furches as Chief Justice at the election in November next. Afterward, in discussing the case in which Furches and Clark had dissented, Furches remarked to Cook that "we" decided that case so and so. Cook replied: "Oh, no; we decided the case that way, and you and Clark dissented."

To this Justice Furches rejoined: "Well, if the present Chief Justice and the Chief Justice that is soon to be, decided so and so, that carries the case, doesn't it?"

Cook turned a quizzical look on the Chief Justice and replied: "Chief Justice, did you ever hear of two aces beating three deuces?"

* * *

531. State Senator Henry Marshall, from the borough beyond the big bridge, labored hard for an entire day recently, and finally evolved this conundrum:

What is the difference between a druggist and a farm laborer?

One is a pharmacist, the other is a farm assist-ant.

A gentleman on whom the conundrum was inflicted called at an uptown drug store Tuesday evening, and in a moment of hilarity propounded the question to the apothecary to whom he intrusted a prescription to be filled. After a slight mental struggle the apothecary "gave it up," and when told the answer laughed, as in duty bound, most heartily. A few minutes later the prescription was filled and the price thereof announced as 95 cents.

"Thanks," said the gentleman, "I can understand the 5 cents, but what is the 90 cents for?"

"Oh!" blandly replied the druggist, "that is the difference between the pharmacist and the farm assistant."

* * *

532. Ex-Justice Augustus Van Wyck tells this story about a negro divine of South Carolina:

The preacher was wont to boast that he could base his sermon on any subject whatsoever and yet instill religion into it. One Sunday he said to his congregation:

"Now, let any of the brethren name a thing to talk about. Anything!"

"Talk about pills," shouted an elder who sat in the front row.

"Pills, eh?" the preacher responded.

"A good subject. As you know, brethren, there is many sorts of pills. There is sugar-coated pills, which can cure most anything. There is bromide pills, which makes you sleep. There is quinine pills, for chills. But the kind of pills I'll now sermonize on is Gos-pills!"

* * *

533. A little group of literary men were discussing the distinct loss sustained by American letters in the death of Bret Harte. One of them related the story of how Harte came to lose his post as Consul at Glasgow.

Harte spent most of his time in the London drawing rooms, where he was a general favorite, and delegated the Consular business to assistants. One day, while making one of his rare visits to Glasgow, he scraped acquaintance with a stranger on the train. Each seemed fascinated

by the other's personality, and time passed quickly. At last they reached the outskirts of a large city.

"What place is this?" inquired the stranger.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Harte, after looking out of the window.

A few minutes later the railway guard opened the door of the compartment and announced that they had arrived at Glasgow.

When Harte showed up at the Consulate the next morning the first person who advanced to greet him was the agreeable stranger, who introduced himself as a special agent of the Government sent to investigate charges of neglect of duty on the part of the Consul.

The agent may have been affable, but he was lacking in a sense of humor, for he evidently cabled his Government an account of the train incident, as Harte's successor was soon after appointed.

* * *

534. The Rev. Dr. Swallow, who has recently been very much in the eye of the world because of his trial before his fellow-Methodists on charges growing out of accusations against the late President McKinley, tells a story about George Alfred Townsend, who writes over the nom de plume of "Gath."

"What does that name mean?" Dr. Swallow was asked by a young lady of his parish.

"Why, the letters are the author's initials," answered the clergyman; "G. A. Townsend."

"But what does the H stand for?" the other persisted.

"That's where he is going to when he dies," came from the doctor.

The questioner was visibly impressed.

"Is he such a very bad man?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Certainly not," replied Dr. Swallow. "The H stands for Heaven."

* * *

535. While being shown the sights of Chicago by the Mayor of that city, M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, expressed his thanks for the Mayor's kindness. "But," he added, "I am sorry so to cockroach on your time."

"Oh," answered the Mayor, "don't think of that. But you don't mean cockroach, M. Cambon; it's encroach, you mean."

"Oh, is it? I see—a difference in gender."

* * *

536. "It was an hour after midnight when there came a furious ringing at my doorbell," said Abe Gruber, delivering his "latest" to a number of friends. "The next minute I poked my head out of an upper window and inquired as to what the visitor wanted.

"'This is where Mr. Gruber lives?'

"'Yes; I am Mr. Gruber. What is it?'

"'You delivered a speech this evening in which you mentioned Corliss McGibney?'

"'I did.'

"'Was he a Protestant or a Roman Catholic?'

"'He was a Protestant. But what—?'

"'Thanks; that's all I wanted to know. I'm the shorthand reporter that took down the speech, and I couldn't tell from my notes whether you said he entered the ministry or the monastery. G'night.'"

* * *

537. Dr. Abraham Jacobi of the College of Physicians and Surgeons believes that too many young doctors are let loose upon an unsuspecting public without giving due study to the diseases of children. Now, pediatrics is Dr. Jacobi's specialty, and in that connection he sometimes tells this story:

A friend entered the office of a young physician, and said that he had just been delayed by two funerals.

"And whose funerals were they?" asked the physician.

"They were those of the patients you saw yesterday," replied the friend.

"That can hardly be," said the young doctor. "You remember I had three patients yesterday."

* * *

538. The late John P. Altgeld was fond of telling this story, although it was one on himself. At the time he was Governor of Illinois some distant relatives farmers in an Eastern State, called upon him. With his

usual affability, he did all he could to make their sojourn with him very agreeable.

Some time later his friends, who had killed a pig, sent him a beautiful ham and a letter in which he read:

"We felt after all your kindness that we could not cut up the pig without thinking of you."

* * *

539. In a damage suit recently tried before Judge Steckler in the Supreme Court against the Metropolitan Street Railway Company by ex-Assistant District Attorney Maurice B. Blumenthal, the company's lawyer, Judge Edward P. Coyne, demanded to know the whereabouts of the plaintiff's family physician, who was not produced as a witness. Mr. Blumenthal stated that up to last July the doctor lived on West End Avenue, but that he was unable to give the doctor's present address, and that therefore another physician had made an examination of the plaintiff and would give the necessary evidence as to the injuries.

In his closing address to the jury, Mr. Coyne laid great stress upon the alleged exaggeration of the plaintiff's injuries, and scored the plaintiff for not producing the family physician at the trial.

"They are afraid his testimony would determine the case in favor of the company, and therefore made no effort to locate him," declared Mr. Coyne, and the jury seemed greatly impressed with the argument. When Mr. Coyne took his seat he felt that he had won his case.

Mr. Blumenthal followed in his address in the course of which he explained his failure to produce the family physician.

"I hold here in my hand," said he, "the certificate of the Board of Health of this city to the effect that the doctor died on July 9 last, and another certificate that he was buried in Greenwood Cemetery two days later. Then we lost track of him. Under the circumstances I cannot understand Mr. Coyne's surprise at my inability to give the doctor's present address." A ripple of laughter swept through the courtroom. Mr. Blumenthal had overcome the only danger in his case and the jury awarded his client damages.

Blumenthal and Coyne had dinner together that evening and Coyne paid for it.

* * *

540. Anthony Hope, the writer, is known in society as Mr. Hope Hawkins. Not long ago Mrs. Hugh Reid Griffin, the President of the American Women's Club of London, was party to a most undignified trifling with his most dignified name. The crush was on in full swing at one of the club's receptions, and Mrs. Griffin's powers as hostess were taxed to the utmost. There came the moment's pause in the hum of conversation that follows the appearance of a celebrity. All eyes near were turned as the cockney footman announced "Mr. O'Pawkins." The hush deepened, but Mrs. Griffin, amiable and unconscious, extended her hand and welcomed Mr. O'Pawkins, not looking up to see that it was Mr. Hope Hawkins, who was greatly enjoying the flunkey's arrangement of his name.

* * *

541. Paul Gores had joined a group of hotel men who were reminiscent about the late Potter Palmer and his peculiarities as a hotel keeper.

"When I was at the Palmer House," he said, "there was one chap who proved equal to the occasion. It was when the 'old man,' as we always called Mr. Palmer, was putting in a particularly cranky month. It seemed as if everybody about the hotel was booked for dismissal. One day Palmer walked into the bookkeeper's office, and, after looking for a minute at a man who hadn't been working for more than a week or two, walked quietly up to him and, moistening his lips with his tongue, in his peculiar fashion, said:

" 'Er—when is your month up?'

"The young man, recognizing the voice, tossed his pen on the desk without looking around, hopped back off his stool, pushed the stool out of the way, and replied:

" 'Now, by gum! And I've got my grip packed and under my desk, ready to start right away."

"Palmer was stunned at first, but quickly rose to the occasion, and, stepping up to the young man, patted his shoulder and without the quiver of an eyelash, said:

"'No, no; you take me wrong. I don't want you to go. I merely want to know when your month is up, so that I may know when to increase your salary.'

"When the young man recovered his breath the 'old man' was gone. But his salary was increased all right, and he became Palmer's confidential clerk, and remained with him till he died."

* * *

542. The Rev. Thomas J. Ducey was standing in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel talking to a newspaper reporter whose first name also was Thomas, but Father Ducey did not know that. A friend of the newspaper man, headed toward the barroom with an unsteady gait that indicated that he had been there too often before, passed the priest and the newspaper man, and shouted cordially:

"Say, Tom; come and have a drink, old boy."

"Did he mean me?" ejaculated Father Ducey, angrily.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the newspaper man, with a mischievous smile. "Is he a friend of yours?"

The convivial one staggered back to see why his invitation had not been accepted and Father Ducey was about to vent his wrath upon him, but was checked when the offender placed his hands on the shoulder of the newspaper man and said:

"Come on, Tom. We won fifty on the second race."

* * *

543. Supreme Court Justice Leonard A. Gegerich had been interviewed by fourteen reporters, seriatim, concerning the issuance of an order of arrest in a stock transaction suit. It was one o'clock in the morning, and he started to lock up the house, when there was a short, sharp ring at the doorbell. The Justice smothered an exclamation, opened the door, shouted out into the darkness: "Yes, I did issue a warrant," and then shut the door with a bang.

He had almost reached the head of the stairs when the bell rang again, this time with timid vibration. The Justice went down the stairs two steps at a time, and there was an ominous firmness about the lines of his mouth.

He opened the door and waited a moment, when a meek voice broke the silence:

"It is I—Jim—your brother. I missed my train coming back."

* * *

544. Police Captain Michael J. Foody and whispering Larry Delmour ran amuck at the opening of the turnstile doorway in the Park Row building. Mr. Delmour drew back, and with a wave of his hand, said:

"After you, Captain."

"Yes, I suppose you are," answered Captain Foody, with a weary smile. "They all seem to be after me these days."

* * *

545. When Gov. Hogg was in London he was asked to describe the elevated railroads of New York. This the Governor did, and to add a little spice to the description related an anecdote which had currency in New York about ten years ago.

"I tell you this," said the Governor to his listeners, "simply to illustrate the inclination of the American to grasp an opportunity for a play on words. One blustering day in March a young man and his best girl were riding down town on a Sixth Avenue elevated train, which was so crowded that they were obliged to stand on the platform. As the train passed Eighth Street station the young woman shivered and exclaimed:

" 'Oh, Jack, how awfully bleak this station is.'

" 'Never mind, my dear,' replied the young man, 'the next station will be Bleecker.' "

Among those who heard this story was Maybridge Morley, a friend of Lord Kelvin, with whom he came to New York.

A few days ago he met a party of his fellow-countrymen and told them of the impressions which the journey on the mid-air structures had made upon him. Then he remembered Governor Hogg's anecdote.

"A young tradesman," he said, "out for a bit of a lark, seeks the best girl he can find and rides with her on the elevated train. The day is raw and cold, the cars are crowded, and the pair stood on the platform. As the train

approached one of the stations, the young woman remarked:

"'Oh, how awfully bleak this is.'

"'Yes, my dear,' was the reply, 'but as we go further down the line, it will be still colder.'

"Quite amusing, is it not?" asked Mr. Morley. "The joke, you see, is that the girl had not the remotest idea that the weather was more disagreeable on the lower part of the line."

* * *

546. Justice Blanchard's geniality on the bench frequently opens the door to amusing incidents in the Supreme Court. A young Irishman was arguing for the release of a prisoner on a writ of habeas corpus on Tuesday, when the Justice asked:

"Was the commitment in itself legal?"

"That is for you to say, your Honor," said the lawyer with a deferential bow.

"But I am here to be taught," said Justice Blanchard, who was trying to get the lawyer's point of view.

"That is right, your Honor; quite right," said the lawyer enthusiastically, "and I will teach you."

"I will try to be a docile pupil," said the Justice, with a twinkle of the eye.

"Very good, your Honor," said the lawyer. "You see, the law provides—"

But the laughter, in which the Court joined, made the young lawyer realize the humor of his instructing the Court.

* * *

547. Whether Laurie Marks, the New York gambler implicated in the swindle practiced on the Bank of Liverpool last Fall, really did commit suicide by jumping overboard from a steamer was under discussion by a group of police officials. It aroused the interest of ex-Inspector Byrnes, who knew Marks, as he knew most of the gamblers of New York some years ago.

"Marks is not dead," he declared. "He is too much a gambler for anything like suicide, and if a search were made for him he would be found in some of the great cities. Marks would as soon think of suicide as of going

into hiding in a village or backwoods community. Once when he was seriously ill Marks refused to go to a quiet resort, saying he preferred to go to some place where things were moving and sandwiches were $2 apiece, for then he would know he had a chance to get somebody else's money."

* * *

548. Two or three years ago the chaplain at the Elmira Reformatory went to Europe on a vacation of three months. Before he left he arranged that his place on Sundays should be filled by Elmira clergymen who were to address the inmates of the institution by turns.

The first clergyman, in thinking of a topic, naturally decided to talk on the Prodigal Son, and he told the story to the young men with much detail, and then drew a lesson from the parable.

The next Sunday another minister came. He, too, decided that the Prodigal Son episode offered the best opportunity for a discourse, and he used the story as a basis of his talk. So did the other ten preachers, and for twelve successive Sundays the inmates of the reformatory heard with patient fortitude of the young man who left home, who ate husks with the swine, and returned to the paternal roof and caused the slaughter of the fatted calf.

Then the chaplain returned home. He had little time to prepare a sermon, so he fell back on the Prodigal Son, a theme with which he was familiar, and which was always appropriate. He did not know that his listeners had been treated to a dozen dissertations on the subject, but the roar of laughter that greeted him when he announced his text told him that something was wrong. He appealed to one of the prisoners for an explanation, and was told:

"Back up an' change cars, boss. We've had dat story twelve times while you've been gone. Tell us about Jonah and the whale, or give us a spiel on Daniel in the den of lions."

* * *

549. Lord Kelvin was talking with a young woman at the Waldorf-Astoria when she surprised him by asking:

"Lord Kelvin, if two cannibals eat one Chinaman, what is the telephone number?"

Lord Kelvin gave it up, but was polite enough to laugh heartily when the propounder of the conundrum, answering her own question, said:

"Why, two ate one John."

A young Englishman who was sitting beside Lord Kelvin looked puzzled, but said nothing. Soon after he ran across Job E. Hedges. Taking him aside he said:

"I say, Hedges, Miss Blank just asked Lord Kelvin if two cannibals eat one Chinaman, what is the telephone number, and when Lord Kelvin said he would give it up, she said two hundred and eighty-one John, and then they both laughed. Say, what is the joke?"

* * *

550. Prof. George W. Kirchwey, Dean of the Columbia Law School, was recently delivering a lecture on "Property."

"I hold," said a student who was being questioned, "that you cannot take a man's property without making adequate return for it."

"I differ with you," Prof. Kirchwey returned gravely. "I came up here to a reception last night. When I entered I had my hat, when I left some one else had it; there was no return."

* * *

551. Prof. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, is a believer in expressive language, even if it borders just a little upon slang. A short time ago the students at the college were clamoring for a certain text book which was more popular than the one in use. Prof. Hinsdale was opposed to any change, and hints had no effect upon him. Finally one of the professors of mathematics, who was an Englishman and a graduate of Cambridge, was importuned to present the claims of the class to Prof. Hinsdale.

In reply to the request of the professor, Prof. Hinsdale exclaimed:

"You may tell the class it will be 'a cold day' before I will introduce that book in this college."

The Englishman returned to the class and announced,

"Prof. Hinsdale says he will not introduce the book you ask for until Winter."

He hasn't seen the joke yet.

* * * *

552. Dean Van Amringe is one of the very oldest of the old school and the sternest figure in the Columbia faculty. A scholar by profession, he was born a soldier, and the glint in his eye is in perfect accord with his martial bearing, which cap and gown cannot wholly conceal.

The other day a student, in the height of freshman idiocy, burst into the Dean's office with some request or other on the end of his tongue. The Dean was deep in a work on philosophy, but the verdant youth, without removing his hat from his head, his cigarette from his lips, or even his hands from his pockets, kicked the ponderous door shut with a bang that rattled the windows very much and the Dean some. The young man's name was Thomas.

"Sir!" cried the Dean, "do you know you're an ass?"

"Yes, sir—Tom-as," responded the youth, suavely.

"No, sir—jack-ass," roared the Dean, and he turned again to his books.

* * *

553. Col. Abraham Gruber was much displeased with a witness he was cross-examining on Monday in proceeding for the revocation of a liquor tax certificate. The witness, a special detective, displayed an excellent memory while testifying for the prosecution, but it was much at fault under cross-examination.

"You have a good memory generally?" Mr. Gruber inquired.

"Well," replied the officer, "it fails me sometimes."

"Ah! I see," responded Mr. Gruber. "When you are testifying for your side your memory is a detective one, but when otherwise it is defective."

* * *

554. Ex-Police Captain Westervelt, who retired on a pension after the raid of Lewis Nixon's Committee of Five on a Dey Street poolroom, was crossing Broadway

at the Trinity Building the other day when a friend greeted him.

"What are you doing, Captain?" was the salutation.

"Just a little real estate business," was the reply.

Ex-Captain Diamond, whose defense of his wardman, Bissert, landed him outside the department, hove in sight and met the same query.

"Real estate business," was his answer.

At this, former Deputy Commissioner Devery emerged from the Real Estate Exchange.

"And what are you doing, Chief?" asked both the ex-Captains at once.

"Just a little real estate business," said the "Big Chief."

"And the meek shall inherit the earth," quoth Westervelt's friend.

* * *

555. Will Moody, son and successor at Northfield of the late Dwight L. Moody, tells the following story, apropos of recent theological events, about a young convert in the Salvation Army, who, earnest and zealous, was imbued with the idea that he must speak to every one on the subject of religion. He was especially moved one day while traveling to address a somewhat austere individual seated just in front of him. Touching him on the shoulder, he put the usual question: "My brother, are you a Christian?"

"Sir," was the reply—and perhaps with a shade of impatience—"I'm a professor in a theological seminary."

But this only seemed to call for renewed effort, and the young man was equal to it. "My dear brother," he said, "as you value your soul, don't let a thing like that stand between you and the Lord."

* * *

556. District Attorney Jerome had as a visitor ex-Chief of Police Byrnes, and they were talking of various cases. The name of one criminal, whom the then Assistant District Attorney prosecuted Mr. Jerome could not remember. He did his best with the assistance of the ex-Chief, who mentioned several names.

"Perhaps it was John Doe," suggested the visitor, his gray eyes laughing as he added solemnly, "No, it could not have been John, for you sent the other fellow up, and the county has not yet paid fare from Forty-second street for John. It must have been Richard Roe, John's cousin."

The District Attorney can give and take a joke, but he looked troubled, and his laugh was not genuinely merry, while that of the ex-Chief was loud and long.

* * *

557. "Private" John Allen was strolling down Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, the other day when he passed a lamp post to which was attached a person who had imbibed not wisely, but too well. The man was bowed over and holding on with both hands. If he had stepped a little nearer he could have leaned his body against it, but apparently he did not dare make the step for fear of losing his balance. As Mr. Allen approached the stranger mistily made him out, and hailed him. Mr. Allen stopped.

"M'fren'," said the afflicted one, with difficulty, "c'n you tell—hic—poor invalid where B. & O. depot is?"

"It is right over in that direction," said Mr. Allen, pointing, "about ten minutes' walk."

"Temmints' walk?" repeated the sufferer.

"Yes."

"D'you mean," inquired the man, "for—hic—for you or for me?"

* * *

558. Gen. Horace Porter, in his speech at the Lotos Club on Tuesday evening, said he appreciated the enthusiasm which greeted him and referred to a Western audience which was so enthusiastic that it applauded the opening prayer. He also alluded to a friend of his who was greeted by the words:

"I have often heard of you, but have never seen you," to which his friend replied, "I have often seen you, but never heard of you."

* * *

559. In the early days of his journalistic career the late Frank R. Stockton was standing with a group of

newspaper men, listening to the eloquence of one of their number, who, on the strength of some small authority, was giving his views on "higher journalism" in a pompous and bombastic manner.

At the close of a sonorous period he paused for breath, when Stockton, speaking for the first time, ventured mildly to disagree with the opinion expressed.

"Who are you to dispute me?" blazed the great man. "Why, you are only a literary hack!"

"Not even that," responded Stockton, meekly. "I'm only a coupé."

* * *

560. Gov. Charles B. Aycock, of North Carolina, in explaining a political proposition to an audience, told a story of a neighbor of his who was better equipped mentally than his friends believed.

"This fellow," said the Governor, "was regarded as half-witted, and a guardian was appointed for him and his property. Some time after he sold a horse to a neighbor, and the neighbor discovered that the animal he secured was balky, vicious, and utterly worthless.

"The neighbor saw the half-witted fellow and demanded that the bargain be revoked and his money refunded, but the other laughed at him. 'I will have your guardian after you,' he threatened, 'and will tell him how you have swindled me.'

But the half-witted one was not worried. 'My guardian will not care,' he asserted. 'He was appointed to see that others did not swindle me, and not to see that I did not swindle others.' That closed the argument."

* * *

561. Clifford Boese, one of the clerks of the Supreme Court, tells this story of a lawyer of this city who went to a town in Kentucky to try a case. He was unacquainted with the district and the judge who was to preside, and thought of retaining a resident lawyer to act in his place. He was told not to go to that expense, but to quote Latin to the Judge, who was very proud of his knowledge of that ancient language.

Quoting from the Year Books, as he did, did no good,

for the jury brought in an adverse verdict. The lawyer then moved to set the verdict aside on the theory of the ancient and well-known law of "Non curanta com silibus nix." When His Honor agreed with him and ordered a new trial, the opposing counsel jumped up and said the theory of "Non curanta com silibus nix" was incomprehensible to him.

"What does it mean?" he cried.

"I am sure I don't know," said the Judge, "but it knocks the spots out of your case."

* * *

562. The authorship of "Little Breeches," written by Secretary of State John Hay, was frequently attributed to the late Bret Harte. A young lady once said to him: "I am highly pleased to meet you, Mr. Harte. I have read all your poems, but I have enjoyed 'Little Breeches' the most."

"Pardon me, Madam," replied Mr. Harte, "but you have put the 'Little Breeches' on the wrong man."

* * *

563. While speaking of the serio-comic side of stage life recently, Miss Clara Morris told the following story as an experience of her own:

"Somewhere in the wide world," she said, "there is an actor—and a good one—who never eats celery without thinking of me. It was years ago, when I was playing Camille. In the first scene, you will remember, the unfortunate Armand takes a rose from Camille as a token of love.

"We had almost reached that point, when, as I glanced down, I saw that the flower was missing from its accustomed place on my breast.

"What could I do? On the flower hung the strength of the scene. However, I continued my lines in an abstracted fashion, and began a still hunt for that rose or a substitute. My gaze wandered around the stage. On the dinner table was some celery. Moving slowly toward it, I grasped the celery and twisted the tops into a rose form. Then I began the fateful lines:

"'Take this flower; the life of a camelia is short—if held and caressed, it will fade in a morning or an evening.'

"Hardly able to control himself, he spoke his lines, which ran: 'It is a cold, scentless flower. It is a strange flower.'

"I agreed with him."

* * *

564. The late James M. Hart, the artist, was once painting a picture of a cow in a meadow when a small boy hove in sight and began amusing himself by throwing stones at Mr. Hart's model.

"Stop that!" shouted Mr. Hart, as the animal showed strong signs of impatience, "or I'll cuff you good."

The small boy turned a handspring and stuck out an insolent tongue. "Hey, mister, ye got to collar me first," he shouted.

* * *

565. That Senator Thomas C. Platt finds amusement in many of the caricatures of himself appearing in the papers is known to his friends. Not long ago, in coming to New York from Washington, the Senator stopped for a day in a little town in Delaware. A young reporter for a local paper, while walking on the street met him accidentally, and, with the longing for an "interview" peculiar to his kind, saluted him with:

"Beg your pardon; but is not this Senator Platt?"

"It is. But how did you know me?"

The reporter answered, promptly: "Why, easily, from the cartoons I have seen of you in the papers." Then, as if to excuse himself, he began: "Of course, I do not mean——"

But his elder set the youngster at his ease by remarking: "My dear man! Do not apologize. Truth is, for a long time I have been proud of the distinction of being about the only man in any sense prominently before the public to whose personal appearance a cartoon can do no possible injustice."

* * *

566. State Superintendent of Schools Charles R. Skinner tells of the janitor of a city school who threw up his job one day, and when asked by a friend what the trouble was, said:

"Well, it's this. I'm honest, and I won't stand bein'

slurred. If I ever found a pencil or anything else in the school when I was sweepin' out I always gave it to the principal, but, just the same, the teachers, or some one that's too mean to face me, gives me the slur."

"In what way?" asked the friend.

"Well, just this. A little while ago I saw written on the board, 'Find the common multiple.' Well, I didn't say a word, but I searched from garret to cellar, and I couldn't find the darn thing. Well, again last night, in big writin' on the same board, it said: 'Find the common divisor.' 'Well,' I says to myself, says I, 'both them darn things be lost now, and I'll get blamed fer swipin' 'em, so I'll quit.'"

* * *

567. Senator Depew's reputation is well established as a story teller, but whether it also holds good as an originator is somewhat open to conjecture, as witness the following incident:

Some few years ago, at a noted Southern resort, the Senator was particularly impressed with the beauty and wit of a dark-eyed Northern girl and monopolized a considerable share of her time. He was accompanied by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Moses Taylor, the son of the great merchant, banker, railroad builder, and philanthropist.

During one of their many chats the young lady remarked to the Senator that the presence of young Taylor reminded her of a little joke which concerned his father. "Mr. Taylor and a party of friends," she said, "stopped at one of the large hotels in the South that had just then achieved an unenviable notoriety by refusing to entertain Hebrews. When Mr. Taylor arrived at the hotel the clerk did not recognize him. You know, of course, all first-class hotel clerks can follow a man's name while it is being registered, even though they read it from the opposite side of the counter. Well, when Mr. Taylor had written his first name—Moses—the clerk hastened to inform him that all the rooms in the house were engaged. By the time he had finished registering, the proprietor, who was an old friend, came in and greeted the newcomer with:

"Why, Mr. Taylor, I am delighted to see you. Any rooms that you desire are at your disposal."

The Senator laughed heartily and seemed to appreciate the joke, and remarked: "That's a new one on me—I have never heard it before."

That same evening, as was his custom, he joined the young girl and her party. After a few preliminary remarks in his usual amusing vein, he turned, and pointing to young Taylor, said:

"I want to tell you an old story that I heard years ago, which concerns this young man's father."

Then, with great gusto and elaboration, he repeated the story the girl had told him a few hours before. After the laugh had subsided, the black-eyed girl naively asked:

"When did you say you heard that story, Mr. Depew?"

"Oh! years and years ago," he responded.

"Why! no! Mr. Depew, I told you that very story to-day at luncheon—and it was then entirely new to you."

It is said that Mr. Depew failed to appreciate the laugh that followed. But he told no more stories that evening and soon after arose and bade all good-night.

* * *

568. Mrs. Langtry, as has been bruited about in the newspapers, has been having her face "made over" and the lines of time eradicated. In a shop recently, says a traveler just back from London, she asked for a traveling bag of alligator skin. The shopkeeper, who had none of that particular sort, brought out instead some of smooth leather.

"And you tell me this is alligator skin," objected the "Jersey Lily." "Why, it is perfectly slick. Where are its wrinkles?"

"Ah, madam," replied the wily dealer, who knew his customer, "wrinkles are out of vogue. The correct alligator no longer has them. This traveling bag was made from the skin of an alligator who had been massaged."

It may be added that the actress rubbed the smooth leather pensively, and made the purchase without further comment.

569. James W. Gerard, junior partner of the firm of Bowers & Sands, was examining a witness in the Supreme Court, whose answers, given in a rich Irish brogue, were short and emphatic. This son of Erin stated that he had never before been in a court of justice, but he seemed rather familiar with legal phraseology, for his answers to Mr. Gerard's questions ran in this way:

"What is your business?"

"I am a night watchman by occupation and profession."

"Where were you on the night in question?"

"To the best of my skill and knowledge, on East Thirty-third Street."

"Now, O'Rafferty, is it not a fact that you are continually intoxicated?"

"No, Sir! (emphatically) my income does not permit it."

"Did you not receive your wages weekly?"

"No, sir."

"How did this plaintiff pay you?"

"He paid me by hearsay."

"By hearsay," said Mr. Girard. "What do you mean by being paid by hearsay?"

"Well," answered O'Rafferty, "my employer showed me a roll of bills every evening, and always told me he'd pay me the day after."

* * *

570. The "dummy" is still considered by some artists to be superior to the living model when it comes to posing for drapery in feminine costume, and many of these startlingly lifelike figures are found among the studios of painters. The lady of sawdust in the studio of Percival De Luce, when dressed in fashionable garb, frequently causes some friend who chances to drop in to pause suddenly with the apology: "Oh, pardon me; I didn't know you had a sitter."

But this isn't a circumstance to the trick this dummy played upon a group of children when Mr. De Luce was moving from his old studio into the one he now occupies. The children stood watching the vans load at the door,

When one of the men appeared carrying the dummy in his arms, the children watched with bated breath while he ran down the steps and carelessly tossed it upon the bottom of the cart. Then the largest of the group, a little girl, ventured up to him.

"Say, Mister," she said, "did that lady die of smallpox?"

* * *

571. Something more than a year ago the last meeting was held, in Washington, of the Committee on National University, a project which found its conclusion in the Carnegie Institution. It so happened that quite a number of members of that committee left this city on the same train. Among these were President Eliot of Harvard, President Draper of the State University of Illinois, President Butler of Columbia, and Dr. Canfield, now Librarian of Columbia, and one-time President of the State University of Nebraska and of the State University of Ohio.

In the morning President Draper and Dr. Canfield were the first of the party to rise. They were dressed and sitting in the smoker of the sleeper reading the morning papers when Prof. Butler came straggling in to complete his toilet. Close upon his heels was President Eliot. Prof. Butler began a good-natured tirade upon the two gentlemen who had preceded him for their unreasonable early rising. President Eliot raised his face from the bowl, and with his eyes shut and the water running down, protested:

"You ought not to find fault with Draper and Canfield for their early rising, Butler. They have been Presidents of agricultural colleges so long that they still think that they must get up and milk!"

And the two early birds laughed as long and as loud as the others.

* * *

572. During the late campaign in Arkansas in which Senator Jones was defeated in the preliminary race for the Senate, Governor Jefferson Davis was on the stump vigorously protesting against Senator Jones's re-election. At one meeting, with a crowded audience in one of the larger cities of the State, Governor Davis was calling attention to the expenditures of one of the committees of

which Senator Jones is a member. Warming up to his subject, the Governor shouted:

"I notice, ladies and gentlemen, in the list of miscellaneous expenses of this committee in its published report of last month, an item of $12 for castor oil—for castor oil, I say. What in the world they need so much castor oil for no one knows. Why, that is enough castor oil to move the previous question in the Senate of the United States."

* * *

573. George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent for the New York Central Railroad, is not easily taken in, but there is a story floating about among railroad men of how the editor of a country newspaper once got the better of him in the matter of passes.

This editor, who was a personal friend of Mr. Daniels, had a brother to whom he used to give some of his free transportation. Mr. Daniels found this out, and the next time his friend wrote for passes he replied: "Sorry to refuse you, but I've been told you've been giving them away to an outsider."

A few days later Mr. Daniels happened to be in the village and called on the editor. "You see how it is," he explained. "I am willing to do almost anything for you I can, but I hear that you give away the passes to your brother. Now, I don't know your brother, but I know he has no claims on the road."

"My poor brother!" exclaimed the editor indignantly. "Why, the last time I saw my brother a hearse was carrying him to the cemetery."

Mr. Daniels was apologetic and regretful. "I didn't know that your brother was dead," he said, "and I am very sorry. I'll send you transportation at once."

He did so, and the brother took a trip to New York on it. A few weeks later Mr. Daniels met another friend from the editor's town, and remarked that he was sorry to hear of the death of Tom's brother.

"Why, Tom's brother isn't dead," said the other. "I saw him just before I came away, driving his hearse. He's an undertaker, you know."

574. During Sir Henry Irving's recent visit to New York, the distinguished actor had occasion to visit the Criterion Theatre during an afternoon performance of "Du Barry." Passing the stage door, he noticed a couple of pickaninnies waiting there for admittance, and his curiosity being excited, he accosted them and inquired what they might be doing there.

"Please, Boss," replied one of them, a coal-black urchin of about ten, "we'se actors."

"Indeed," said Sir Henry, his stern features relaxing into a smile, "and what part do you play?"

The little son of Ethiop drew himself up proudly. "I'se de footstool for Mrs. Leslie Carter," he announced gravely; "an' Andy, he pours de coffy."

Sir Henry, having bestowed a gratuity upon these youthful members of the profession, went on his way, musing deeply on the glories of the drama.

* * *

575. President Roosevelt is known to be nervous and often fidgety; he sits down for perhaps five minutes and then paces the floor if he is talking to callers. He was with a delegation one day, and moved restlessly while he spoke to them, and, deferentially, they stood also.

"You may be seated," said the President, as he took a chair himself. Pretty soon he stood again, and one by one the delegation rose. The President, tired of pacing, seated himself again. The delegation sat too. Once again the President arose, and the delegation followed suit. The President, annoyed at too much deference, shouted at them: "For heaven's sake, gentlemen; just because I jump up must you jump too?"

* * *

576. When the late John C. Draper occupied the Chair of Professor of Natural History, Physiology, etc., in the College of the City of New York, he was afflicted with imperfect hearing, and many of the students during his lecture hour took advantage of the old gentleman's deficiency to engage in promiscuous conversations, conscious that the professor could not hear what was being said. It happened on one occasion, when the subject of the pro-

fessor's lecture was the "Ichthyosaurus," the students were engaged in these conversations, and seemingly ignored the professor's remarks. Although he could not hear what they were talking about, yet he could detect their lips moving, and knew that he did not have their attention, whereupon he rapped on his desk several times to call the class to order, and said:

"Young gentlemen, this is a most interesting subject we are discussing to-day, and I assure you that you cannot understand nor have the slightest appreciation or conception of the structure or habits of this hideous, amphibious monster unless you keep your attention and eyes fixed steadily upon me."

It is perhaps needless to say that the professor did not join in the general laugh which followed.

* * *

577. Mayor Harrison of Chicago is more of a bicyclist than a horseman, and just enough of an Irishman to originate sometimes amusing but forceful bulls. The other day, when watching a rider trying to master a vicious animal, he turned to a friend and said:

"If I were on that horse some one would be back here picking me out of the dirt."

* * *

578. It is told of the late P. D. Armour that on one occasion he made a present of a suit of clothes to each of his employés in a certain department. Each man was told that he might order his own suit, and send the bill to Mr. Armour, no restriction being made as to price. In order to avail himself fully of this liberality, one young man ordered evening clothes costing $80. When the bill was sent in, Mr. Armour sent for the clerk to vouch for its accuracy, and finding it right, assured the man it would be paid. As the clerk was leaving, however, Mr. Armour said to him:

"I wish to say to you that I have packed a great many hogs in my time, but I never dressed one before!"

* * *

579. Moberly Bell, General Manager of the London Times, was called upon for a speech at one of the dinners

tendered him during his visit to New York. About him were seated a number of distinguished men, several with international reputations as speakers and orators. So he began what he had to say with:

"When I came here this evening I felt very much like Daniel, who, when he entered the lions' den, remarked: 'It is certain that I am not the one who will have to do the after-dinner speaking here.'"

* * *

580. The Rev. Dr. Twichell of Hartford, known familiarly to the clerical fraternity and Yale men as "Joe" Twichell, and a friend, while traveling over the New Haven Road one day became much absorbed in the discussion of some doctrinal question. The seat directly in front of them was occupied by an individual who displayed unmistakable symptoms of recent excessive conviviality. He also evinced a marked interest in the debate in progress in the seat behind him. After listening to the conversation for some time with an attention which was altogether undisguised, he turned half-way round and ventured to suggest a few ideas himself. The man was a stranger to both disputants, but as it afterward appeared he knew Dr. Twichell by sight. His interpolations, which were not of a nature to throw much light on the subject, were quietly listened to several times without response. But at last they became annoying, and Dr. Twichell said to him:

"Now, see here, my friend, you just turn right around there and let us talk this matter over by ourselves. We don't need any of your assistance, and should prefer not to hear further from you."

The inebriated one looked pained and shocked. He faced forward, however, and sat there silent for some moments, his very back expressing his deep grief. Finally he turned half round once more, and in a most pathetically mournful tone said:

"See here, Twichell; you don't seem to care a damn about my soul."

* * *

581. In Philadelphia, at least, Cyrus Townsend Brady, who has ceased to be a clergyman writing novels to be-

come a novelist with the title of reverend, is believed to be the most rapid as well as the most prolific of living American authors. He is always busy over some story or other, so that his appearance on Chestnut Street the other day, walking leisurely, was proper cause for inquiry on the part of his friends.

"Oh, I am taking a vacation," replied the former Archdeacon to the first of the many questions which were put to him between Broad Street and Tenth. And when the interrogator expressed a little surprise and considerable approval, Dr. Brady continued:

"Yes, I thought I needed a rest, and I am taking two days off between books."

* * *

582. "Is he a rich man?" was asked of Representative Heatwole of Minnesota, who was discoursing about a Jerseyman of his acquaintance.

"Geographically speaking, no," answered Mr. Heatwole, with an air of profundity. "He lives in New Jersey, and I should call him fairly well-to-do. He is worth about four or five millions. Of course, it would be different if he lived in New York—people would drop dollars in his hat."

* * *

583. In company with a Congressional friend the late Amos J. Cummings was traveling over one of our Western railroads noted for the general unevenness of its roadbed and the wild mountain scenery along a goodly portion of its route. The friend, unused to such rough traveling, grew more and more perturbed in soul as the train flew up and down steep grades, around sharp curves, and over deep valleys. At length the climax came. The train, descending a steep grade, dashed round a sharp curve in uncomfortable proximity to a lofty precipice with a suddenness that well-nigh unseated every one, while above the pounding of the cars could be heard the satanic shriek of triumph from the engine as it accomplished this hazardous feat. Thoroughly alarmed, the friend grasped the calm Mr. Cumming by the arm and excitedly asked:

"I say, Amos, I'm getting nervous; do you think this train will leave the track?"

"No fear of that," replied Mr. Cummings confidently, "the President of this road is in the next car."

* * *

584. Years ago, when S. Q. Mingle of New York was Superintendent of a Sunday school in Lock Haven, Penn., the school had a picnic, and on the way to the grounds Mr. Mingle saw some poorly clad boys eyeing the excursionists wistfully, and looking as if pleasure seldom came to them. Mr. Mingle invited them to join the picnickers, and after a little hesitation on the part of the boys the invitation was accepted, and the ragged urchins were given an unusual and enjoyable day's fun.

Last Summer when Mr. Mingle was visiting the exposition at Buffalo, a gentleman walked up to him and said, "How do you do, Mr. Mingle!" "You must pardon me, but I do not recall your name," responded Mr. Mingle.

"Do you recall a picnic given some thirty years ago in Lock Haven by the Sunday school of which you were Superintendent, and your asking several hungry-looking little boys to join you?" asked the stranger. "Well, I am one of the boys. That was the first kind act ever shown me, and it made a man of me. I was as poor as I could be. If you will go to my Pennsylvania home you will find there a church which I erected. I am the owner of two sawmills and lumber yards, and the mercantile agencies report that I am worth several hundred thousand dollars. I have a comfortable home and a family in which I take great pride. Mr. Mingle, I can never forget your kindness to me that day."

* * *

585. Louis Sterne of London tells this incident that happened at his table at a time when Senator Depew, Edward Atkinson, and the late Simon Sterne were dining with him. Mr. Depew and Mr. Atkinson were disputing concerning the traffic over the Sault St. Marie Canal. Finally one of them appealed to Simon Sterne, saying:

"Now, Sterne, you can bear me out in this; you know," (quoting certain statistics,) "and that figures don't lie."

"Never," said Mr. Sterne quietly; "except when liars figure."

* * *

586. While in Washington a short time ago Gov. Jefferson Davis of Arkansas, who was an ardent supporter of ex-Gov. Clark for Senator in place of Senator James K. Jones walked along Pennsylvania Avenue with Representative McRea of his State. His attention was attracted to the frequency of the signs announcing the performance of the coming "What Happened to Jones." Still warm from the conflict in Arkansas, he finally turned to McRea and said:

"Say, Mac, we certainly made ourselves known down there in Arkansas, didn't we? Do you see all these signs?"

* * *

587. As illustrative of the nature of Southern negroes, the Rev. D. J. Sanders, the negro President of Biddle University at Charlotte, N. C., related the following incident to some members of the Presbyterian General Assembly at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

"Negroes are great lovers of titles and decorations, and the members of a large but ignorant negro congregation in North Carolina conceived the notion that it would add very much to their influence as a church if their pastor could attach the title "D. D." to his name. One of the brethren learned that a certain institution in the North would confer such a degree for a price, and a letter to this institution brought forth the information that $50 would secure the desired honor.

Members of the congregation went to work to raise this $50, but their utmost efforts failed to secure more than $25. The committeemen put their heads together, and it was finally decided to send the money, accompanied by this message to the Northern institution:

"Please send our pastor one 'D.,' as we are unable to pay for the other at this time."

* * *

588. Dr. Henry W. Frauenthal, one of the visiting physicians to Bellevue Hospital, was recently invited to

spend a Sunday with a friend at his home in New Jersey. The doctor and his host were sitting upon the piazza of the house overlooking a long stretch of lawn.

"Doctor," said the friend, "I don't know what the matter is with my lawn this Spring. The grass won't grow."

"It needs this as a fertilizer," advised the doctor, who took out his fountain pen and a prescription pad and wrote:

"Phosphate and lime."

The following day his friend took the prescription to a druggist and asked for ten pounds and was charged at the rate of 10 cents an ounce.

"Pretty high price," said the doctor's friend, "but I must have it."

On his way home with the bag of fertilizer he saw a neighbor scattering some white stuff over his lawn.

"What are you putting on there?" asked the doctor's friend.

"Phosphate and lime."

"That's the same stuff I've got in this bag. Pretty expensive, isn't it?"

"Why, no. I got ten pounds of it for 20 cents down at the grocery store."

Whereupon his friend wrote to Dr. Frauenthal:

"Hereafter, when writing prescriptions for me, please state whether to go to a druggist or grocer."

* * *

589. The late Dr. Talmage used to tell this as one of his favorite stories: "I was riding in a Brooklyn horse car one day when a very large woman got on. As she went to sit down, the space not being any too much, she overlapped some, and I heard a man on one side mutter under his breath, "I didn't suppose they carried elephants in these cars.' Immediately the woman jumped up, and, gesticulating wildly in the direction of the rear platform, shouted: 'Conductor! Conductor! There's an elephant and a hog in this car, and the elephant wants to get out.'

590. Among the Presbyterian ministers who were presented to President Roosevelt when he came to the city recently was one who bears the burden of an overweening sense of duty and is wont to "rebuke in season and out of season"—mostly out of season.

"I regret," said the preacher, "to see that the Administration countenanced the use of liquor in the Governor's Palace at Havana."

"But I am glad to see," said the President, deftly changing the subject, "that the General Assembly is discountenancing the use of brimstone."

* * *

591. Commander Booth Tucker of the Salvation Army tells of an experience of a faithful army lassie who had been promoted to the rank of Captain for efficient service, to illustrate the convention of the army that the results justify the methods they employ.

"In a saloon in the slum district late one night this young lady met a man who was so drunk as to be utterly unable to care for himself. The Captain wanted to help him out of the disreputable place and to his home.

" 'What is your name?' she asked, solicitously.

" 'I'm sure I don't know,' replied the drunken man.

" 'Where do you live?'

" 'I'm sure I couldn't tell you just now. Wait a minute, let's see'—meditatively—'I don't seem to remember.'

" 'Where have you been to-night?'

" 'I'm sure I don't remember whether I was at a funeral or a wedding, but'—with enthusiasm—'whatever it was, it was a great success.' "

* * *

592. While Lucius Weinschenk of the magazine Popular Fashions was in Washington recently on business connected with the proposed action of the Post Office Department relative to depriving mail-order papers of the privilege of sending their publications at the rates prescribed for second-class matter, he received this telegram:

"Never mind second-class mail matter; a fine eight-pound bundle of first-class male matter was left at home last night by special delivery via Stork Line, and wants his papa."

593. Edward Atkinson, addressing an audience on anti-imperialism, concluded from the vociferous applause with which he was received that there were no expansionists among his hearers. So he said, boastingly:

"If there is an expansionist here, I should like to ask him his name, and where he lives, and how he feels now!"

Thereupon one man arose and answered: "I am an expansionist. My name is Robert Field. I live in Haverhill, and I feel like a thoroughbred horse among a lot of jackasses."

* * *

594. Jacob A. Cantor, President of the Borough of Manhattan, at a dinner last week concluded his speech in this fashion:

"I am like a photographer who has shipped his pictures to a distant city—I have simply expressed my views."

* * *

595. While Dr. Faunce, now President of Brown University, was pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, Dr. D. Parker Morgan, the rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, meeting him at a reception, said:

"Dr. Faunce, I have never been quite able to understand why you call your church the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church when the church is not on Fifth Avenue, but on Forty-sixth Street. Can you reconcile the name to the situation?"

"Perhaps not, doctor," replied Dr. Faunce, "but you must at least acknowledge that our church is nearer to Fifth Avenue than yours is to 'the Heavenly Rest.'"

* * *

596. At a little dinner the other night the statement was made that the colored race had longer memories than white folk. Mark Twain, who was present, agreed with the remark, and to prove it told the following:

"Some years ago, when South, I met an old colored man who claimed to have known George Washington. I asked him if he was in the boat when Gen. Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied, 'Lor', Massa, I steered dat boat.'

"'Well,' said I, 'do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?'

"He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile, said:

"'Why suah, Massa, I dun drove dat hack mahself.'"

* * *

597. Presenting the fraternal greetings of the Methodist Church to the Presbyterian General Assembly, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of The Christian Advocate, said that he knew of two men in a community, one of them a Methodist and the other a Presbyterian. Both were prominent in Church work, but both were corrupt in their business, and both failed about the same time. The Methodists said to their man:

"You were converted once, but you have fallen from grace. You will be condemned if you do not humble yourself before God and repent of your sins."

The Presbyterians said: "You were never converted in the first place, but you will be damned unless you confess and seek pardon for your sins."

"The disease may have been different," commented Dr. Buckley, "but the remedy was in each case the same." At which the assembly roared.

* * *

598. The criticism of the Cincinnati Festival recalls another occasion on which Theodore Thomas was under fire. He had conducted the last rehearsal on Saturday, Oct. 7, 1871, and the first concert was to take place on Monday. The Chicago fire intervened. The orchestra lost their instruments and Thomas was driven from his hotel. Some wit, with a cynicism engendered by his own misfortune, perpetrated about the only conundrum on that appalling calamity:

"What is the difference between Thomas and Nero?"

"Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, but Thomas roamed while his fiddles were burning."

* * *

599. Whistler one afternoon called on a young painter of his acquaintance who did the pretty little sort of things that are popular. In the course of the conversation that

followed the young artist turned to a little head he was painting, and daintily balancing a square palette by one corner between two finger tips, took a fine sable brush and as daintily began to tickle a piece of bad drawing into a "sweet expression," saying:

"A pleasant art, ours, isn't is, Jimmy?"

"Yes," was Whistler's response, "but what are you doing, Frank?"

"Oh," said the young artist, "I am painting a replica of a little thing some one liked, because, you know, I can always sell two or three of the same subject, if it's a taking one."

"Ah," commented Whistler, "you must be a genius, Frank, and I, alas! am like a simple-minded hen who when asked to do so protested that she could not lay the same egg twice!"

* * *

600. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., very early in life evinced some of the leading traits of his ancestry. A friend of the family says that when he was but a baby of seven years he was thrown into a state of great excitement by a proposed trip in the care of his mother. The night before he started his father said:

"Ted, you must take good care of your mother while you're away."

That night, the child undressed himself without any help from his nurse, and when he knelt at his mother's knee he prayed:

"Please, God, take good care of papa, but I'm going with mamma myself."

* * *

601. During one of Bishop Potter's parochial visits there happened to be a number of young Deacons in the vestry room before service. One of them, who was rather talkative, remarked, "See, Bishop, in the benedicite there is mention of you," pointing to the words, "O, all ye priests of the Lord, bless ye the Lord," &c., "but there is nothing about us Deacons; I don't think it is quite fair!"

"Oh, yes, there is," quietly replied the Bishop. "Here

it is: 'O, all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord!'"

* * *

602. For some time the City of Philadelphia has been very much stirred up over the failure of the asphalt companies in which its people were deeply interested financially. A group of Philadelphians were discussing the usual topic, when Dr. Weir Mitchell said:

"The word 'asphalt' has a bad sound in the ears of everybody, so when the new company is formed don't you think it would be well to choose some other name for it—some word descriptive of the situation?"

"Yes, that would be a good idea. What word would you suggest?"

"Bit-you-men," answered Dr. Mitchell.

* * *

603. Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed tells a story at his own expense of the late William M. Evarts:

"I met Senator Evarts in the Capitol at Washington one day," Mr. Reed relates, "when I was Speaker, and he said to me:

"'Mr. Speaker, I half suspect that you believe that a deliberative body is like a woman—if it deliberates it is lost.'"

* * *

604. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the new Moderator of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Presbyterian Assembly, sat in the Waldorf-Astoria recently, while to an appreciative surrounding he told this story:

"A certain colored clergyman in the South had among his parishioners an old colored 'mammy' whose shortcomings and backslidings were many, and who caused the old minister to make numerous trips to 'mammy's' old shanty, followed by exhortation and prayers. After a long time he succeeded in causing the old lady to renounce one by one each of her bad habits until none remained but the old black pipe.

"'Sister Marfa,' he said solemnly one night after an unusually long argument, 'how you spec to meet yo'r Lord wif sech a 'baccy bref?'

"'Bless you, honey, dat's all right,' cried mammy. 'Befo' I meets my Lord I specs to lose my bref.'"

* * *

605. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle has his office in the Johnson Building. The other day he was riding up in one of the elevators which—as is not unusual—was crowded. The ex-Secretary was in one corner, while in another was a full-grown Indian who, notwithstanding Mr. Carlisle's presence, was the centre of attraction.

"Who the dickens is he?" some one asked of the elevator man.

Just then the elevator stopped at Mr. Carlisle's floor, at which he, the Indian, and some third person got off.

"Don't know," said the elevator man, closing the door with a bang and starting the machine on up again. "Maybe"—and it was said apparently in all sincerity—"maybe he's one of Mr. Carlisle's Indians you so often read about."

* * *

606. George D. Bisbee, one of the leading attorneys of the Pine Tree State, tells this story apropos of the workings of the law for the protection of the game in the forests of Maine. The deer are protected for ten months, and no provision has yet been made for recompensing the farmers whose peas, beans, sweet corn, and clover may be eaten by those same deer.

A farmer up in Carritunk Plantation wrote to the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game to inquire what he might do to abate the nuisance of deer that were consuming his crops. It was not lawful to kill them, and they could jump any fence that was practicable to build. The answer from the commission was: "The only legal thing for you to do is to scare the deer off."

The information didn't seem promising as concerned the crops, but some time afterward the Commissioners received a letter from the farmer in which he conveyed the grim intelligence:

"I have followed your advice about scaring the deer out of your garden and—have scared them to death."

607. The late Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's dislike of pork in any form was nothing less than hatred. Once while breakfasting with friends he was asked to say grace. At the same moment a servant appeared with a dish of pork chops, and sniffing disapproval, waited until the hated dish had been placed near him upon the table. Then he pronounced the following unique grace:

"Oh, Lord, if Thou canst bless under the Gospel that which Thou didst curse under the law, bless, we beseech Thee, this pig!"

* * *

608. A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and his secretary were traveling in company with Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia recently, when the secretary ventured a joke at the Archbishop's expense.

"Well, your Grace, as President Cassatt has given you a pass on the railroad, why not give him a pass to heaven?"

"Indeed, I would," replied the prelate, suavely, "but I would not like to separate him from his secretary."

* * *

609. "Tommy" Sandford, organist of a Madison Avenue church has been called the "boy prodigy." He is not a boy, but is very youthful in appearance, and has for some years been playing the organ in city churches. He was asked to try an organ at a small suburban city, new in its churches, paved streets, houses, and buildings of all kinds. It was a splendid instrument, and, sitting in the choir loft, Sanford became oblivious to all that was around him. He let out the full power of the organ, and when he had finished discovered that the rector and his family had been listening to the impromptu concert from the body of the church. On going downstairs, they were profuse in congratulations and compliments. Apart stood several of the humble members of the household, and among them the cook. The rector's wife suddenly turned to her and asked:

"Well, Mary, how did you like the music?"

"Oh, mum," she replied, rolling her eyes in ecstacy, "it was just grand. It sounded just like the steam roller a-coming down the street."

610. At the time when John G. Carlisle was Senator from Kentucky his speeches were widely printed and attracted a great deal of attention. One day when the Senate was in session a mountaineer from the wildest wilds of Kentucky presented himself at the door and asked to see Senator Carlisle. The visitor wore homespun and leather boots and was travel-stained and dusty. He explained that he had read Mr. Carlisle's speeches and considered them great, and had walked more than a hundred miles in order to see the Senator from his State. Mr. Carlisle was busy at the time and the clerk informed the visitor that he could not be disturbed. The farmer looked disappointed and seemed reluctant to depart. Finally he asked if he might be taken where he could just catch a glimpse of the great man he had walked so far to see. The request was granted and Mr. Carlisle was pointed out to him. After a brief scrutiny the farmer turned to the attendant:

"Reads a heap better'n he looks," he remarked sententiously and prepared to walk back to Kentucky.

* * *

611. As the late Congressman from the Fourth New Jersey District strolled up Broad Street in Newark two weeks before his death he passed a couple of gentlemen standing near the Prudential Building, one of whom has political ambitions.

"I should like to be in his shoes right now," said the politician musingly.

"A big fish, I suppose," remarked his companion.

"Both politically and literally," was the reply. "He's a Congressman and his name is Salmon."

* * *

612. Col. Norris G. Osborn, editor of The New Haven Register, presided recently at a convention of Women's clubs in that city held in the Calvary Baptist Church. After introducing a speaker from New York and re-seating himself, the Colonel's modesty bade him move his chair more to the rear. So at intervals he gave his chair a series of hitches, imperceptible to the audience, which gradually carried him to a more comfort-

able and inconspicuous position. He was about to give one final, triumphal hitch to consummate his policy of self-effacement, when an usher stole in and whispered warningly:

"I wouldn't hitch again, if I were you, Colonel, or you'll be in the tank!"

* * *

613. Having succeeded in reaching the private office of H. H. Vreeland, President of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, the representative of one of the largest financial concerns in the city was interrupted at about noontime by the coming of a barber with shaving materials and towels.

"Excuse me," Mr. Vreeland remarked, "I haven't been shaved yet."

Leaning back in his chair and resting his feet on a desk, "the busiest man in New York" indicated that he would continue to listen to a proposition involving the financing of a scheme involving a very large sum while the barber worked.

"You ought to shave yourself," the visitor remarked. Ignoring the scowl of the barber, he continued: "I always shave myself after breakfast."

"I never could"—Mr. Vreeland began.

The absurdity or feebleness of the situation appealed suddenly to the man who, having worked his way up to the head of a big corporation and now called upon to pass judgment on an important matter of business, was yet obliged to acknowledge that he could not wield a razor. After the evidently embarrassing pause he continued emphatically and with a broad smile:

"Oh, pshaw! of course, I could, if I tried; but I do hate like thunder to make the trial. It wouldn't do to try and fail, now would it? And it's so much easier not to fail."

* * *

614. Richard Mansfield, like all proud fathers, takes considerable delight in telling the smart sayings of his boy, George, a rather precocious youngster. The actor's son having shown a predilection for things mechanical and especially for railroads, Mr. Mansfield bought

the lad a toy railroad with a train of cars which ran about on a circular track. Like all boys, young George was of an inquisitive mind and wanted to see what made the train move. So it was but a short time before his nurse took it, all smashed and broken, to the garbage can.

One day Mr. Mansfield went into the nursery to play with the boy and, looking around, asked:

"George, where is that railroad I gave you?"

George hesitated awhile, says the actor, and then replied:

"Papa, I guess it's gone into the hands of a receiver."

* * *

615. When the late President Barrows of Oberlin College was asked by a student if he could not take less than the regular four years' course, Dr. Barrows looked the applicant over thoughtfully and replied:

"Why, certainly my lad. A short course if you like, but my advice to you is to take the longest course possible. The length of time you wish to devote to study rests with you entirely, and should depend on what you intend to become. Just remember that when God wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years, but when He wants a squash He takes six months."

* * *

616. Among Booker T. Washington's many stories of the contempt of the low-class Southern whites for the negroes is this one:

"One day," says Mr. Washington, "a poor, ignorant white man came to the polls to vote.

"'I wish you'd oblige me by voting this ticket,' said a bright mulatto, who was standing near the polls.

"'What kind of a ticket is it?' asked the poor white man.

"'Why,' said the mulatto, 'you can see for yourself.'

"'But I can't read.'

"'What, can't you read the ballot you have there in your hand and which you are about to vote?' exclaimed the colored man.

"'No,' said he, 'I can't read at all.'

"'Well,' said the colored man, 'this ballot means that you are in favor of giving equal franchise to both white and colored citizens.'

"'It means to let the niggers vote, does it?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then I don't want it. Niggers don't know enough to vote.'"

* * *

617. While Gov. Jefferson Davis of Arkansas was talking the other day with a friend from New York the conversation turned on the race question. The New Yorker referred to the stories printed about the Governor to the effect that he would pardon all the negroes in the State prisons of Arkansas who agreed to settle in Massachusetts. Gov. Davis laughed a bit, and then replied seriously:

"It would give our friends in Boston some idea of what the nigger really is."

"But," remonstrated the other, "there are different kinds of 'niggers,' as you call them."

"Yes," replied the Governor, "two kinds—noxious and obnoxious."

* * *

618. W. Bourke Cockran was asked what he thought of the surrender of the Boers.

"Well," he said, "it reminds me of a feud between an Irishman and a Scotchman. They had many hard battles, and each claimed the victory.

"'Sure, an' ye'd better give in an' acknowledge loike a man that I've thrashed you,' argued Patrick after each encounter.

"'Hoot, mon,' was Sandy's invariable rejoinder, 'you could na lick a lad.'

"But Sandy was long-headed, and when Patrick declared he would give five dollars if he could make Sandy acknowledge he was beaten, the Scotsman said:

"'Put the siller in my hand, mon, an' I'll surrender. You can ha' a' th' glory if you'll gi' me th' consideration.'"

619. Judge Werner of the Court of Appeals tells the story of a tax collector in Scotland who levied a four-shilling tax upon a Scotch farmer's goat. The Scotchman protested and asked what justification there was in the law for this levy. The collector pulled out a book and showed a provision relating to the taxes in which it was said that there should be a shilling tax for every foot "abounding or abutting on the premises."

"This goat has four feet, and as he is a-bounding and a-butting on your premises all the while, I therefore charge you four shillings," said the collector sternly and conclusively.

* * *

620. Conversation became reminiscent at the Lawyers' Club the other day, the late Judge James T. Brady being the subject. A veteran practitioner who knew him well said:

"Brady's first attmept at practicing law was in very humble quarters, in the rear of a cobbler's shop in Fulton Street, near William. One day an Irishman who called and inquired for the cobbler was told by Brady that he was out. Peering about the room of the newly fledged lawyer, scantily furnished with two unpainted chairs and deal table, he inquired:

"I say, boss, what do you sell here?"

"Blockheads," promptly replied Brady.

"Humph!" said the Irishman, "must be doing a good business, as I see you have only one left."

* * *

621. In introducing Judge Sulzberger of Philadelphia at a recent banquet after several Rabbis had spoken, Dr. Henry M. Leipziger told this story:

"Two ladies once had a dispute as to which was the most influential, the clergy or the bench.

"'I think the bench is the most influential,' said one, 'because the Judge can say: "You shall be hanged."'

"'But,' said the other, 'the clergyman can say: "You shall be damned."'

"'Ah, yes,' said the first, 'but when the Judge says, "You shall be hanged" you are hanged!'"

622. During the progress of a Prohibition wave that swept over Rochester, N. Y., some twenty-five years ago, the excited popular feeling resulted in the appointment of a committee of the City Fathers who were empowered to investigate the local excise situation and to whom was given power to summon witnesses before them. Among those who were thus called was the late "Sam" Wilder, well known to all Rochesterians as a citizen of wealth and high social position, as a man of the world in the best sense of the phrase, and as a wit and good fellow generally. After answering many questions bearing on his personal knowledge of the matter under investigation, one of the committee finally put forward this rather direct query:

"Mr. Wilder, where did you get your last drink?"

Quick as a flash, and with comical seriousness, came "Sam's" reply:

"Please God, I haven't had it yet!"

* * *

623. A British army officer, writing to relatives in this country, just before the declaration of peace in South Africa, said:

"We who have been close to Lord Kitchener in this tedious struggle—that is, near to him in a physical sense, for no one gets close enough to him to get in touch with his thought—have observed three stages or moods in his South African career.

"When he came here, in answer to questions as to when the war would be ended, he would say, with confidence:

"'When we have whipped the Boers.'

"A year later the same question visibly annoyed him, and he would answer shortly:

"'When the Boers learn that they've been whipped.'

"But lately our commander, whose face expresses intolerable weariness, has changed the form of his reply to this continuous question, and says:

"'When we have found a feasible way to reconcile the Boers to being whipped.'"

* * *

624. Robert Luce of Somerville, the author and champion in the Massachusetts Legislature of the Luce bill

for primary elections which has been one of the features of this season's session, was recently in New York to look after his business interests here. While in the metropolis he delighted a party of friends with a story about a certain nameless club in Boston which has strict regulations against gambling.

A quartet of club members decided to break that rule by a game of poker for small stakes. So they adjourned to one of the small rooms of the club and called the old colored servant to bring a pack of cards. When he brought them, one of the members queried:

"John, I suppose it would be something utterly new in this club if we should do such a thing as play for money with these cards?"

The negro scratched his head and deliberated, finally answering:

"Boss, I'se been wiv dis club a long time and I'se seen many things."

"Yes, but what have you seen?"

"I'se seen ebry rule ob dis club vi'lated 'ceptin' one."

"What rule is that one?"

"De rule 'gainst gibbin' tips to de serbants."

And straightway that rule was relieved of its lonesomeness among its fellows.

* * *

625. Justice Giegerich of the Supreme Court, who has a fine Summer home on Staten Island, is very fond of sailing, and a few days ago he invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to go down the bay with him. At the start the wind was quite brisk, but soon freshened into a gale and caused the little craft they were in to toss and roll in a manner that soon caused the lawyer's features to twist into expressive contortions.

Justice Giegerich, noticing his friend's plight, laid a soothing hand on the latter's shoulder and said:

"My dear fellow, can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, Your Honor," replied the lawyer in plaintive tones, "you will greatly oblige me by overruling this motion."

* * *

626. When speaking "In Praise of Books" at the com-

mencement exercises of Bryn Mawr College, Richard Watson Gilder told of a good friend of his who found in almost every new book taken up something to surprise her. "Something so very much in the nature of a discovery," he said, "that it became a sort of joke among us —these 'discoveries' of hers.

"A party of us were making that ever-wonderful Hudson River trip once," he went on, "and this woman, whom I regard as one of the ablest of an able sex, had a great deal to tell us of the workings and appearances of the devil idea in literature, both sacred and profane. It was obviously her latest discovery, and her enthusiasm was such that at Peekskill one of the party went ashore and wired a mutual friend in New York:

" 'Emma has discovered the devil.'

"The telegram did not reach its destination until quite late that night, and the recipient was feeling a bit under the weather. It was this combination, taken with the seeming triviality of the message, that inspired the reply: 'Tell Emma to follow up her discovery.' "

* * *

627. Although James McNeill Whistler was "found" at West Point in chemistry, some of his cadet drawings are still to be seen at the Academy, and he retains the greatest admiration for the institution. Not long ago, in London, he met a casual West Pointer whom he entertained sumptuously on that ground, and who expressed his regret that the artist had not graduated and "served."

"Yes," rejoined the artist, "too bad. And such a little thing, too. If silicon had been a gas, I should have been a soldier."

* * *

628. Oliver Herford was with a party of friends who were discussing the troubles of masculine mortals with collar buttons and shirt studs. When Mr. Herford's turn came he said:

"I never use shirt studs. I buy brass paper fasteners. They cost 35 cents a gross and when new look like Roman gold. I insert them in my shirt bosom and they would deceive the oldest inhabitant. I am not bothered

about removing them—I let the laundryman attend to that."

"Why didn't you wear that kind of substitute to-night?" asked one of the party, pointing at Mr. Herford's wide expanse of immaculate shirt front, in which three tiny gold buttons showed.

"I did," said Mr. Herford, and he reached up, grabbed a button, gave a tug, and pulled it out. It was a paper fastener.

* * *

629. Edwin Norton, President of the American Can Company, who is now at his cottage in the Adirondacks, came across in a hotel in that region a young man of a type which flourishes to a greater extent abroad than in this country. He was a long-haired, bespectacled aesthete of the most "intense" kind, and was reading a volume of Swinburne.

The aesthetic youth and Mr. Norton got into conversation, and Mr. Norton picked up the book the other had been reading. He glanced at a few of the poems, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked:

"This man Swinburne seems to be the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of England."

The aesthete's condition is still regarded as critical.

* * *

630. William De Long, Commissioner Dougherty's right-hand man in the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, tells this:

"There used to be a Dutch barber who kept a place in the city here. He had an assistant who was just about as Dutch as the boss, but the assistant thought the boss about the meanest man on earth. Every time he got a customer in the chair he would tell him all about the boss. One day he had a man all fixed, face lathered, and head laid back. Then he began his tale of woe as he stropped the razor:

"'Mine poss iss der meanest man. He charches me ten cents if I cud a man and a quarter if I gash him.'

"The assistant went on stropping and the man in the chair was beginning to get uneasy, for it seemed to be a

settled thing that every customer would have something happen to him. He waited in silence. Presently the assistant resumed:

"'Pud I don't care to-day.'

"'Why?' inquired the customer.

"'Pecause I vun fife dollars on der races yesterday und I mide as vell spend id dat vay as any odder.'

"The customer suddenly remembered he had to catch a train."

* * *

631. On one occasion when Ambassador Choate was defending a client charged with a serious offense the attorney for the plaintiff in his speech had recounted the alleged misconduct of the defendant, and impressively said:

"There is no possible excuse for such action; no one could offer any excuse."

"Why, just imagine the many excuses you could devise if you were counsel for the defendant," interrupted Mr. Choate.

* * *

632. When members of the Lotos Club, inclined to be facetious at the expense of a fellow-member, turn up their noses at the steak set before them and remark, "No, thanks, no Pullman steak for me," George W. Daniels, if he be within hearing, is pretty apt to suggest in an aside that he "guesses he will resign from the House Committee."

Mr. Daniels, by reason of his position as General Passenger Agent of the New York Central, happens to be in charge of the dining car service on that railroad. Naturally, to the waggish member of the Lotos his association with the House Committee suggests comparisons that are odious.

A few nights ago Mr. Daniels was seated at the table, complacently listening to the jokes on "the other fellows" and contributing his share to the general fund designed to promote merriment. A waiter approached with a platter of chicken.

"I do not want any Schenectady chicken," commented

the man at Daniels's right. "I'll wait till I get to Albany for that."

And the laugh went round once more.

* * *

633. During a recent meeting in Alexander Hall, at Princeton University, at which the majority of the Faculty were present, the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke said that the discussion reminded him of a story which he had just heard:

"A young college woman went to spend her Easter vacation with an old uncle in a town in Northern Vermont, where he owned a modest chair factory. Soon after her arrival her good old uncle took her through his plant. The girl, bright-eyed and alert, noticing a large number of finished chairs stored in every corner of the factory, evidently an accumulation of old stock, exclaimed:

" 'But, uncle, do you ever expect to get rid of all these old chairs?'

" 'Yes, I reckon I'll sell all them chairs easy 'nough. Settin' ain't goin' out o' fashion nohow,' replied the old man, quietly."

* * *

634. In Wall Street they are telling this story to illustrate the underlying reason of one of E. H. Harriman's aversions to a state of affairs that existed not very long ago.

He was lunching with several friends one day when one of them told a story about two fishermen he had met in the wilds, neither of whom had ever seen a railroad or locomotive.

There was a twinkle in Mr. Harriman's eye as he said:

"Those two men missed their vocation as fishermen. Without a doubt they should have been Interstate Commerce Commissioners."

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